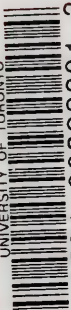


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*AMONG THE  
SPANISH PEOPLE*



REV. HUGH JAMES ROSE

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# AMONG THE SPANISH PEOPLE.

BY

HUGH JAMES ROSE,

ENGLISH CHAPLAIN OF JEREZ AND CADIZ; AUTHOR OF "UNTRODDEN SPAIN."

“Τοὺς πτωχοὺς πάντοτε ἔχετε μεθ’ ἐαυτῶν.  
Τῶν πτωχῶν ἵνα μνημονεύωμεν.”

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



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# AMONG THE SPANISH PEOPLE.

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## FEMALE CONVICT ESTABLISHMENT OF ALCALÁ.

Madrid, May 16, 1876.

THERE are two large *presidios* for men and women at Alcalá de Henares, which is upon the Madrid and Zaragoza Railway.

A day at Alcalá, even though, as in our case, a very wet and cold day, is ever, to the lover of Don Quixote, a most interesting one. Here, as the bibliologist will remember, was educated the greatest light of his age, Cardinal Ximenes; here was printed the famous Polyglot Bible; here flourished for many years, the one great university of Spain.

This deserted city of convents and cloistered streets, with its muddy river filtering through barren steppes, is but one hour's run from Madrid.

You pass Vallecas, a little village of twelve hundred inhabitants, almost before you can realize that you have escaped from the whirl, selfishness, and giddy bustle of the Puerta del Sol; and there, scarcely three miles from Madrid, stands, upon an isolated hill, amid barren plains, now clad with scanty, stunted corn and barley, the "*centro*," or "*el punto*," de Madrid—a tiny stone chapel, brown as the rocky cone on which it is built, which is said to be the central point of Spain. It is now deserted, and, save a few goat-herds, no one climbs its steep.

The quarries of Vicalvaro—a steppe of stones; the crumbling and ruined palace of San Fernando, which from a royal palace became a china factory, and from a china factory a desolate heap; the wild country property of the Duke of Osuña, with the baths of Loeches, close to Torrejon Station, are first passed: the country grows wilder and wilder; here, wide-spreading cornfields, without tree or hedge; there, some crumbling village, with its one-storied stone houses, each village containing a fine, nay, a noble church within its confines; mountain-streams, now half dry; a few isolated ranges of hills; and Alcalá is reached. It looks picturesque enough, seen from afar, with its ancient walls, its church and convent towers, its old-fashioned roofs; but now, the present treads upon the heels of the past, even in the street of Alcalá; and within hail of Cervantes' house, and beneath the walls of the university where Ximenes



was educated, is a school of some two thousand cavalry, whose bright uniforms, stalwart frames, and clanking spurs ill consort with the ancient down-bearing cloistered streets and narrow "wynds" through which they pass.

The passing stranger will think of the Spain of old here most of all; for it is a city of convents, cloistered streets, churches, and classical associations.

Here Cervantes was born; he whose genius threw a spell over the tawny steppes of barren La Mancha; he whose wit made of even the rank, oily *puchero*, a dish of viands fit for a monarch; he whose name, as poet, humourist, novelist, must live in the pages of "Don Quixote" as long as the world shall last.

There is a narrow, winding, dirty bye-street; a lowly doorway; a lot of loitering, dark-eyed hoydens gazing vacantly up at a small stone slab let into the wall, and if you ask them what it is, they only say, "*Por Dios, hombre, qué se yo?*" ("For God's sake, man, how can I tell?") But this slab marks the birthplace of Cervantes.

The street is very mean; the doorway shabbily bricked up. The inscription on the slab runs:—

"Aquí nació  
Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra  
Autor de *Don Quijote*.  
Por su nombre y su ingenio  
Pertenece el mundo civilizado  
Por su cuna  
Alcalá de Henares."

Those who have laughed with Sancho Panza, and revelled in the eccentricities of his lord and master, or read, with tears starting from their eyes, the history, told in true Castilian, with all its rich, rolling, and pathetic grace, the lowly, worn-out, and regretful end of the pious and chivalrous knight-errant, will stand awhile in rapture at this lowly gateway, in this narrow dirty street. Cervantes was baptized in 1547, in the church of Santa Maria.

Others, too, replete with bibliological lore, will find their charm—their share of the “Spell of Spain,” in the once famous university—due to the munificence of Cardinal Ximenes, or, as the Spaniards call him, “*Cisneros*.”

Cisneros, in 1510, remembered the days of his youth, and turned the College of Alcalá into a university, bequeathing to it all his substance. Twenty colleges, thirty churches, a dozen convents, were here in 1530 ; and Alcalá, the now lonely and deserted town, rivalled Salamanca of more ancient fame, now, like it, well-nigh deserted.

At Alcalá, the chief college (tenanted now by a few students preparing for holy orders) still exists ; and the pile and the *patios* are grand in the extreme.

Cardinal Cisneros died in 1517, not having seen the full glory of his work ; his works followed him.

Yet one work he lived to see printed, but not published, namely the “Polyglot Bible,” in its six folio volumes. It was printed in 1515, but suppressed by Cardinal Pole until the year 1522.

But Alcalá has another interest than that of past days. The present, with all its bitterness, is upon one there; a present, in which no noble soul and great genius comes forward to sacrifice itself and its all for its country and its God as did the great cardinal; a present, in which no Cervantes' genius gilds with brightness each tawny steppe, and lonely wine-shop, and drove of goats, and windmill, and lonesome tavern.

At Alcalá is placed, within the walls of an old convent, the only convict establishment for women in the whole of the Peninsula.

There are here two convict establishments: one for men occupying the site and walls of an ancient convent; the other, called "*La Galera*," being the one and only convict establishment for women in the whole of Spain.

I will first describe the men's establishment. It is not—like Cartagena, Seville, Granada, or the African convict settlements—a place to which are sent the worst criminals, condemned to the longest terms of penal servitude, but is a "*correccional*," where men convicted of light offences are sent for terms not exceeding a few years.

As you enter the prison, the only cheering sight is that of the numerous pet animals of the prisoners.

The heart must have something to love and cling to, even in a Spanish prison. An aged widow makes a pet of a boy (and generally the pet turns out very badly); an old maid toys with a parrot; a childless wife cuddles a mastiff.

Following the law of humanity, the poor Spanish prisoner has his pet ; his tiny cur—a cur of a low order, with the prison smell about him, and a criminal expression in his countenance, for how can he escape the general contamination?—sleeps on the top of his *petate*, or mattress, slung up on the dirty wall ; his cat, if he be a shoemaker, purs and rubs herself over his tools ; and the wretched prison fare is shared with these pets, by these men who are left to themselves as hopelessly bad—a “*gente perdida*,” as the police call them.

Five hundred and forty-five men, chiefly from the province of Madrid, are here undergoing short terms of imprisonment for robberies, assaults of a bad nature, and the like. The terms of imprisonment are from two to five years. Eighteen desperate murderers were also incarcerated, separated from the others, waiting to be sent on to Ceuta or Cartagena.

These men, chiefly from Madrid, and the scum of that heartless city, are very short of stature, a shortness common to the lower orders of Madrid, who go by the name, in other provinces, of “*los gatitos de Madrid*” (*i.e.*, the little cats of Madrid). They are of the lowest type of criminals. Poor fellows, their dirty clothes, their unshorn faces, coupled with the prison stench of their rusty-brown jackets, the coarseness and obscenity of their language, told a bitter tale of neglect.

Not more than one in three could read or write ; and, as the warder truly said, with a keener

insight into the truth than his hard and stupid exterior would have betokened him to have, "Those that can read and write haven't been taught to pray; and what little learning they have is a curse to them."

Of these five hundred and forty-five, about two hundred knew no trade; they, therefore, lie about the courtyard, smoke, swear, and knit stockings, by which trade they can supplement their scanty fare to the tune of five farthings per diem.

Those who can work at any trade are hard at work, although it is Sunday. They work under compulsion, and are allowed a certain portion of their earnings with which to buy food, and a shirt when needful. The boots they make, and the shirts they stitch, are for the army.

The exact regimen is six ounces of dried peas, four ounces of potatoes, four ounces of beans, and one pound of bread per diem.

On ordinary days this pulse is only boiled in water; on Mondays and Sundays it is stewed in oil or bacon, and makes a savoury pottage. But the accursed contract system prevails; and so the contractor is paid for oil and bacon, but gives little or none. The poor brute fellows, whose only hope and joy are a savoury stew, crowd round the steaming caldron, brought by two stalwart under-cooks into the courtyard; with gleaming, glaring eyes, they wait for the cover to be lifted; they hold their wooden bowl and spoon in trembling hand—expectant, eager, savage, hungry, but oh!

so courteous : if you come there is not one of these poor brute fellows who will not offer you—a well-fed stranger—his bowl, and say, “Take my share of pottage.”

The lid is lifted ; the steam rises into the polluted air : it is not the steam of oil or bacon, but only of pulse and water. The curses are loud and deep and fierce—but God alone can hear them—“The damned, the cursed contractor, he ought to be boiled in his own hot water ; may he burn, for his cruelty, in the pit of hell for ever !”

And then one of these weary, wretched fellows will ask you, as he puts by, with a curse, his half-eaten bowl of pulse, whether you would like to see his bed and the infirmary.

The men sleep in stone-paved, white-washed corridors, without glass in the windows. The floor is filthy ! the white is brown-wash ; the scanty beds, awfully filthy, scarce keep the ill-nourished frame from the chilliness of the damp stones ; of washing apparatus there is a dead lack ; and about fifty to one hundred sleep in each room.

Just it is to say that in every convict establishment that I have visited, the infirmary has been fairly clean ; the sick men have beds and sufficient clothing ; and there is a doctor’s surgery on the premises.

Of religious instruction at Alcalá there is little or none. A cold *misa* is said once a week. No private individual devotes an hour now and then



to converse with these sons of crime. One diversion, and only one have they—their brass band plays once a day.

A cruel mockery—it plays at dinner-time!

Three great prison reformers have arisen in Spain—Señor Lastré, originator of the first juvenile reformatory; Señor Villalva, engaged upon the great reform of all the penal establishments for condemned convicts; and Señor Silvela, the senator, pleader of the cause of the rotting uncondemned thousands in the smaller prisons or jails of Spain. These three champions of justice are at work, and the sons of crime need all the help that can be offered them; and even a kind word, or the shown sympathy of a stranger, is much to him that is in trouble, and feels himself abandoned. Hundreds of prisoners are prisoners by the tyrannical order of the Government, and obtain no hearing at all; hundreds, because poor and unable to bribe, are kept in prison while their fellows, who have good influence, are allowed to escape. (The bitterness of feeling rankling among the Spanish lower and middle classes, anent this last abuse, must be witnessed to be understood!) Again, no reformatory measures are attempted for the good of these prisoners, amenable though they are to good, and open to good influences; the sentences are constantly unnecessarily severe, and sometimes the treatment is cruel in the extreme, whilst beating with ashen cudgels is carried on to a fearful extent.

In the *galera*, or women's convict establishment, at Alcalá, is seen, as I have said, the only convict establishment for women in the whole of the Peninsula. The proportion of women convicts is very small, for, whereas, by returns published last month there are ten thousand eight hundred and fifty-five men undergoing penal servitude in Spain, and at least seven thousand or eight thousand in the Spanish-African settlements, to say nothing of the Marianas, there are but five hundred and forty-two women in the convict establishment of Alcalá de Henares.

I do not remember in my whole life to have spent a sadder Sunday afternoon than that spent in the *galera*, yet there was at the threshold a cheery and gratifying sight. Señor Villalva, the Howard of Spain, his note-book in hand, his benevolent face all ablaze with anxiety, came out of the prison, which he had been inspecting, his architect and other assistants in his noble work with him, and showed us not only his plans, but also the commencement of them, in material brick and mortar, on the prison itself. He has studied deeply the whole prison system of England and France, and is determined to bring the Spanish convict establishment up to their level.

In this *presidio*, or *galera*, are confined at the present moment those women who are, or are supposed to be, the worst female criminals in Spain.

The *galera* is under the control of the *comandante*, who also rules the men's *presidio*; there is

also a staff of six female warders and an *inspectora*, Doña Manuela Rivera. The female warders appeared to me, in the main, kind-hearted and humane, as witness the following episode :—

When I first entered the prison, the two warders who accompanied me, thinking me possibly young for the work of inspection of a female convict establishment, said, “It is against our rules for you to speak to any of the prisoners.”

My answer was, that I would take care to fall in with the rules of the place. I took out my note-book and commenced to take down my notes, merely saying, “I am a clergyman, and have visited the prisons in all parts of Spain. Let us go first to the infirmary ; I have not come for the sight of a spectacle or for curiosity.”

We went to the infirmary, and when I asked permission to give money to the sick, without speaking the tears came into the matron’s eyes, and she said, “You may speak to them. You speak Spanish well, and they need all the comfort that can be given them—*pobres son y infelices*.”

This permission was generously extended ; I was allowed to converse with all.

The prison consists of two courtyards, a large dining-room, infirmary, four or five large bedrooms, kitchens, etc. It appears in good repair, having been lately somewhat altered and patched up.

Of these five hundred and forty-two women, nearly two hundred are under sentence of *cadena*

*perpetua*; about one hundred for periods varying from twenty to forty years. Most of these have committed child-murder or husband-murder.

There was one French woman in the prison.

There were two temporary lunatics, young women.

About two hundred of the women appeared to be over fifty years of age; about one hundred and fifty would be from forty to fifty; the rest were very young, and many of them strikingly beautiful, though of a coarse type of beauty—the beauty of the Spanish girl of the lower order, rude health, beautifully rounded bust and arms, brown skin, rolling black eyes, with masses of raven hair.

There were among the prisoners five of gentle blood.

But those who are well born, and have interest, generally get out at the end of two or three years of imprisonment—a doctor's certificate declares that "their health is likely to be permanently injured by the confinement," and they are released; while the poor peasant girl, dying of slow phthisis, lies in the dull infirmary like a stricken and forsaken deer. One poor woman, now in a slow decline, had been twenty years in the infirmary. Taking her wasted hand, and gazing into her lustrous, tearful dark-brown eyes, I asked her why she could not get out—surely her "health was suffering?"

The warder asked me to give her, if I liked, a little present, and she thankfully took it. "What

good to me," she said, "to get out? They treat me kindly enough here, and I am good for nothing, and have no friends to go to."

Yet a Spanish poor woman seldom wants a friend among those of her own rank, nor does a Spanish woman of the lower middle class. It is only the rich in Spain who are brutal; the poor, living all in one house, each family having a room, are by the very fact of their so living, made to feel for and help one another.

It is stated at Alcalá, with what truth I know not, that no Englishman has ever previously visited this, the only convict establishment for women in the whole of Spain!

On the first story we entered one large room, wherein worked by day, and slept by night, one hundred and two women of all ages. The room is rather low-roofed and studded with pillars, but clean and wholesome. The light, admitted by some dozen small windows, about three feet by two feet, was dim and insufficient, but at the end was one large window. These small windows have no glass, and, as Alcalá is bleak and cold, in winter the shutters must be closed, and the chamber be very dark by day. (In one prison in Spain, the *Saladero* of Madrid, in the *sala de micos*, where lads are kept, there are but half a dozen windows without glass, and so bitter is the cold, that the lads close the shutters, and are in darkness day and night.) The beds of these women are rude short settles painted green, with

a scanty mattress and a rug. There are no chairs, and so they sit upon the bedsteads to work. These bedsteads are scattered promiscuously all over the room.

The women wore their ordinary provincial dresses, but some who had been long time inmates had on a rough serge prison dress. Their ages varied from eighteen to seventy, but most of them seemed elderly, above fifty.

Some were sewing, some were knitting stockings (this last the usual employment of men or women prisoners alike), and about fifteen were nursing their babies, or, great treat in such a place, the babes of their neighbours. About fifteen seemed suckling mothers.

Each woman may have her child with her if she likes, until the child reaches the age of seven years. It is then sent either to the *hospicio* or to its friends, as the mother may desire.

Why the only humanizing influence to which such wild untutored children of Nature are amenable, viz., the having a pet—a dog, a cat, a child—with them in their weary years of agony, should be denied them in English prisons I cannot understand. I consider that the fact of these poor women having a child to love and cling to as it hangs at their breasts, keeps open the channels of love and human affection of which a Spanish woman's heart is full to overflowing, and by which alone her actions are guided, and does more to keep them human and tender-hearted than even



education or religion. And in this matter I make bold to say that the English system of convict establishments might well take a leaf from that of Spain.

For surely we only keep people prisoners for two reasons: (1) for the security of society; (2) for their own reformation, and not to punish them.

These women make and sew shirts for the soldiers; some do work of a higher order and send it out for sale; some work for private houses and public establishments in Madrid. A few years since they were allowed to retain one-half of their earnings; now little more than a fifth part is allowed to them.

Many of these women seemed to be imprisoned for terms varying from three to ten years. There is no "hard labour" for the prisoners in Spain, but they are compelled to work at such labour as cleaning and sweeping the corridors, cooking and washing. Those who behave well for a long period are allowed to be free of these duties, and, as a second step, six of them rise to be *ayudantas*, or *aides*. These last receive many little privileges. I conversed with them, and found them a kindly and intelligent set of women: the youngest of these seemed about twenty-eight. They keep order in the wards at night.

Throughout the whole of the Spanish prison system the principle prevails, that (1) all the work of the establishment shall be done by the prisoners

themselves; (2) that the internal discipline of the prison shall be administered by prisoners. With the male convicts this last rule gives rise to fearful abuses, as these preposters, who are called *cabos de vara* (i.e., stick sergeants), are armed with ashen staves, and are brutal and despotic. Differing from their fellow prisoners only in having more brute strength, they beat them fearfully and tyrannize over them cruelly.

Of these five hundred and forty-two women only two hundred and ten can read or write; and, for those who can read, there is no kindly heart and ready hand near to give them a book or a paper. Several of them told me they had spare time and longed for something to read, if only to raise their jaded thoughts for awhile from the sordid surroundings of the prison. Many, however, in this prison were learning to read and write, and attended daily the school. Government pays £60 a year to the *profesora*, a well-educated lady who attends to give instruction. The diet of the prisoner is precisely the same as that of the men, described above; it is very coarse and somewhat scanty. Still, these poor creatures seemed fairly healthy; but despair and dulness were stamped on many a face that had once been fair and comely.

The death-rate is said to be small, very small indeed, and very few are in hospital. Two of the number had lately become periodically insane, and were confined in a separate apartment.

The hygienic appliances of the place are very fair indeed. In the large open gravelled courtyards the women can take the air. The rooms are fairly ventilated; still the cubic feet of air allowed to each convict is less than that prescribed by English prison regulations.

As regards the demeanour, conduct, and conversation of these unhappy ones, little can be said.

Their general appearance may be characterized best by the word "hopelessness." The once bright eye is dull, the look downcast, haggard anxiety on many faces.

The matron told me they were all, as a rule, well-conducted; and said, "I have nothing of which to complain."

The conversation of these poor creatures was strangely natural—strikingly human.

Speaking of the babies, one of them—a rough, hardy-looking gipsy-woman—said to me, "These little ones are our good angels; what the devil should we do without them?" She had no child of her own!

In the infirmary, one poor girl into whose faded hand I poured some small silver coin, said, pointing to her neighbour in the next bed, "Give a part to her: she has a baby, and a hard breast; she suffers more than I do."

But, as a rule, the poor creatures' talk, thought, hope, and desire all centred upon one thing—money. For money they longed; money that could bring to their parched souls and weary bodies no

more relief than that afforded by a bunch of spring onions, a new flannel chemise, a lettuce, or a dozen of oranges.

If you ask about intercourse with their friends I can only say that there are "*locutorios*," or gratings, for speaking with the outside world. To these the prisoners may repair three times a week to talk with their relations at stated hours, and receive with trembling outstretched hand the little offering of fruit or vegetables from the wild *campo* that they love so well.

Of four matters connected with this prison I must be allowed to make complaint:—

1. The supply of books is *nil*; the private religious ministrations small indeed.

2. The terms of imprisonment are far, far too long, and are out of proportion to the crime. Some poor girl, say, has been seduced, betrayed, and forsaken, and then jeered at by her betrayer; she lifts her hand and stabs him with the knife; the judge sentences her to thirteen years of *Alcalá*. Yet, in God's sight, which is the worse, the betrayer or the stabber?

3. The rich, the prosperous, the well-to-do, never seem to visit or take the slightest interest in these unhappy women; thus forsaken by man—of God they know nothing—they become hopeless and despairing, and believe in neither man nor God.

4. The system of *indulto*, or free pardon (*i.e.*, remission, by royal order, signed by King Alfonso,

of the remaining part of the sentence), is carried on under the most despotic conditions ; and, as practised at present, though good itself in theory, works unheard-of evils.—Two women enter the same prison on the same day, for the same crime, for the same term ; for five years they eat together, talk together, sleep together, share in the same hopeless hopes, in the same bitter tears. The one is rich, the other poor ; or, it may be, the one is pretty, the other ugly ; or, it may be, the one is well-connected, the other low-born. They have walked in weariness and agony together these five years ; both are equal, so far as man has judged, in crime and sentence.

Yet one is to be taken, the other left. And why ? Because the one has more social position or attractive looks than the other, or more influence in high quarters. An *indulto* comes down ; it is read out in the prison : the rich or influential woman is to be free, her suffering sister to be kept in prison.

Curses not loud, but deep, are heard—I paint no sensational tale, but am the chronicler of stern and simple facts which I can substantiate—and that night is a night of darkness, cursing, and bitterness.

No God reigns in those prison courts for many a week. How can these poor creatures believe in justice, truth, love, when such awful iniquity is rife ?

There is one room, on a higher story, tenanted

by those unhappy women sentenced, for the enormity of their crimes, to the "*cadena perpetua*," or penal servitude for life. I asked to go thither, and my request was allowed.

They were all (many in number as they were) murderesses of a bad type, so the warders said.

In few cases, so far as I could ascertain, was the murder a premeditated one; in fewer still could the murderess read or write.

One woman, of some thirty years, and only one, was manacled. She had a clasp round each ankle, and a heavy chain. She had been fighting overnight, and had to wear this chain, and drag this heavy clog of iron about for a week, as her punishment. Yet she, too, was human—blushed, and hid her hard-featured face as she passed, and clanked slowly down the stairs.

I found that most of these women had been in prison for from twenty-six to forty-six years; most of them were old, hard-featured, grey-haired hags. I begged earnestly to be allowed to give those who were nearest the door a *peseta* (10*d*). apiece, and the matron, after a little demur, assented, saying, "Then give it quickly to those who have been in here longest, and have lost all hope."

In a moment the glad tidings had spread, and from bed and bedstead, and corner and cranny of the low-roofed room of the *desesperadas*, the young and the aged thronged and pressed around me at



the top of the staircase—eager, trembling with excitement, but so orderly, and gentle !

I gave 10*d.* to each, as far as my modest store of tenpenny pieces went ; there then remained of these poor creature an equal number who had not received. In a moment the firm but gentle voice of one of the “*ayudantas*” said to the women, “Do have mercy on your fellow-sufferers ; halve the money, and all can have five-pence apiece ;” and ere the words were out of her mouth, these poor, lost daughters of despair acceded to the request, and forfeited, gladly, each the half of her gains to help her suffering sister !

Where would you find, in English civilized society—where would you find, in the “religious world,” a self-sacrifice to equal that ? Why, it takes one back to the days when certain religious people “had all things in common.”

I turned to descend the stairs. The aged women caught hold of and kissed my hands and coat, and besought God’s blessing on me. I could not bear the scene any longer, and tore myself away ; the whole of the forty poor suffering women, who had taught me, in actions more vivid than the words of the most eloquent orator, the great lesson of Christianity, “self-forgetfulness,” poured forth, their faces streaming with tears, this petition : “*Ruega por nosotras, por Dios, hermano, ruega por nosotras : y venga otra vez. Venga, venga : ruega por nosotras, hermano ; nosotras, las*

*mas infelices en todo el mundo*,”—i.e., “Pray for us, for the love of God, brother; pray for us, and come again. Yes, oh do come; pray for us, brother—for us, the most unhappy beings in God’s world!”

## CHRISTMAS EVE AMONG CARLIST PRISONERS IN DECEMBER, 1875.

THE snows of winter—at Christmas time often—are lying white and thick over the hills and valleys of Old England. Englishmen in Spain, especially at that time, think much and often of the old country; of holly-wreathed hall, of bells pealing over the frozen plain—in a word, of all the bright and happy associations of the season. It is this moment that I choose, not very opportunely some of my readers may suppose, to tell how Carlist soldiers and officers under confinement in the military prisons of Southern Spain pass their Christmas-Eve.

Every one by this time knows how Christmas in Spanish towns is celebrated. For three days before the *Noche-buena* (as it is called) the streets are absolutely blocked, the doorways of private houses besieged, by droves of meekly protesting turkeys, driven in from moor and farm and cottage by poorly dressed peasants, who have long been looking forward to the sale of their poultry to

buy a new sash, and a skin of wine for the *Noche-buena*, or Good-night. Wake up on any night for a week preceding Christmas-Eve, and you hear nothing but the bleating of the lambs and little kids being driven or carried into the towns to give their flesh for the Christmas banquet. Pass into the streets of the provincial towns at eight or nine of night, and you hear the minstrel boys and girls tuning up *zambomba* and *pandereta* (tabret and tambourine) for the *Noche-buena*. Pass through the streets at break of day, and every beggar will tell you, "Christmas cometh; for God's sake give me an alms!" But very few Englishmen, I fancy, have had my Christmas-Eve privilege—namely, an opportunity of passing the day among Carlist prisoners in one of the largest forts in Southern Spain, that of Santa Catalina, at Cadiz.

In Spain the natural as well as the artificial contrast of sun and shadow is greater than in any other European country. The sombre shadows of the Sierra, capped with snows, contrast strikingly enough with the sunny light of the plains at its base; the squalor of the countless Carlist and other political prisoners in keep, and castle, and fort, with the luxury and licence of the idle and selfish; and the misery of the poor with the luxury, the selfishness of the rich at Christmas time. Any one who wants to see this for himself needs but to come to Southern Spain at Christmas time. The climate is that of an English May day; the sun, after the late heavy rains, is shining

more beautifully than ever. All nature is serene, from the sea-bird, scarce skimming the peaceful blue wave of Cadiz Bay, to the calm, wide-spreading, green-tinted plains around. The climate, the country is divine—heaven itself; but there is a shadow to the sunlight—a very deep and sad shadow. Hundreds in the provincial towns are starving on Christmas-Eve. There is no systematic charity at this season: a few extra farthings given to the beggars at the door (the only poor, by the way, who do not deserve alms)—such spasmodic charity is all that the poor receive. Hundreds would work, but no rich man will step forward to employ them. The lands are unreclaimed; the lagunes undrained; there is no public spirit, no union. The poor are of such a nature that they will not enter hospital or workhouse; they prefer to starve over their tiny *copa* of charcoal! Said an old man to me, “It is not safe to go alone up that road.” I answered, “I am popular enough; no one will hurt me.” “No,” was his touching answer; “but consider *hay tanta miséria!*”—i.e., “there is so much misery.” The *employé* of the telegraph office, the newsboy, the postman, each has left at your door on the morning of Christmas-Eve his little printed leaflet of rude verse, imploring you to give him a *regalito*, or present (he only asks a *peseta*), for his year’s service to you; and you pass from the village to the city, from the suffering cottage to the crowded and still more suffering prison. How do the

Carlist prisoners—I mean the officers and soldiers of the army of Don Carlos—who have been taken prisoners and are in confinement, pass their *Nochebuena*? It was my lot to pass a part of the afternoon of that day with them, so I can tell you.

I entered, by special permission, the iron gate of the Castle of Santo Catalina, the fortress of Cadiz, where 400 soldiers, prisoners, and 62 officers were confined. Santa Catalina is a high-walled fortress, with accommodation for about 1500 soldiers, running out into the blue waters of Cadiz, here lashed by reefs of rocks into snowy foam. Within the gates, the first spectacle that presented itself was a strange one. At two separate, but contiguous windows, each standing on his little balcony, smoking a cigarette, and gazing at the passers-by below, stood Marfori, the old favourite and Minister of the ex-Queen Isabella, and, of all persons, General Nouvilas, the Intransigente General, who is best known as the man who instigated the cutting of the bridges on the Northern Madrid line, some three or four years since. Strange satire on Spanish political life! Both these men were well-treated and had quarters in the house of the commander of this fort. Opposite their quarters were four or five one-storied barracks, with iron-barred windows; and at every window above ground, or half below ground, was crushed and squeezed an eddying, ever-changing crowd of *boinas*—men wearing the loose red semiturban of the Carlist soldiers. They were then

under lock and key in the vaults, or upper chambers, which serve for dormitory, sitting-room, and kitchen. I asked admittance. An Alfonsist sergeant unlocked the gates, and out, to breathe the fresh air and catch the salt breezes, streamed the Carlist private soldiers, corporals, and sergeants. One was in full hussar uniform, but his clothes were torn and tattered; another was dressed as an Alfonsist soldier; a third in plain clothes; but most of them were in the oddest medley of plain clothes, eked out with Carlist and Alfonsist uniforms. All, however, proudly enough, wore the red *boina*, not a man was without this—the distinguishing mark of the Carlist soldiery. I offered them cigars all round. They numbered one hundred, in this lower story. My cigars were but sixty in number. Courteously, and like true gentlemen, they retreated, each pushing forward the other to receive the gift. Then, those who chose took the cigars and passed out into the pure, briny, spring-time air. They slept one hundred in each room; the beds being palliasses spread on boards, with a rug. The place was offensively close; the ventilation very insufficient; the room very dark, cold, and stone-flagged. Four hundred private soldiers, sixty-two officers, and two brigadiers were confined within this fort.

I passed above to see the others. All were the same, cheerful and contented. In reply to my question as to how they were treated, they all said, “Well enough; but the money we receive for



food, etc., is very scanty." Each man receives  $4\frac{1}{2}d.$  per diem and 20ozs. of bread. They sent representatives each morning to the fruit and vegetable market to buy food for the several squads, all clubbing together; and it was a striking sight to see, at the dim light of dawn, the dozen Carlist prisoners, in their red *boinas*, buying the cheapest bacon and vegetables in Cadiz market and marching back to their castle. The hours of exercise given them were very fair—ample for health; the money insufficient, I think, as times go. But all said, with one voice, "Whatever money our relations like to send us we are free to receive." And there is a *cantina*, where wine can be bought, within the gates of the fortress.

How were they going to keep their Christmas-Eve? Simply by proclaiming themselves more and more Carlistas; by attending their *misa* more uniformly; by buying (those who could) a glass of rough red wine. Carlistas! They were not ashamed of the name; they gloried in it. A very bitter Christmas-Eve sight it was to see 400 strong, high-spirited, powerful, soldier-like young fellows caged up, without anything to do, nothing to read, nothing to work at, nothing to occupy their attention—men who but for this miserable war might have been tilling the waste lands of the North, serving before the mast, marrying and supporting their fair-haired Aragonese or Biscayan lassies. And how were the officers going to keep their Christmas-Eve? I entered their fairly com-

fortable, but rather close and dirty quarters. On one straw bed a pretty fair-haired girl was kissing her young brother. Kneeling on the floor, all down the room, were the officers cutting-out in coloured paper the hangings for the first theatricals, to be held that night. The stage hangings were up; the oil and footlights ready; the actors were rehearsing their several parts. Courteously they showed us every little particular. I inquired about their food, etc., and they told me that, until a few months ago, each Carlist officer was allowed 1s. 8d. (two *pesetas*) per diem; but that now that allowance had been reduced to 6d. and bread—a change which, said they, Don Carlos had met by doing exactly the same to the Alfonsist officers in his hands. Some were playing cards, some strumming the guitar; not one was reading. They seemed very young, and, I must say, men not of high breeding. But poverty, privation, and disappointment, if companions for a long time, make us all look haggard and ragged. When I asked where they were going, they all said, “We are daily hoping to be liberated by an exchange of prisoners.” I asked whether the war would not soon be over. They all laughed and said, “It may continue for years; but that the Alfonsists should conquer is impossible.” I, for my own part, thought quite differently. I believed that with such men as Moriones in Guipuzcoa, Quesada and Campos in Navarre and Aragon, the wretched civil war would be at an end before another

summer. So, as above related, the Carlist prisoners kept their Christmas-Eve; and, while the midnight *misa* (*Misa del Gallo*) was being sung in the churches, and the image of the Babe new-born held up to the crowds of worshippers, while tambour and guitar were resounding in the streets, the Carlist prisoners were smoking their cigars, trying to enjoy their theatre.

## VACCINATION DAY IN SEVILLE PRISON.

I FEAR my readers' hearts will sink within them when they see another chapter relating to Spanish prisons; yet, if they will have a little patience, I think I shall be able to enlist once more their sympathies, and win their interest anew for the Spanish jail-bird. He is, to all appearance, a sordid, dirty fellow; but he is the victim of a vile system, and as much deserving of pity as of censure.

And, kind reader, remember that I claim for the Spanish nation the truth of the following statement, which I venture to make, and which I believe I can prove, viz., that as regards the Spaniards, the women of all ranks (save the upper ten thousand), peasant, trading, and middle classes, are infinitely superior to those of all European nations, save the women of Italy; and that the Spanish peasants, *i.e.*, the Spaniards pure and simple, are far superior to both French and English and other European peasants in *physique*, in virtue, in intellect, and in good breeding. My

argument is, that the Spanish peasant, without food, education, true religion, or medicine is a fine fellow intellectually, morally, and physically, whereas his English brother, with all those four aids, is very little, if at all, his superior.

So, even when he lies in prison, and has to bare his now pale but once brawny arm and be vaccinated, you must take an interest in the Spanish peasant.

If ever Andalusia merits her name of "*La tierra de Maria santisima*," it is in the "*primavera*," or early spring. Then, her waste, and too often desolate *campo* is spangled all over, or rather all ablaze with red and yellow flowrets; her river-banks are one mass of stunted creeping verdure; her fields of rich green corn, or *habas* of darker hue, or tangled vetches, make a gorgeous carpet for the ever-shining sun; while the air is so balmy, and so pure and sweet that it hurts no one to sleep in the open air. Very beautiful at this season are the low-lying banks of the classic Guadalquivir, and the environs of stately Seville.

Outside that city's walls, looking out upon a straggling avenue that runs down to the river, stands what was once a convent, or a monastic institution, and is now one of the largest convict establishments in the Peninsula—" *El presidio de Sevilla*."

To-day, a convent; to-morrow, a prison; next week, a barrack for *intransigente* soldiery—such is the rule in Spain. You would hardly deem this

place a prison, judging by its externals; yet on a closer inspection you see three or four soldiers on guard here and there, with fixed bayonets, around its walls; and—no surer sign of a prison at hand in Spain—a dozen women, with baskets of coarse bread, and fruit and lettuces, all arranged in the tasteful regard to colour at which the veriest gipsy here is a proficient (if she has a shred of pink meat she will take care that it is seen peeping out in contrast with the tender green of the coy crisp endive leaf)—three or four women, with Murillo faces, and melting, large, tearful, lustrous eyes, are squatting, with their draggled, dust-covered dresses, on any little coign of vantage, waiting to take the dinner to their loved one, still dear to them, in human Spain, although he has sinned.

But to-day? The hour has passed; the iron door has not swung on its hinges. At last, out comes a "*municipal*," or city-policeman, and passes the word, "No admittance to-day; it is vaccination day."

I showed my "special pass," a document kindly given to me by Señor Federico Villalva, inspector-general of penal establishments, and a warm friend to prison reform, and at once received leave to enter. "If you like," said the *janitor*, who was evidently a bit of a wag, "to see a naked cow chained down to a bench; and a lot of naked arms—not over clean, either, mind you—come in by all means."

Then came a little scurry of women's draggling dresses,\* all starched to ultra-stiffness, and a cloud of dust around the door—"Have you, señor, a brother, or a friend in there? If not, for the love of the most holy Virgin, give me your turn." And lustrous, pleading Spanish women's eyes gazed into mine, while the tears rolled down their brown, soiled, fleshy faces; and hard it was to say "No:" indeed, I have never yet been able to look into a Spanish peasant girl's pleading eyes, and refuse her earnest, faithful, touching, and affectionate appeal.

Once inside the quadrangle, however, the tearful eye was forgotten in the picturesque rudeness of the scene that presented itself.

On what appeared to be a magnified butcher's-block in the centre of the quad, a huge black-and-white cow was chained down, lying on its side; moving its tail impatiently, and lowing, moaning, and sighing audibly. At each side, with shirt-sleeves rolled up to the elbow, lancet in hand, in sombre black, stood two medical men; around them, a ring of some two or three hundred convicts, laughing, jesting, smoking, and gesticulating, all clad in their coarse brown Castilian-peasant jackets (*pañó pardo*), and trousers of the same rude make.

\* The Andalusian peasant girl wears her cotton dress very long, and stiffly starched, so that it shall make a rattling sound as she walks. Pretty and well-shapen as they are, her feet and ankles are rarely seen.



Two "*cabos de varra*" i.e., sergeants of the stick marshalled two deep a long line of prisoners up to the scene of the operation, every four of whom, as they arrived, tore off their jackets, and bared the left arm, for the operation, which was performed with rapidity.

Dozens of prisoners in the lock-up, or *calabozos*, had clambered up to the gratings, and were clinging on to them like parrots, screaming and gesticulating the while.

Four women sat, looking on at the hubbub, each with a little tray of fruit, bread, tobacco, and vegetables exposed for sale at her feet, knitting quite composedly, and now and then serving a customer, and in some cases examining his punctured arm—these were the women privileged to keep a "*cantina*" during stated hours in the prison quadrangle.

In this *presidio* lay one thousand two hundred and fifty prisoners; about eight hundred of these are sentenced for stabbing or shooting. Order is preserved by prisoners selected for brute strength, and armed with ashen sticks with which they belabour any unhappy *rebelde*; there are also the *calabozos*, dark cells, damp and bedless. The prisoners are able to work at their various trades, there being only about one hundred and fifty who are "*inutiles*," or useless, and who do nothing. Of those who can work, the majority pay from twenty to thirty reals per diem for their keep.

Some nineteen *cantonaes* were confined here—men, apparently, of the middle class. They do no work, save painting, reading, etc., live in separate little rooms, dark, and comfortless enough.

The prisoners sleep on rude *petates* (a sort of mattress) spread on the ground, about one hundred in a room. Many, however, have no bed at all; and two American sailors who were there, condemned to four years' imprisonment for mutiny, told me that they were robbed of the whole of their clothes by the lower officials, on entering the prison, and had only old rags given them in exchange. They slept on the bricks, and only made five farthings a day by sewing *petates*. These men told me that it was impossible to live on the prison ration of bread, and beans boiled in hot water without oil or bacon.

The smell of the whole place was fetid in the highest degree, the prison smell clinging to the clothes, and being apparent some hours afterwards.

The little amenities of Andalusian life would seem strangely out of place within the walls of a prison, yet when a ruffianly-looking prisoner sneezed, his comrades who stood by, all paid him the compliment of saying "*Jesu*," and he acknowledged their good offices with the customary "*Gracias*."

The bright sun streaming in at the barred windows, and flooding the dark nooks with light, seems the only redeeming feature in the Spanish prisons, never suffering them to look utterly dark

and dismal; and what shall we say to a prison, within a walk of the Royal Palace, where even this one ray of hope is shut out? I allude to the underground dens of the filthy *Saladero* of Madrid.

It would be hard to describe Madrid on a wet winter's day, when at 3 p.m. the dim light that creeps through the low pall of murky cloud is waning fast; when Valencian match-sellers, and vendors of lottery tickets, creep under shelter beneath arch and doorway; when men, no longer able to loiter in the *Puerta del Sol*, are fain to spend the weary, heartless day in *cafés*, amid the ever clattering cups and saucers, the deafening shouts of "*café*" here, and "*café*" there, the blaze of gaslights, and the ceaseless rustle and flutter of the ephemeral daily papers of Madrid; when poor tailoresses, dressmakers, *cigareras*, and the like, wrap and pull their knitted woollen head-dresses around their pinched but pretty faces, and hurry through the dripping street seeking their comfortless abodes. Madrid is a city of pleasure, and only lives and only is beautiful in the smile of God's sunlight. There is no domestic life, properly so speaking. In London, on a wet afternoon, one's heart hurries home before one's legs can make the journey, to enjoy the sight of a cheerful blazing fire, a comfortable arm-chair, and a cozy dinner or tea, such as Charles Dickens has so well and so often described: in Madrid, the house is dark and ill-lit; books there are few; and the flickering pan of charcoal gives but little heat or comfort.

But, of all unhappy people in Madrid, commend me to the inmates of the *Saladero*, or *cárcel de villa* (city-prison), in their damp, dark, noisome cellars on a rainy November day.

The *Saladero* lies about a mile to the north-east of the Puerta del Sol. It is an old, barrack-like looking building, capable of holding some five hundred inmates. It stands on a broken ridge of crumbling earth; the sleeping places, or corridors, of all the common felons being underground.

Motley indeed is the crowd, of women chiefly, who huddle under the shelter of the doorway, or crouch on the stairs, knitting or sewing, each with her handkerchief full of little dainties for her loved one. These are waiting for the clock to strike, when the long railings of the "*locutorios*," or conversation bar, will be opened, and each one of the prisoners who has relations within reach will ascend to see if they have come for a chat.

Inside, three or four officials are writing at as many tables; the floor is littered with the dirt from many feet; noise and confusion is on all sides. Within a little recess sits the *Alcaide*, or commander of the prison, who, just now, is a most humane and sensible man, and one who does all he can to grapple with the mass of misery and pollution among which his lot is cast.

Suddenly, a ring at the bell, and in troop half a dozen thieves and murderers, dripping wet, guarded by two Civil Guards, their rifles at the "ready." Such *tipos*, of physique so stunted, of

faces so utterly inhuman, with unkempt hair and grizzled beard, they absolutely repel one as they stand sullenly in front of the office, while the two "*Civiles*" present them to the governor and receive a receipt for their safe arrival. This is a batch of convicts from Galicia, on its way to swell the ranks of the unhappy convicts of Ceuta, in Africa. In a moment the unhappy men are told to right-about-face, and are taken by the Guards below. As they stumble and tumble down the dark slimy stair-case that leads to their wretched underground lodging, now clothed in the additional darkness of evening, they are met at the bottom by a crowd of older convicts. "Whoop, whoop, whoop, who-o-o-o-op!" "Hallo!" "*Bien venido!*" "*Carajo!*" from a dozen voices. "Have you any cigars? D—— it, let's see." "Any money? No?" "Cursed be the Holy Sacrament—then, off with his clothes;" and, in a moment, the new comers, in the damp dark den, are hustled about by a dozen hands, and the only articles of clothing worth having (sordid and filthy great-coats, soiled with mud from the *campo*) are stripped off their backs. Is it not bitterly cold and damp? Is not low fever raging every winter more and more in the *Saladero*? Is it not true that the prisoners sleep on these sloping, worm and bug-eaten boards that line either side of the cellars, without beds of any sort, kind, or description, and have long since sold their rugs, or gambled them away for cigars?

Yet a stone can be thrown from the vaults of the *Saladero* into the stables of the Marquis of —— hard by, whose horses' stalls are made of the costly nogal wood!

Standing about idly, on the dark staircases (it is 4 p.m.) in the wet *patio*, or wandering down the unlighted, undrained vaults, are the *tipos* of the *Saladero*. And what types they are!—children of men on whom not one ennobling influence has ever been vouchsafed. Some of them may have had a kind and tender mother, who may have once thought that the now jail-bird of the *Saladero* was a good child; but evidently, they are men lost to all thought now. Here is one, his nervous eyebrows lifted each in a different way, and his hand put up instinctively to avoid a blow, as the warder passes. Here is another who, by possessing a knife, has taken by force and keeps on him two dirty great-coats. Here is another—— But, suddenly, there is a loud kind of screech or howl echoing from vault to vault, and sounding dreary enough above the ceaseless pattering of the rain and the sougling of the wind: it is the crier's voice proclaiming that the *rancho*, or stew, is ready for the evening's meal, and each one takes his wooden spoon and platter to the tub, receives it back full, and retires to some dark corner, casting furtive glances around him at every spoonful he gulps down, lest some one should attempt to do to him as he would do to that some one.

It would shake the reader's faith in, and hope



for, humanity altogether, were I to describe some of the scenes that the *Saladero* has witnessed—the constant smuggling in of the stabbing knife, in the long rolls of bread, called *telera*; the fearful conversation; the utter demoralization, so great that every one who enters those walls, and mingles with that seething mass of the scum of the great city, only leaves them a lost and ruined man, only too sure within a few months once again to find his way thither.

The political prisoners live above ground, and have decent little rooms, which they are allowed to furnish; their wives and friends can come and see, and even take meals with them at times, by permission, and they are sometimes allowed to go out on parole.

The boys who are there, chiefly pick-pockets, have a decent school-room, above stairs. Their department is familiarly called "*La sala de los micos*," the monkeys' chamber. They are, however, allowed to mix with the older prisoners, and soon get corrupted, by pats on the back, and "You are splendidly smart."

There is a regular "thieves' literature" of the *Saladero*, consisting of filthy and obscene books, which circulate on the sly; and besides the luxury of reading, songs are sometimes the order of the day.

When a stranger enters the vaults, the crier shouts "Attention!" and the unhappy inmates all jump to their feet, pull off caps, and stand on



the edge of the settles on either side of the room, forming, in the gloomy shadow, a truly Mephistophilean group.

It should be added that the *Saladero* will probably ere long be a foul thing of the past, since the site for another jail is already chosen.

AN OLD-WORLD CAPITAL IN SOUTHERN  
SPAIN.

Murcia, April 9th.

MURCIA lies amid marvellously fertile garden lands which spread their wealth even up to its walls ; is bounded on all sides by barren, crumbling *sierras* ; and is, perhaps, the only capital in the Peninsula where not a single Englishman resides. Here is seen to perfection the old-fashioned type of Murcian peasant, in his snow-white linen blouse, black *faja*, and white trousers—reaching but to the knee, and so baggy as to resemble a short petticoat,—and the stately, proud, conservative aristocrat, to whom his city is his little world and kingdom. Here, save in some half-dozen paper-mills, and as many *fabricas* for weaving, the rattle of machinery and the din and noise of commerce are unknown. It is a silent city, silent with all but the stillness of the grave. The very look of the narrow, tortuous streets, of the belt of hills which shuts it off from the outer world, of the

peasant or gipsy costumes which throng the streets, of the lumbering coaches which still bear the mails and the few passengers to Lorca or Alicante,—suggest repose, and the drowsiness of a bygone century. The scream of the railway whistle is seldom heard ; the little station, whence trams run to Cartagena and Madrid, is some distance outside the town.

Taking the coach that leaves Alicante daily at mid-day for Murcia, the traveller obtains a fair panoramic view of this most interesting kingdom during his nine hours' run. Until Elche, the Village of Palms, is reached, the country is barren, save for a few scattered vineyards, and now and then groves of fig and pomegranate trees. Over each field, however, are dotted the olive, peach, and carob tree, but not in any striking abundance. At Elche, however, the scene becomes absolutely Oriental: the crumbling stone Moorish houses; ancient buildings, clustering together in the midst of the forest of date-palms; the time-honoured water-works and *norias* of the Moors; the cool, tiled *posada*, with its awning made of the palm-leaves of the district,—all make the traveller fancy himself in an Arabian or African town. Elche once passed, the district becomes a garden; thousands of palms, in venerable clusters, dot the landscape; the licorice, fig, nectarine, vine, barren mulberry, carob, and olive-tree grow in profusion; the gardens are separated by hedges of tall whispering canes. Orihuela—a town of some twenty thousand souls,

in a district so fertile that the peasant's proverb runs—

“Llueva o no llueva,  
Siempre trigo en Orihuela”

(“Rain or not, Orihuela never lacks good corn”). Five or six other smaller towns or villages are passed, at three of which the six wearied steeds are changed, and the traveller may alight to stretch his legs; and the evening and night have fallen before he is rumbling through the *Huerta* of Murcia, one of the richest in Spain.

Let no traveller expect either the fine vegetation of the moist climate of England or the tropic luxuriance of South America. In Southern and Midland Spain, however well irrigated may be the district, such a thing as a stately tree, a forest, or even a wood is very far from common; it is hardly ever seen. In this scorching clime, all trees, save the palm, are stunted and shrub-like, and even the dark-foliaged Spanish oak does not, I take it, average more than from twenty-five to thirty feet in height.

On the night in which I traversed the route here spoken of, a heavy pall of black clouds gathered all around; a few drops of sullen, thundery rain fell; above and among the darkening hills the summer lightning flickered.

An old peasant, in his working clothes, scrambled into the diligence through the window, and tumbled into the midst of us. He was on his way to the nearest town to exhibit “his son's

papers" to the *Guardia Civile* at the barracks. Each lad who has drawn a lucky number and escaped, for the time being, the conscription, has papers of release given him. Spaniard-like, he goes twenty miles from his home to work; his aged but doting mother treasuring the document at home, under the bed or settle. The Guards demand of the lad his papers. He has them not: he is marched off to the nearest house of detention, until his parents, advised by the kindly Guards, hasten, paper in hand, to the rescue.

At last, somewhere about ten o'clock p.m., we reached the Posada de la Cruz, the halting-place of the *diligencia*, the last two or three miles being through the very garden of the gardens. The air was heavy and damp with the irrigation and exhalations from the semi-tropical plants, and laden with aromatic scent as of incense. What would strike an observant traveller on such a journey would possibly be somewhat as follows:—The aspect of the country is marvellously treeless and barren—nay, it is devoid of beauty; the vegetation seen is entirely due to artificial means; a blade of natural grass, a fine forest tree, a coppice, a wood, is hardly seen. Never would you think that these scorching, crackling plains could be turned into gardens of verdure; and, when you enter on the irrigated land, how disappointing is the sight! The far-famed melon grounds are not so luxuriant to look at as plots of vegetable marrows; the fruit trees are stunted, and seem ill-

pruned and ill-tended, and but thinly dotted over the garden. Of the rank vegetation of a humid clime, there is in these parts absolutely none; and whatever of green there is, is of an ephemeral character—springing up, watered, the fruit gathered, the earth stirred with the plough, and then once more barren and cracked, lying beneath the scorching sun awaiting another sowing. All this is disappointing to one who would naturally expect from the beauty and size of the fruit seen in hotel and market a scene of far greater and more evident luxuriance. Another matter that would strike the stranger and cause a moment's uneasiness might be the fact that two Civil Guards, fully armed, accompany the coach, their rifle-muzzles protruding out of the window of the *berlina*, which seat they occupy, giving an idea at once of insecurity and security. This road was once notorious for its bands of robbers; hardly a week passed without the coach being stopped and robbed; but now relays of Civil Guards posted along the road have effectually cleared the distance of such pests. On an English highway, again, one meets many a well-ordered gentleman's carriage, and sees many an outlying house standing in its belt of trees; but on these roads, of outlying houses there are scarcely any, save in the immediate suburbs of a town, and of carriage travelling there is a marvellously small amount. Indeed, with all classes, travelling is the exception. Hundreds of the poorer classes have never even

visited the town or city nearest to their home. The thinness of the population also presents another striking feature in these parts, as do the gaudy and ever-picturesque costumes of the women, contrasting with the snowy garments of their mates, as they work in the gardens.

The traveller may see all that is worth seeing in Murcia in two well-spent days—the cathedral, the fruit-market, the *Contraparada*, or elaborate Moorish waterworks, within three miles of the city walls, the walks, the gipsies, and the botanical gardens. There is also, I believe, a private gallery containing paintings by Alonzo Cano, Velasquez, and Zurbaran, to which admittance can be obtained. But let no one think that he has seen colour until he has visited Cartagena or Murcia. The principal street in either place is full of linendrapers' shops, and stalls devoted to the sale of saddle-bags, made of a coarse coloured canvas, and gaudy rugs or *mantas*; for the two latter articles the kingdom of Murcia is celebrated. The predominant colours of the serge and flannel used for dresses and petticoats by the poor are bright vermilion, emerald green, and gamboge yellow; and when the eye rests on the piles of these fabrics lying outside every shop-door, and the gaily dressed peasantry walking about among them, beneath the deep blue sky, the effect on the mind of a stranger is very striking. Look well at the women, both poor and rich. Their faces and attire form a study for a cunning painter. The



beauty of the lower orders is marvellous. The belle of a Murcian village or garden yields in grace and beauty to none save a Valencian rival. She is somewhat short, and inclined to be *embon-point*, but every limb is perfectly symmetrical, and finely, nay, delicately proportioned. Her sandalled foot is small, her instep exceptionally high, her ankle perfect, shown off by the short skirt which but half conceals it. Graceful, half proud, half petulant, is the carriage of her shapely head, unadorned save by her rich tresses of dark-brown or raven-black hair, drawn back from the clear, low forehead, and bound in one broad plait at the back of the head in a manner peculiarly her own. As to the face, it cannot be described. Full of health is the glow of the rich brown cheek; beautifully chiselled is the short, straight nose, sufficiently inclining to *retroussé* to give her pensive face a semi-piquant, almost impudent, expression; and a full ripple of laughter lights up every feature, and plays in the dark eyes.\* She always has a red oleander flower in her dark hair; oftentimes an emerald green shawl, or handkerchief, cast over her shoulders, and pinned at the neck with an old-fashioned *alfilera*. After studying Murcian peasant beauty on the Paseo de la Glorieta—a favourite evening walk of the peasantry,—the traveller may take a glance at aristocratic grace on the Paseo El Malecon, the prettiest walk in

\* Unlike her Andalusian sister, the Murcian girl shows her feet and ankles.

Murcia. It runs along the brink of the river, the Segura, which eats its slow way along amid these rich grounds, fertilizing the whole plain; at the bridge its muddy waters tumble over in two cascades into its half-dry bed below, and taint the air with an unwholesome smell. From about five to eight o'clock the Malecon is crowded with the *élite* of the town, who love the very sameness of their walk. To stroll slowly down, evening after evening, to this place; to pace from end to end of the walk in small groups; to gaze upon the thickly-set fruit-trees on the right, and the muddy stream to the left, fringed with its whispering canes; then to repair home for the hasty dinner, and afterwards, with brother, husband, or friend, to spend a short *ratito* in the casino and drink the luscious *bebidas*, or sit out a few scenes at a theatre;—such are the usual evening occupations of the higher classes. These high-bred beauties of Murcia are much less beautiful than their poorer sisters. Many of them, strangely enough, are blondes, possibly from the close connection with France enjoyed by this province and its neighbour Valencia, which has led to many intermarriages; most of the ladies are of fair complexion, and inclined to *embonpoint*, but some are very beautiful, and all in gait and dress are strikingly graceful. As to the men, they are, as a rule, singularly plain; not by any means so courteous as the Andaluzes, whom they affect to despise; and, on the whole, whether poor or rich,

both in appearance and conversation disappointing. It is very difficult to understand the language of the lower classes—the corrupted French words for many objects passing current in the Province, such as “huite” for “eight,” “merced” for “thanks,” and the like.

But the finest sight in Murcia is the view from the belfry of the cathedral. The tower is very lofty, but the ascent is rendered easy by a very simple and clever contrivance—namely, that of substituting, as in the Campanile at Venice, for the abominable steep spiral stone stairs a succession of sloping walks, running from side to side squarely inside the tower. Seventeen of these slopes, each twenty yards long, take, with an occasional halt, even an invalid untired to the summit, whence the surrounding garden plain, studded with tiny stone houses for the gardeners, and the narrow streets and flat-roofed Moorish houses of the city, may be taken in at a glance—a truly fertile plain, fifteen miles long by nine broad, encircled by barren hills, with the one large city in its midst. In the distance can just be descried the snow-capped ridge of the Sierra de Espuña, which supplies the city with snow for cooling the water; just beyond the *sierra*, although not visible, lies the village of Lebrilla, where Murcian gipsies reign undisturbed. The bells of the cathedral, taken from Cartagena, are famous. They are said to be among the oldest in Spain, and number fifteen or more, if my memory serves me right. Four of them are of

great weight; one of the cathedral clergy, who chanced to be taking the air on the tower, told me that each of them weighed four hundred *arrobas*.

The chief trade of Murcia consists in the manufacture of saddle-bags, rugs, and coarse cloth. A few paper-mills are at work. Silkworms, fed upon the white or barren mulberry, are also reared; but the silk trade here does not assume such large proportions as at Huecar, near Granada, or in the kingdom of Valencia.

The amount of fruit and vegetables sent to Alicante for export, both from Murcia and the immediate neighbourhood, is very large. Figs, grapes, oranges, dates, almonds, pomegranates, and melons, with a fair admixture of peaches and apples, are the fruits chiefly grown. Cereal produce is, I understand, chiefly confined to rice, Indian corn, and panizo. Of cattle there are very few, but cattle food is grown, consisting of vetches, the bean of the carob tree, and another herb the name of which I cannot discover in any dictionary. As regards vegetables, the potato, the sweet batata, called here "*moniato*," the cabbage, cauliflower, sunflower (the seeds of which are eaten by the poor), turnip, radish, lettuce, and onion are largely grown, as also the pimienta. The neighbouring country sends onions in enormous quantities, and of large size, to the Havannah; as many as twenty to fifty tons of these vegetables may be seen on the road to Alicante. A few

brickfields are scattered here and there; but the trade in bricks is small. The mining districts in this kingdom are chiefly in the neighbourhood of Cartagena, although these hills are asserted by the peasantry to be metalliferous.

The primitive character and look of the people, the dreamy, old-world look of the city, render, on the whole, a residence of two days at Murcia interesting and profitable to the traveller in Spain. But he must not expect to find many symptoms of progress. For these he must pass some time in the provinces of Cadiz and Seville. These provinces, partly owing to their intercourse with foreigners, owing to the large foreign settlements at Huelva, Cadiz, Jerez, Port St. Mary, and (in the province of Jaën) Linares, always have taken a certain lead in political progress and social improvements. Travelling by train from Seville to Cadiz, as the train rattles through the pine-girt *véga* (valley) of the Guadalete, the traveller in autumn will have been surprised to see a steam plough hard at work breaking up the virgin soil. This is the first steam plough, I am told on good authority, ever introduced into Spain. Steam-threshing machines have been used in the country, but not the plough. Until now, to the old Roman plough, just scraping the surface of the willing earth, there have been few rivals. This farm, near Port St. Mary, bought from the Government by enterprising English and Spanish adventurers, consists of

about two thousand five hundred *arranzadas* (an *arranzada* in this province is equivalent to about an acre and a quarter) of soil hitherto untilled. The virgin soil is of a sort of rich loam and sand. The sowing time is in November; the farm will grow fine wheat, barley, potatoes, maize, garbanzos, and melons. Four or five donkeys or horses can do the work of the farm, as only about six hundred or eight hundred acres are at present under cultivation. Two engines have been at work, each of which is of twelve-horse power. The fertility of the land is seen by the fact that, at whatever time of year a rainfall comes, its hitherto arid, dusty surface is in a fortnight coated with herbage. This tract of land was bought from the Spanish Government at a cost of from £15 to £20 per *arranzada*. There is still a certain amount of prejudice existing in the minds of the rural population against the introduction of machinery, much the same in kind as that which prevailed in the Northern districts of England, described by Charlotte Brontë, but not taking the same violent form. The peasantry prefer the old-fashioned system of tilling the *cortijos*, or farms—viz., stirring the ground feebly with the old Roman plough—receiving not more than 1s. 4d. or 1s. 6d. per diem, with tobacco and a *siesta* in the middle of the day. This suits better their conservative and lazy Oriental propensities. Steam, however, will wait neither for *siesta* nor cigars. It will be asked, will such a farm pay



well? The answer is that, in the long run, undoubtedly it will; but it will only pay capitalists who can afford to wait two and even three years for the return upon their expenditure. The land must be bought, and half this sum paid down in cash; machinery must, in all probability, be brought from England; a house must be built for the steward; wells must be sunk to supply the engine; and, when all this is done, there is still to be considered the item of payment of labour, the men working this farm receiving at the rate of 2*s.* and 2*s.* 4*d.* per diem, and their number being about (on the average) eighteen. In 1875 the cereal crops on this farm were a total failure, and the farm was worked at a loss of over £2000, wholly owing to the drought, which in the provinces of Cadiz and Seville ruined alike cereal crops and vineyards. The chief elements in favour of the ultimate success of this scheme are: (1) the richness of the virgin soil; (2) the comparatively cheap rate at which it is bought; (3) the fact that in Andalusia rainfall in harvest-time is unknown; (4) the richness of so many similar tracts of corn-producing country in Andalusia.

Among other schemes of foreign enterprise in Spain, may be mentioned a project to rent of Government the fisheries of the Isla Graciosa, a small island of the Canary group, and lying north-east of Teneriffe, and to establish there a fish-salting and drying establishment. This project



has been entertained chiefly by Norwegian and German speculators. The facts of the case are briefly these :—Salt fish (tunny, sardines, pilchards, cod, etc.) forms the staple food of the peasantry of Southern Spain. The import duty now laid upon such goods by Government is extraordinarily and unreasonably high; the salt fish of La Isla Graciosa, coming from Spanish territory, would, of course, be subject to no tax, and thus might be sold to the peasantry at a reduced rate. The whole question of the success of the scheme turns, of course, upon the capabilities of the fisheries of the island, and if any one is curious to entertain the question he may be advised that a beautifully illustrated work on the fish and fishing-grounds of the island, written by Ramon Ferro, C.E., was printed, but not published, by Messrs. Clayton & Co., 17, Bouverie Street, a copy of which lies before me.

An English company is also now being formed, in order to obtain on lease and to drain some of the large *lagunas*, or marshes, in Galicia. The land reclaimed is likely to be exceedingly rich and good; the climate, which is as humid as that of Devonshire, is well-fitted for cereal and fruit and vegetable crops; labour is cheap and food plentiful. Among successful enterprises, the mines of Linares and Huelva must be mentioned; both increasing, the latter to a very large extent. In both cases Government taxes have been a detriment. The country around Linares is pregnant with mineral; but it is dangerous (owing to robbers, as mani-

fested in the late capture of Mr. Haselden) and, owing to the bad roads or tracks and difficulty of transit, it is not easy to work the richer and hitherto untouched mines in the remoter districts of the Sierra. The wine trade of Jerez, chiefly conducted by English capitalists, is neither increasing nor decreasing; but, despite a succession of two bad years, it is fairly flourishing. The iron mines of Cartagena and those in the North of Spain are, from two different causes, not so prosperous as might be desired. That which cripples foreign enterprise is the enormous taxation. A scheme no sooner succeeds than the Government comes down upon it and taxes it to a most unreasonable extent; and, therefore, until public confidence is a little more restored when the cessation of the civil war begins to be felt, and until the import duties are somewhat relaxed, the country cannot really be prosperous.

## ON CADIZ WHARF.

No town in Spain is more beautiful than Cadiz—her sparkling, ever-lively bay, with its long flank of traders lying quietly at anchor at the Trocadero, and its three hundred brightly painted boats—fishing boats, pleasure boats, *faluchos*, *misticos*, and *lauds*—all dancing upon the ever-moving, ever-blue waters of the bay; her crown of white—ay, snow-white—towers forming a back-ground to the foam-tipped blue wave; her climate, which can only be described as a perpetual spring—a spring that knows nor east wind, nor showers, nor cloudy or dark day; her pretty girls, dressed in black silk, and walking with all the stately yet easy *gracia* of which the Gaditana alone is capable; her seamen and boatmen, whose prowess with oar and sail is great, as of old, whether they are exploring the Atlantic in search of their finny prey, or crossing the dangerous and constantly fatal bar of Port St. Mary, to which market they take, when storm-driven, many

a load of fish, or lying out, night after night, upon the languid Mediterranean. Then there are the beautiful *paséos*, or promenades of the town; the *Paséo de las Delicias*, where the weary clerk or shopkeeper can take into his lungs the purest breezes of the Atlantic.

The Plaza de la Mina, where are heaped and intertwined together the shrubs and plants and trees of Cuba, South America, and Spain—the pimiento-tree, the cactus, the giant heliotrope, the geranium—here not a plant, but a tree,—and half a hundred kinds of trees with waxlike flowers. Here, in this square on a November evening, may you sit by the hour, listening to the strains of music discoursed by the boy band of the model and inimitably conducted workhouse.

Who that has once known her would not love beautiful Cadiz—the island without being an island, the pearl of the ocean, the landneck where the calm Mediterranean and the storm-tossed Atlantic kiss one another or fight in playful mimicry? Who would not love Cadiz? Yet Cadiz has fallen greatly from what she was of yore.

In 1596, Lord Essex commenced her spoliation, carrying off his booty of thirty galleons, and some dozen ships of war. Then again attacked in 1625, and again in 1702, Cadiz escaped ruin, but escaped with loss. To French rapine, the city never fell a prey.

An interesting and beautiful excursion can be

made from the wharf of Cadiz to Port St. Mary—that town of wine merchants, wine brokers, and *bodegas*, or wine stores (cellars they cannot be called)—in which excursion you will cross the dangerous bar of the river Guadalete, a sluggish, quiet stream, the flat banks of which are fringed with woods of stunted pines, and on the waves of which for ever floats or sits the snow-white *gabeota*, or seagull; or you may rest on your oars a moment in crossing the bar, and survey the old, old-fashioned, crumbling, but graceful with the decadence of age, long line of massive stone houses stretching along the river, or wonder at the huge quadrangular pile (like a barrack) of the newly-built Jesuit College, which was sacked, and all its glass broken, four years ago, by the Republicans. It is now filling with lads, sons of the *élite* of Spain, yet so strictly are they kept under and trained to respect above all powers the power of the Church, that they cannot even salute their parents as they pass them in the street. For there, in Port St. Mary, Jesuit sympathies are strong. Strange that only in Spain and in England the Order and its tenets should be tolerated. But in this, as in other things, extremes meet. From Cadiz wharf you may pass by steamer to San Fernando, the Woolwich of Spain, and see the *caracca*, or arsenal; the barracks, with their battalions of sandalled, blue-coated, red-breeched, soldiers for ever at their exercise—"Right about!" "Left face!" "Right about!" or "Left wheel into line!"

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and see the simple food, the rough domestic comforts of the Spanish soldier, his mess of pottage twice per diem, his sloping board, pillow, and rug—no more—to sleep upon. Yet, believe me, you need not leave Cadiz wharf if you want to take a glimpse of Spanish life. On Cadiz wharf stand with me for awhile, until the sinking sun reddens the wave with a glow of southern glory. There is the Fish Market, one of the finest and most varied in Spain, where fish of every class, from Mediterranean and Atlantic waters, are to be found—the sea reptiles used for boiling down for oil; the famous *mero*, or John Dory; the finest soles; the *salmonete*, or red mullet; the whiting, *pescadilla*, from the coast of Portugal. Why are not these, the best fisheries in the world, better developed? The men are hardy, brave, and skilful in their rude way. What is lacking is system. People talk of the wealth of the Mount's Bay fisheries in Cornwall; yet the pilchards are but caught, in seine or drift net, for six weeks in the year at most. Here the fish harvest is a harvest of the whole year. There is no lack of fish here; but there is a lack of buyers. Then from the fish market, which, with its fish varying from 2lb. weight up to 50lb., presents a rich, curious, and varied spectacle, go and look at the little stalls of fruit and vegetables scattered along the whole length and breadth of the wharf, or quay. Here meet the fruits of the Havannah and of Africa with the fruits and vegetables of Anda-

lusia and Galicia. Here are onions and garlic bulbs by the million; oranges, pears, and pippins from Ronda, that land of gardens and gardeners. Here are bananas, with their pale yellow hue, chestnuts from Huelva, cabbages, walnuts without number, and so cheap!—you can buy your hatful for three-farthings. Here is a boat unloading deal boxes of dried figs from Huelva, another putting off to one of John Hall and Co.'s steamers,\* laden with lead, from Linares or Seville. There are barrels of Jerez wine (good sound sherry) being rolled down to the wharf as though they were butts of water.

Life is busy here; but not as it once was. A little time ago, there were coming in weekly, hundreds of salt brigs from Norway, England, and America, and these went out of Cadiz harbour laden with the salt of San Fernando—the finest salt in the whole world. Now, but four or five salt vessels—brig, schooner, or bark rigged—pass out of Cadiz harbour each day. The great quadrilateral piles of salt, looking, in their snowy and glittering whiteness, like the tents of the British army vastly magnified, inasmuch as a perfect heap of salt contains a thousand or more tons—stand undisturbed, or dis-

\* In mentioning Messrs. John Hall's steamers, it is only just to add, that they and Messrs. Palgrave, also shipowners, of Dublin and London, whose steamers are constantly coming into Cadiz harbour, are the only shipowners who subscribe—and that very liberally—to the support of an English chaplain to visit their seamen when ill in Cadiz Hospital.



turbed but little, although the San Fernando salt is allowed to be the only good salt for curing the fish of northern latitudes. Only a couple of years since the captain of a Norwegian salt brig obtained his cargo of salt, unknown to his owner, from some other port than Cadiz. The fish were salted; they soon all stank. The captain avowed honestly that had he obtained his salt from the proper place, all would have been sound. The reason why the once flourishing and magnificent salt trade of Cadiz and San Fernando has so woefully decreased, is simply this—that the controller, ignorant of the fact of large salt-fields, like those at San Fernando, having been formed on the coast of Portugal during late years, and having read that ancient Cadiz became rich by engrossing the salt-fish trade of Rome, keeps the price up to its old standard, thus driving away thousands of vessels in the trade.

Sad it is to see the gradual but certain decay of trade in Cadiz—a town which lives and can only live by shipping. The salt trade is well-nigh a dead letter. Fruit steamers now run to Seville, where in the grape and orange season they absolutely line the river's side. It is true that there are still here the Cardiff coal vessels; the steamers of John Hall & Co., which ship wine, lead, and passengers; bringing out with them cargoes of English goods, notably beer and hams, for William Anderson, the merchant of English goods, who is now spreading his trade and branch offices

throughout the Peninsula; and last, but by no means least, the Havannah packets—a splendidly ordered Spanish line—of Lopez & Co. But, on the whole, trade is decreasing sadly at Cadiz. There is no *campo*, no country to be tilled; those who live at Cadiz must be shopmen, artisans, or gain a precarious living on the *muelle*, *i.e.*, wharf, or mole. There are the *falucho* men, who can earn their five reals per diem; the fishers, who earn a like sum; the Gallegos, or natives of Galicia, who, scattered over the whole of Southern Spain, are the strongest, most sober, harmless, and saving of the whole population. They are called *muy brutos*, *i.e.*, very brutal or coarse, and are treated as beasts of burden, who carry the sacks of flour and heavy portmanteaus from ship to quay, or quay to ship. Then there are the *patrones*, or owners of one or two boats. Alas, poor fellows! the cry ten years back was, “Five dollars for a boat to shore.” Boats have increased in number, trade has decreased, and the cry of to-day is, “Give me four reals, and let me take you to shore.” So there is a dark side to everything, even to Cadiz. The Government *impuestos* and *consumos* (taxes, and taxes on eatables and drinkables) are so heavy, so cruel and arbitrary, as to stifle and ruin the trade of small vessels, leaving hundreds of poor, shiftless, but honest boatmen and porters of thirty and forty years of age starving on the wharf where once they drank their black wine, smoked their Havannah cigars, and

ruffled it with the best of men. Alas! now they pass a whole day with nothing but a hunk of bread and an orange, or bunch of grapes. Not only is this so, but there is a vessel, fine in her lines, massive in her build, lying out in the offing, and, lo! here comes her unhappy freight. The Cadiz boatmen—staunch and true as in the olden time of the Armada—are plying their trade and calling for a freight; nay, so hard-driven are they, that they are swearing, begging, gesticulating for one—these brave fellows who, like the Deal boatmen, will take one of their tiny, lateen-sailed, clumsy boats, which in a change of wind can only be managed by taking in a reef at the top, out into the bay, when a heavy south-west swell is tumbling in and raising a regular chop of a sea. They get their freight—an officer or two, a boy, probably, bound for Cuba; for who save a boy or a ruined gambler would go to Cuba? Especially, who would go as an officer of Cuban volunteers? And here, formed four deep, upon the Mole, are the Cuban volunteers. No less than fourteen thousand of them left Cadiz and Santander within a few weeks, and the full complement to put down the insurrection ought in brief time to be in Cuba. This complement numbers twenty-five thousand men or boys.\* Here stand seven hundred volunteers, guarded by petty officers, sergeants, Civil Guard, and carabineer, lest any one should make a bolt of it and escape. They are all habited in a

\* Fifty thousand sailed in the autumn of 1876.

coarse blue-and-white striped calico shirt, blue serge trousers, and blue cap with dangling red tassel. They are very rough fellows—boys, varying from sixteen to twenty-five years. The drill-sergeant walks up and down their ranks with a good thick stick, and belabours the shoulders of any refractory lout, whose only fault, after all, is that he is a fool, has had no drilling or education, and is going to be shot or die of *vomito* or fever. Then the squad is portioned off, they step into the white-sailed *falucho*, the boat is pushed off, the lads cheer, the waves get higher and higher before they near the packet, and all that is seen is a faintly cheering mass of lads, in light blue jerseys, nearing the black hull of the Havannah packet.

These Cuban soldiers are, first, volunteers, *i.e.*, conscripts newly drawn, who elect to serve in Cuba ; secondly, Carlists, who have applied for pardon ; thirdly, regular soldiers who are weary of the war in the North, or have got into debt ; fourthly, prisoners who desire to serve in the Cuban army. The system of recruiting for the army in Cuba is as follows :—

A volunteer receives, on enlistment, fifty dollars, he enlisting for one or two years' service ; if, at the end of one year, he likes to re-engage for another, he receives another fifty dollars. When a lad, in bright Cadiz city, receives this sum, knowing that he has to embark within a fortnight, and having no care, no definite love of home and parents, he goes to the bad for three days. You

see a cab rattling down the narrow streets of Cadiz, and lo! five Cuban volunteers (peasant lads of eighteen years) are its occupants; you enter a wine shop and half a dozen of these boys come in and buy their tumblers of Montilla or sherry. In three days they have spent, what with cabs, wine, women, and sweets, every sixpence of their fifty dollars. They are amazingly proud, even before they are habited as soldiers. I saw four of them—boys of eighteen to twenty—sitting on Cadiz wharf the other day. A grey-haired, courtly, Spanish gentleman passed, and said—

“Are you conscripts?”

“No,” said the spokesman, who had a soldier’s cap; “we are *militares*!”

Of the four, one was barefooted; one only had a military badge—a blue, red-tasselled cap. These lads are, almost without exception, peasants from the interior of Andalusia. They cannot get work; fifty dollars is a heaven upon earth; they have no idea what Cuban life is; they volunteer, go, and not twenty of each hundred return at the end of the two years. The rest die of vomit and fever. If one comes back *minus* a leg or arm he must beg for his livelihood; for pensions there are none, save for those who have served for twenty-four years. The Government pays twenty dollars for the passage and food of each private soldier, and the boats generally carry eight hundred men each, and make the passage to Cuba in sixteen or twenty days. On board they are not badly treated. Two

days in each week they have bacon or pork, and during the rest *rancho*, i.e., pottage of beans, rice, and dried chick-peas. They sleep in the hold on a long row of sloping planks, each man having a rug and a hard pillow. At 7 a.m. all are summoned upon deck. At sundown all are ordered below, and at 8 p.m. the order is passed along the dark and reeking hold, "Silence—not a word!"

The volunteer in Cuba generally succumbs to the climate; yet during each autumn no less than twenty-five thousand are draughted off to Cuba. It is wrong to say that the Cuban volunteer is ill-treated; the treatment is not bad. He is well fed, and receives 15*d.* per day in coin. It is the climate which kills him. Among the ranks of these men are found faces and men of the worst and lowest criminal type—men who have enlisted simply because they do not care a curse whether they live or die, because they believe neither in God nor in love, but only in the "fifty dollars;" men, who, the moment they can get into the hold of some vessel bound for New Orleans, escape to a free State. But the majority, of the Cuban volunteers are idle or unfortunate peasant lads, who, spurred on by the scarcity of work, and tempted by the promising bait of fifty dollars down, a year's service and at the end of that fifty dollars more gratuity if they choose to re-enlist, or a free passage home, give in their names and go to Cuba, to be turned into inhuman and wicked brutes; to

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be hardened by gazing upon tortures and horrors which would make their mothers' blood curdle ; and then, without any help of God or man, to go into the teeming, swamp-beset military hospital, and die !



## A SPANISH COASTING STEAMER.

I AM often tempted to wonder at the lavish, and, as it appears to me, wholly unmerited praise bestowed by many English writers on the "delights of travelling" in Spain during the heat of summer and autumn. To enjoy those seasons, you should do as do the Spaniards themselves, sit still in your own house, and only take the *paséo*, or stately walk, at the accustomed hour, in the accustomed spot; smoke the cigarette, drink the sweet *bebida*, be it lemon-water, *agraz* (*i.e.*, clarified verjuice made of the green grape), or almond milk, interchange kindly greetings, and return slowly home when the last light is being extinguished beneath the darkening trees.

As a matter of fact, no Spaniard, in his sober senses, travels in summer save upon urgent business; and English tourists would laugh at the remark made so constantly at their expense by the Spaniards, when they see them travelling, with the thermometer at a hundred degrees in the shade, "for pleasure,"—" *Andan eses Ingleses como*

*caballos desbocados*” — i.e., “These English walk about like unmuzzled horses !”

The true Spaniard, then, stays at home, or travels only on urgent business, knowing well the truth, that, whether he travel by sea or by land, the reeking heat of a Mediterranean steamer’s cabin, or the choking dust and blazing sun-heat of the *diligencia* or train, are ruinous alike to comfort, health, and cleanliness.

In England, I have often, when out shooting or walking, heard the rich squire or the luxuriant lordling, after affably sharing a crust of bread and cheese and quart of beer with his tenant or game-keeper, declare that, “he never enjoyed a meal so much in his life ;” and it is only in the sense in which there is truth in such words, that there is any truth in the praise of travelling in Spain in summer.

The simple meal alluded to would lose all its charm if repeated every day ; it is not the simplicity of the fare and surroundings, but the charm of contrast that gives it all its zest ; and so, although English or American tourists, unexhausted by the heat of successive summers, may write glowing books on “Summer Travels in Spain,” their books are little to be regarded.

I have but lately journeyed by sea to Barcelona, in a small Spanish coasting steamer, trading between Seville and Marseilles, which touches at every port between Seville and Barcelona, taking six whole days to make the latter port from Cadiz,

and can therefore speak feelingly on travelling by sea round the Spanish coast.

Let me give you some idea of our life on a Spanish Mediterranean coasting steamer.

On Friday morning, August 25th, we were ordered to be on board at 6 a.m. at Cadiz. I took a small boat, and was pulled out to where the steamer lay, laden to the water's edge, in the offing. The sunrise, for we were early, was truly beautiful—the crimson cloudlets chased by a light *levante* across the dark but rapidly brightening sky; the wild, monotonous ditty of the Cadiz boatmen, all of whom were cooking their early cup of coffee and lighting their paper cigarettes; the crimson tint just lighting upon the deep cobalt blue waves—all was beautiful.

But so it ever is in Andalusia; whether by sea or land you travel, you are fain to exclaim, "How beautiful is nature here!" but when you go below the surface, "How careless and profitless is man!"

Arrived at the steamer's side, no ladder was let down. I called to two men, leaning over the vessel's side, to let it down. "*No soy marinero*" ("I am not a seaman"), was the answer; and so we had absolutely to scramble up, and over the vessel's side, high as it was!

I mention this, as a mark of Andalusian negligence and carelessness, a negligence and indolence which has made Andalusia a desert, and which is the ruin of that kingdom. Andalusia might be a paradise: it is a desert.

The steamer was overcrowded, and fearfully loaded. The decks stood deep in bales of cork and sacks of flour.

These small coasting steamers travel only by night, and stop at every port, on their way to Marseilles, to unload and take in cargo: they stay at Algeciras, Malaga, Almeria, Cartagena, Alicante, Valencia, Tarragona, and Barcelona, spending generally ten hours at each port.

Leaving Cadiz harbour at 7 a.m., we reached Algeciras (peaceful and beautiful as ever) at 3 p.m., and started at six for Malaga, arriving there at 6 a.m. on Saturday morning.

The heat at Malaga in 1876 was fearful—a heat unknown for seventy-six years; but the port and city were tranquil enough, and I could not help contrasting my landing there in 1873, when the *Intransigentes* had just taken possession of the city and custom-house, and the redcaps, with guns of every size and shape in hand, with four cannon, were patrolling the now peaceful Alameda.

Another instance—and it deserves and requires publicity—of Andalusian negligence is as follows. Naturally, out of a hundred passengers, many desired to go on shore for the day at the ports we stopped at, and when we inquired at what time the steamer would sail, we were told, “It is impossible to say; it may be two or six.” And this happened at every port on the route!

Leaving Malaga at 7 p.m. on Saturday for Almeria, the scene was beautiful in the extreme:

the setting sun shone on the deep cobalt blue waves, and turned every ripple into a deep crimson purple. The guitar was struck, the Malagueño ditties sung on board, until the large yellow moon looked down, and all was quiet.

While lying in my berth, I suddenly heard the "whish" of a sky-rocket; then another; then a third. Dressing hastily, and hurrying on deck, I asked the reason. "*Qué sé yo, hombre?*" was the answer, made with true Spanish nonchalance, and without taking his cigar from his mouth. "*Porque el capitan tiene la gana de tirarlos, i.e.,*" "How can I tell, man? I suppose because the captain likes to let off rockets."

The calm beauty of the starlit sea; the refreshing coolness of the breeze; the barren grandeur of the everlasting, never-ending, brown, barren, gently rounded lonely hills, make this trip in a coasting steamer refreshing, if not beautiful.

We arrived at Almeria at 7.30 on Sunday morning; and, with that unhappy negligence which I am endeavouring to bring out in this chapter—negligence and nonchalance and sheer idleness which finds its result in strangers tilling their vineyards, in strangers working their mines, in strangers reaping their harvests, in strangers gaining the best wages as engineers on land or sea,—the *sanidad*, or health officer, did not come until 8.30 or 9, and so we were caged up on deck for an hour and a half, and all for no purpose!

Few would think, from its barren look and ragged population, that Almeria was ever the chief port of traffic of the Romans, or, as the Moorish ballad sang, "a city whose earth is gold-dust, whose streets are diamonds, whose gardens are a paradise." The Moors were driven hence in 1147, and with them Almeria's glory departed. It is now a third-rate port, from which small coasters take cargoes of fruit and esparto-grass.

For picturesqueness, let me commend to the artist, however, the fruit market, with its piles of tropic fruits, its sienna-faced, handsome, African-looking girls, and its hordes of gipsy women, their black-skinned babes of one and two years old, carried naked, slung over their shoulders.

The costumes are semi-African, many of the men wearing gaudy-coloured turbans. The streets, draped in red, white, green, and yellow cloth exposed for sale, are one mass and blaze of colour, and are truly Murcian in appearance.

But there is as yet no railway, I was told, although there is soon to be one, to Linares. Utter decadence is stamped on the face of everything, and idle carelessness on the face of every one.

Leaving this port at 5 p.m., a troop of dolphins gambolling by the side of the steamer, the most beautiful features were the tints of the brown, ever-succeeding lofty hills, sometimes of a roseate pink, with a few green creepers clinging to their sides; sometimes white as snow, and shattered into strange fantastic crags.



Cartagena and Alicante were our next halting-places. At the former I found the mining trade sadly dull; at the latter, the esparto trade more flourishing than when I before visited it. On Wednesday we reached Valencia, leaving it at 3 p.m. and reaching Barcelona at ten on Thursday morning.

I do not cherish a very agreeable remembrance of this journey; if comfort exists on earth, it certainly is not on a Spanish Mediterranean coasting steamer.

The company is coarse, not to say dirty. In daytime you sit under the awning on deck; the heat is scorching and insufferable. At night the berths are reeking hot below, and on deck the damp hot mists of the Mediterranean are far from healthy. Add to this the coarseness of the saffron-stained, oily, garlic-scented dinners; the sea-sickness of a host of children; the incessant noise of the screw, which shakes the feeble craft in every joint like an earthquake; and, at early morn, the whirr of the windlass, letting out cargo, waking you up to heat, dirt, and noise,—and you have a tolerable picture of life on these steamers.

If one were nervous, I should fancy the constant letting off of sky-rockets at all hours of the night would scarcely tend to calm one's anxiety; or the fact that, to light his cigarette, the man at the wheel leaves hold of it, and quietly allows it to run round and do as it likes.



Among the poorer passengers were Catalans and Andalusians, and I had an opportunity of observing some provincial characteristics finely contrasted as follows.

The Catalan children seemed to have but one idea—to ask for money and food, in the rudest manner, their mothers merely calling out, in harsh patois, “*Puerco—cochino—marano,*” *i.e.*, “Pig—swine—pork.” The Andalusian children, on the other hand, when offered money, refused, with provincial grace, to take it, and even seemed hurt at the offer.

The Catalans, however, get on best in the world, and fight bravely its battle of industry; while the poor, graceful, charmingly helpless Andalusians gently take the worst the world has to give them, and give in return their very best.

## LIFE IN AN ANDALUSIAN COUNTRY TOWN.

HAVING introduced my readers to a Spanish hill-town, in the grand wilds of the Sierra Morena, it is but right to offer a slight sketch of an ordinary Spanish country town, and of the way in which the townsfolk live.

It is not too much to say that, despite its unpunctual and unbusiness-like habits; despite its three months of terrible heat, when the jaded hand drops the pen, and, even so late as 11 p.m. of night, the lighted candles twist over, and droop, wick downwards, like white snakes, and you are therefore fain to sit in darkness;—despite all this, life in an Andalusian town has charms for even a stranger.

Setting aside the months of June, July, and August, with their tropic heats, the seasons in Andalusia are exceedingly beautiful. True, there are but few trees, and the “sere and yellow leaf” is seldom seen to fall. Indeed, Nature’s lessons here are all too bright, and point and incite to a

life which has this world only for its end and object. There is the *primavera*, or early spring, commencing early in March, and every field, and slope, and purple plain, grows bright with the flowers of the *campo*. There is winter, with its refreshing rains, its simple home pleasures; its troop of day-labourers hurrying in, back-driven by the storms, all draggled, muddy, and "in such a plight," clustering around the *Ayuntamiento* or town council house, to claim the meed of 6*d.* per man, because they cannot work. And autumn, with its ever equable and beautiful temperature, its skies of sober blue, its roads neither dusty nor yet muddy, brings, in its knapsack walk or field excursion, its own primitive pleasures!

The houses of these Andalusian country-towns are stone-built, and painted white. They have, in the old towns, only ground-floor tenements; in the more modern, two or even three stories. They have their balcony above. The lower windows are all heavily caged with iron. There are no carpets, but *esteras* of straw; no stoves, but the *brasero*, or *copa* of charcoal; no kitchen-range, but the homely *ornilla*; no lock or key within, but simply folding glass doors.

Among the poor many families live in one house. The rich, have a *piso*, or story; the very rich, a whole house to themselves. But many living together is a good thing, for it begets, as I have ever found, a spirit of brotherly kindness,

since the neighbour in the next room, or the next *piso*, ever makes your interests his own, and a regular freemasonry exists among families living under the same roof. Don Fulano's dog has a right to my chicken-bones; my cat may go and mouse in security in his shop below me.

The streets are rough, and narrow, and stone-pitched. Of carriages, there are very few, and the few that there are, are gazed at with wonder wherever they go. All the *trade* of the place is performed by donkey-drivers and muleteers. The vegetables come into town on donkey-back. Your furniture is moved from house to house on donkey-back. A *calesa*, or a *tartana*, will move master and mistress from town to town.

The women's pleasures—I speak of rich and poor—are few and simple. The poor girl daily devotes an hour to dressing her luxuriant tresses, and never leaves home without a wild flower in hand and hair. She sets out at early morn for the *Plaza de fruta*, or fruit market, where fruit, fish, vegetable, bread, and butcher's meat are sold. She haggles, and laughs, and cries by turns. At last, her husband's dinner is purchased. The *puchero* will be, oh! so savoury to-night; and Antonio will be so pleased; and, perhaps, if he comes home with dollars in his pocket, he will take his Josefa to the theatre! What joy!

Among the middle-classes, the mark of every *meal* is its *negligé* simplicity. The fine melon rolls about the snowy cloth; the old servant

waits, or smokes his paper cigarette; everything is negligent, amiable, and agreeable.

Dinner parties are unknown; and servant-girlism does not exist.

The poor breakfast on bread and coffee at eight; and at three, the women, and at six, on return from work, the men have the "*comida*."

The well-to-do breakfast at 11 a.m., and dine at four or six o'clock. A simple, frugal, kindly repast it is, of the cheap wine of the country, and the usual *caldo*, or broth, and the *cocida* (vegetables and boiled meat).

To such a humble repast the most refined ladies in Europe sit down, in the most exquisite dresses, or, perhaps, wholly in *déshabille*.

After dinner, the men go to casino or theatre, the ladies entertain their lady-friends who drop in, and then sally forth for the *paseo*, or promenade. This *paseo* is ever the same: along the same road; at the same hour; with the same friends. Novelty would spoil its charm!

Kindliness, not active charity, marks the provincial town life. Poverty is never sneered at, if not absolutely helped; never insulted, if not relieved. The poor and the rich are as one, at least in their kindly feeling to their neighbours.

There is the little gossip of the day, but no scandal or backbiting. There is the political news, for each small town supports its newspaper. There is the new fruit come into the market: the first ripe oranges, the early pomegranates.

As regards the women, a great part of the amusement of their life consists in making their own dresses. A Spanish girl, showing thereby her great capacity for devotion and self-denial, will starve herself, and save her all for dress; the first requisite being the black dress for church-going on Sunday.

“I have come from England,” said a Spanish gentleman, on landing at Barcelona, from Liverpool; “and, really, Don Hugo, what a detestable life your countrywomen do lead, if they happen to be the wives of men in business! I lived in a middle-class English family, at Hackney, and the only thing I could do for my hostess was to take her to the Crystal Palace now and again to cheer her soul! Why, the husband just comes back at night from his business, tired as a hunted pole-cat, and cross as the devil; slams the door; throws his coat down in the hall; calls for dinner, and, by Heaven, sir, I won’t say he doesn’t eat it. He then takes his cigar, and grogs, and says, ‘good-night’ to his poor wife, without one bit of *cariño*” (*i.e.*, petting). “A bad life!

“Well, in Spain we have our faults; but, at least outwardly, we caress and pet our wives; and, even when we are deceiving them most, we take care not to offend and wound them by letting them see it. We tell them the little news, and the things we have seen in the day, and go with them and our children to casino or theatre, or to the sweet-shop, or the dusky *paseo*.

“True : many of us are false to our wives ; but, at least, we respect their feelings, and never allow them to see that we are false. An Englishman is brutal. If he is false to his wife, he shows it only too plainly. I call this adding insult to injury—and what say you ?”

The English nation, because a successful nation, is essentially a vilely selfish nation. The Spanish nation has threaded for a long time the vale of suffering, and has grown merciful and generous, if a little weak and faint-hearted.

Surely, England is too much a worshipper of riches ; and if the poor Spaniard of the South worships pleasure too much, his is the better taste, for, at least, his wife can enjoy the bull-fight with him. But what woman can enjoy the pleasures of the Change Alley counting-house ?

The church, in Spain, furnishes most of the amusements — her gorgeous processions ; her costly services at early dawn ; her blessing of the horses in January ; her musical services ;—and every Spanish woman’s vocabulary is replete with church phrases. “*Bendita sea tu mano y tu cara, Lolita,*” says a lady to a little child at the railway station ; *i.e.*, “Blessed of God be your hand and your countenance, Lolita.”

A peasant, in my own town, often seizes my hand, and kisses it, saying, “*Padré,*” *i.e.*, “Priest” or “Father.” The boat, the street, the bull-ring, the person, the house, are all called by names connected closely with religion.



The language of the lower classes in the streets is something awful ; indecency and blasphemy join hand-in-hand at every street-corner.

It was a warm, almost summer, evening in November ; a pale blue, lake-flecked sky : a gipsy was cheated, and stabbed his cheater in the promenade ; and the police drew their sabres and sliced his poor nose off his face ; and he died that night in the prison, lying on a straw couch on the bricks, all dabbled in blood.

A crowd had collected, and I joined it. A little black-eyed, brown-faced child kissed my hand, and begged for a *chavito*. "For the love of Jesus Christ who died, half-a-farthing, señor."

"Get away, baby," I said, and pushed her off roughly. And the tiny gipsy child drew back, and said, "Forgive me." And, humbled to the dust, I hid my diminished head in the crowd.

A propagandist (of an English society) came up and joined us. His roll of papers was sticking out of his pocket. He, like all of his class, had "a letter of mine, that appeared in the *Propaganda Review*, six months back : have you read it ?"

"No ; nor do I desire to read it."

The bray of a trumpet ; and round the corner, their banners floating aloft, the image of the Redeemer in gold and silver standing out against the now darkening sky, came a procession of white-robed priests, chanting some Latin ditty, as they promenaded the town. They were followed

by about two hundred little children, who had just been "catechised."

This was called the "*Procesion de la doctrina*," and for two weary hours it threaded the winding streets of Puerto.

The poor, brown-faced gipsy of the field, robbed of his little all, and knowing that there was no justice for him; the little child, asking me to forgive her, because I acted rudely towards her; the representatives of the law, slicing off the gitano's *narices*, or nostrils (my God, what an awful sight was his face!); the propagandist, with his sing-song whine, and everlasting argumentativeness, which sickens every one; and the stupid, meaningless procession;—among all these, sights of one hour only, I stood bewildered and sick at heart.

But, I fancy, priest and propagandist have failed; and the *gitano* and policeman have failed; and the only thing on which one can stay one's mind is the little gipsy girl's Christ-like saying, "*Usted perdone.*"

## WAR AND PEACE:—TWO WALKS IN SOUTHERN SPAIN.

ONE of the most curious phenomena in Southern Spain, and one well worthy of attention and study, is the way in which the very finely strung nerves of the always delicate Andaluzes are affected by the changes of weather, which are here so sudden.

Take the case of the wind-swept flats around Cadiz, and you will find the truth of this exemplified to the full.

The country around Cadiz consists of extensive sandy flats, covered with a species of tussock-grass, and a sort of ivory cistus. Passing north, towards Jerez, the open salt-marshes of San Fernando are entered upon, the pyramidal heaps of salt standing up like the white tents of soldiery. Further north we enter upon the vineyards of Jerez; and then succeed open fields, hedgeless, save for the aloe or prickly pear, or a shallow trench here and there serving for landmark. Not a tree, nor a wood, is seen. A few coppices of pines, stunted, gnarled,

and dwarfed, alone break the monotony of the scenery. Now and then a farm-house, with its dark-green orange groves; now and then a few glades of stunted olives. The eye wanders hither and thither in search of some object upon which to rest, and wanders unsuccessfully. In such a district, the effect of the change of temperature and wind is most remarkable.

For fully five months out of the twelve, the *levanté*, or east wind, blows; and an English proverb says—

“When the wind is in the east  
’Tis good for neither man nor beast.”

In Andalusia, however, this wind is not unhealthy as regards the body, but it has power to excite and irritate the nerves to a strange extent, and to exaggerate every propensity of the mind. The skin of man and beast dries up, and becomes like a scroll of parchment. The irritable temperament becomes simply intolerable; the passionate wine-brawler absolutely runs a-muck in the wine-shop; and, the fatal stabs given, the Andalusian world looks on in pity, and says, “It was the wind; curse the *levanté*! *Irrita mucho a los nervios*,” i.e., “It excites the nerves excessively.” The clouds of dust; the deep haze gathering at early morn to the east (for this wind rises and sinks with the sun); the fierce, scorching, continuous blasts poured upon sweltering cheek and glowing hands, make the water-bottle an absolute necessity; and “I thirst” (“*Tengo mucho sed*”) is heard on all

sides ; mouth and pores of skin, choked with fine wind-swept sand, cry aloud for the drink of water and the sponge-bath.

I am speaking now of war.

In the morning, before rising, I know that the *levanté* is blowing ; that it will not do to put on decent clothes ; that the *siesta* and the cigar are the best earthly friends.

Calling the servant, she says that there is "*un levanté muy fuerte*," and is so irritable, dissatisfied, and cross that one hardly recognizes in her the gentle, pale-faced girl of yesterday, *mas humilde que la tierra*. She frets, worries, fusses, says she must go, must lie down, and the Lord knows what. Just humour the poor woman, and look at *your own* feelings, and you will find that both she and you are simply sufferers from the wind !

So finely strung are the nerves of the Andalusian lads and lassies, that, when the east wind blows, they are absolutely quarrelsome, or, at any rate, excitable.

In the spring of 1876, at the end of February, I was lodging at the little inn of Algeciras, so well-known to English officers. Hardly can you call it a Spanish inn, for the first question the landlord asks you, in British vernacular, as you enter will be, "Glass of beer, sir ?"

My duties necessitated my being at Jerez de la Frontera in a short time ; but, alas ! it was blowing a gale of wind, raining fiercely, and the

"temporal" seemed likely to continue : no steamer could put out for Cadiz, and the *diligencia* would not run, the road being two feet deep in mud.

At last, landlord and servants being alike in a semi-sluggish state, I got two smugglers, used to the road across the mountains from Algeciras to Tarifa, with a tiny mule for my portmanteau ; and, at twelve at night, we started for Tarifa, whence runs a *diligencia* to San Fernando. The night was pitch-dark ; the rain, heavy ; the power of the gusts of wind on the heights, something terrific.

Those who have ridden from Algeciras to Tarifa, a distance of only twelve English miles (four Spanish leagues) will know the wild barrenness of the heights they have to cross ; the picturesque beauty of the cork-woods ; and the ever-recurring glimpses of silver, sail-flecked sea.

We had to tramp it ; and a more terribly trying walk I have never undergone. In half an hour I was wet to the skin ; the mule and smugglers constantly were lost to sight and to hearing too, so loud was the sougling of the wind and the beating of the rain-torrent on the sodden ground. "Spain ! Andalusia ! Peaceful sunny south !" thought I. "Why, only two days ago I was lying down in the fields that fringe Algeciras, plucking wild flowers and picnicking, and found it too hot ; and here we are, to-night, with our spirits and bodies drenched with rain, and we

might as well be beating into South Shields harbour on Christmas-Eve in a coal brig”

Boots and stockings were lost in half an hour. Pulling off my trousers, I trudged onward, dragging out one bare foot after another, from two feet of sticky mud. The exhaustion was terrible. Five times the tempest blast blew me over on my back; and the effect on the spirits of the two hardy and usually courteous smuggler mountaineers was most remarkable. They cursed, swore, couldn't sing or smoke; and so we dragged up hill and down dale until the morning brought, amid the cork-woods, a gleam of grey, fitful light, and the sight of a shepherd's hut.

Never shall I forget the beauty of that scene! The war was over. One mountain torrent after another, in grey, silvery, foaming beauty rolled down over rock and boulder, and almost frightened one when it came to one's turn to tumble in and wade across. The glaucous cork-woods, ragged rocks lying in wild confusion at their feet, and half-hidden in dripping herbage, gleamed silvery with the rain. The sea, to our left, looked glistening and treacherous (were there not fifty fisher-boats lost in Cadiz harbour that very night?). At last, weary and semi-naked, we reached Tarifa at 10.30 a.m., having been pressing on through mountain torrents and roads knee-deep in mud, since 12 p.m. the night before.

When Tarifa, with its orange-trees, its lovely Moorish-draped women, and its crumbling walls,



dawned upon us, the two muleteers sang, danced, and enjoyed themselves, and even combed their hair!

A Spanish proverb or refrain says—

“He who combs his hair is not about to die!”

A more peaceful town than Port St. Mary is hardly to be found in Southern Spain.

The tide of the Guadalete ebbs slowly out to sea; the *parejas* sleep lazily upon its tide.

The beauty of “the daughters of the Port,” is proverbial. Peaceful quiet, old-world dulness—stagnation, if so you like to call it—is the distinguishing feature of the little river-side city.

The same walk day after day, in the tree-studded “*Victoria*,” beneath the shade of the crumbling convent, beside the dark grove of orange trees; the same little petty gossip, retailed day after day; the same talk, of nothing but the weather; the same graceful church services, with the black-robed ladies at early morn repairing to them!

I asked a little girl, a peasant child, there, what her wish would be on her birthday; and she said, “No east wind to excite me; no quarrel or dispute. The only thing I like in this world is tranquillity.” And her mother, standing by, said, “*Y todo el mundo lo quiere!*” i.e., “And that is what the whole world craves after!”

## WAYSIDE SCENES IN ANDALUSIA.

AN observant traveller, who simply makes use of his eyes, may learn a great deal of the life and character of the Southern Spaniards, by halting here and there at street corner, in wine-shop, on wharf, or at *posada*.

Many Englishmen pass through Spain, and make no attempt to see anything beyond the stock sights at Seville or Granada, exhibited by flippant, exorbitant, and ignorant English-speaking guides, most of whom are Gibraltar men—"rock-scorpions," in fact; and many of my fellow-countrymen have told me it is impossible to see anything because they do not understand the language of the country.

This is a mistake. The eye can do well-nigh as much as the ear in these matters, and a sharp observer may learn more of Spain by standing in a wine-shop than he would by visiting every capital in the Peninsula.

As an illustration of this, I offer the three

following incidents, which happened to me during two or three consecutive days.

One cannot travel a single mile in Spain without chancing on something of interest, whether belonging to the present or the past. Here, a wounded man, on a stretcher, is being borne off to hospital by two policemen; cruelly wounded by the stroke of his adversary's knife. Here, some old, crumbling, decaying Moorish castle is seen rising out of the wastes; a few broken walls, and the remains of a garden, and a hedge of prickly pear or agave, alone testifying to the pristine industry of the Moor. Here, again, along some desert slip of seashore, you will see, in the month of May or June, some fifty tiny wigwams rise up, like mushrooms out of the earth. Entering one of these, you will find that no Spanish is spoken, and the conversation is carried on in another tongue; nor is there, in all the little colony, a guitar, a black-eyed hoyden, or a pack of cards. In a moment, you find these men are Portuguese—the emigrants from their country who come, each year, to the shores of favoured Andalusia, to catch the tunny fish, or *atun*, the salted flesh of which forms a staple food of the poor. The Andaluzes, with all their good qualities, are very indolent—semi-orientals, in character; and they idly allow foreigners to come into their land, and reap their harvests and harpoon their fish!

Standing, a few days since, at a tiny wine-stall near Jerez station at night, waiting for the

night mail from Madrid, I heard a poor woman, with that husky voice that betokens the last stage of decline, begging for some hot coffee. The generous but poor mistress of the *tienda* protested that she could not pay for it. "But I've got a ticket from the *Ayuntamiento*," said the poor half-starved creature.

She was an "out-door patient," for a time, being allowed a railway pass, free of cost, and  $5\frac{1}{2}d.$  to pass from Jerez to Cadiz, where she was to go into hospital. She soon, poor creature, had the coffee and bread given to her, and commenced devouring it ravenously.

The Spanish system of passing on pauper patients from one hospital to another, is very bad. Oftentimes only  $5d.$  is allowed for food and bed, for a day and night. The price of the latter, at the lowest tramp's lodging-house is  $3d.$ , leaving just  $2\frac{1}{2}d.$  for food and drink!

How beautiful is that sight which the traveller who shoulders his knapsack, and, making up his mind to rough it, wanders off the high-road into the hill villages of pine-clad Cataluña, may witness on Sunday afternoon! At three the prayers and sermon form the service; and in a little square among the congregation will be seen some twenty or thirty young women, with a white veil of gauze or lace covering their head and forehead, which falls down, in graceful, feathery folds, to the knees. These are the young, pure, unmarried lasses of the village, who, on each day of

feast, and on Sundays, wear this strikingly graceful and simple dress, emblematic of their purity !

In the whole world, there is, I should fancy, no race so quick at reading a man's wants in his eye as the Spanish people. No thought can flash across your brain, no fear torment or distrust annoy you, without it being observed and understood by them.

Their natural quickness of perception is one of the most remarkable features in the national character. One day, travelling alone, and in my usual rough and dusty garb, I found myself absolutely dead-beat, *sin dinero* (penniless), and not within ten miles of my halting-place for the night. There is, I have noticed, always a peculiar, uneasy look about a man who is hard-up ; and I presume the kindly woman who kept the wine-stall where I was resting observed this look upon my face, for she instantly gave her thumb and forefinger that sharp, twitching rub, as though one of the two were itching, and said, "*Quiere?*" i.e., "Do you want it?" I can only say, that this kindly creature gave me my railway ticket, and said, merely, "Ah! don't bother about paying, unless you pass here again by chance!"

Such is the Andalusian peasants' firm trust in their own honour, that they cannot believe any one who receives a kindness would ever repay it ill!

Spanish women are, of all others, good and charming; but they are exceedingly timid, and

amongst the worst sailors I know. The least roll of the ship and every girl on board is ill; and so great is their want of self-control that often, when landing on Cadiz wharf in a bit of a sea, I have seen a woman become, in a moment, paralysed and unconscious from sheer fright, and, shutting her eyes, absolutely step down into the sea. Many have at such a moment to be dragged on shore by force. Yet, in the hour of danger, with a firm arm and good true heart to trust to, these women are capable of the deepest devotion and the greatest courage. But, like children, they need support; and the first thing a Spanish girl needs, and the last she is likely to obtain, in the present state of men's morals, is a kind, wise, and faithful husband.\*

Any one blessed with common powers of observation, may, even without speaking the language, observe a great deal that is interesting, and which has escaped notice: the economy practised, in the peasant who buys his envelope without gum, and uses the two postage stamps as a seal; the *negligé*, yet happy and easy *ménage* of the middle class, among whom such absurdities as dinner-parties are unknown—a *ménage* where the “things” are put, or not put, on the table anyhow and anywhere, where the servant-girl just comes in to “wait” in her kitchen-dress,

\* The farther you go North, the kinder and better are the women. Graceful and kindly as they are, the Andalusian women have not the depth and truth of the Castilians or Catalunians.

and where you may drop in half an hour late and not be frowned down by the master of the house, or, more likely, the cross-grained mistress, but may take your tepid stew and glass of wine, and depart in peace; the ornamentation of hospital walls; the beautiful rush-light, or "*mariposa*," of the poor, which does not cost two farthings per night, and gives a better light than an Albert night-light;—these, and a hundred other little things, deserve to be recorded.



## A MURCIAN MANUFACTURING TOWN.

ALBACETE, with its twelve thousand inhabitants, offers a fair specimen of an old-fashioned and uncorrupted provincial town, partly agricultural and partly manufacturing. Here modern houses, with glass in window, jostle and push into the shade the old ground-floor tenements, with their iron-caged apertures for windows. Here meet the brown, dusky, coarse dress of the peasant of the Manchegan farms, with the coarse white shirt and shaggy canvas trousers, sandalled feet, and red and yellow head-gear of the Valencian gardener. Each keeps his provincial dress, each resorts to his own wineshop; and thus, in one street you may hear Valencian or Murcian psaltery, and in another the Manchegan guitar. Each province preserves intact its own individuality, has its own pride of place, its own songs, dances, dialect. This is a fact much overlooked by writers on Spain, who write of her as though she were a compact whole, and not a conglomeration of provinces. The

feeling of the Spanish poor is provincial, not national. Hence, the men who ill like to march northward against the Basques would lack neither spirit nor organization were their own province invaded by its neighbours. Albacete, although included in Murcia, has none of the Murcian tropic fertility; it is Manchegan in its surroundings, and its wealth is of corn and barley and wine. It is girt round by rich rolling plains of table-land, and is on the borders of the richest corn-producing district in the whole world. Corn (chiefly wheat and barley), black wine, and saffron, with some amount of potatoes, are the natural produce of the district.

Let us, however, take a walk in town and country, and see how these kindly, honest people live. Some ten or twelve houses alone, with workshops adjoining, in which the father and his sons ply their trade, now represent the once famous cutlery trade of Albacete. You enter one, easily distinguished by the placard *Navajeria de Juan*, etc. (knife manufactory of John So-and-so), and the family are taking their simple three o'clock dinner of savoury stew, bacon, and water-melon. "Will you share it?" is the courteous welcome as they rise to greet the stranger. The absence of furniture and books might strike a stranger, but these bare walls, iron bedsteads, and paved floors are best in this climate. The middle classes live wonderfully simply; their cookery is chiefly notable for its sameness. Some might fancy the

general aspect of their houses betokened discomfort, but to the natives it does not. Habit is second nature; and the hastily eaten meal, of which each one takes his share when and how he likes, and the unsettled look of the room—scrupulously clean, however,—which might give an Englishman the idea of want of comfort and shiftlessness, is all that the native taste requires.

Each workman can, if a skilful hand, make two or three clasp-knives daily. There is no show-window, but if you care to look over the stock of some thirty or forty knives you will find them in one or two drawers in the parlour or bed-room. These knives are shaped much like a scimitar, but tapering to a fine point; many have a spring, and, once opened (ominous fact), it is not easy to close them. The handles are inlaid with brass, mother of pearl, and the like, and are of all colours. The ordinary knives, used by the labouring classes for chipping bread, slicing melon, or stabbing, are about five or six inches long in the blade. These are worth about half-a-crown apiece. Daggers and hunting knives are also made here; but the trade is wretchedly dull. In this, as in other manufactures, foreign competition has almost extinguished home industry. The workmanship of these knives is rude, but they have a picturesque and Old-World look about them. They are sold at the principal stations along most of the southern lines of the country. So poor is the trade that many a master knifemaker who had two or even

three hands at work under him has been driven to accept employment in the workshops of the engine-fitters at this station. The ordinary gains of the knife-maker would not now average more than 2*s.* per diem, if so much.

With all his good qualities, the Spaniard, save in Cataluña, is not progressive, or enterprising. He keeps to his old-fashioned ways. Yet he might do otherwise, for skill and ingenuity are not wanting in the Spanish artisan. But he still adheres to the old and useless shape as regards the knife; the old-fashioned plough still barely stirs the friable surface of the earth; he allows foreign enterprise to work his mines, to farm his vineyards, to make his railways, to drain his *lagunas*. It must not be thought, from its being the mart of these formidable knives, that Albacete is a town of quarrels. Its population is one of the most inoffensive and hard-working—the very kindest and simplest and most free from crime—of any in the Peninsula. From the poorest labourer up to the chief officer in the town the passing stranger will find nothing but courtesy, honesty, and hospitality.

The next branch of industry that claims attention is the saffron trade. Albacete, from the dry friable nature of its red soil, and its exposure to white frosts, is surrounded with plots and even small holdings of saffron gardens. The saffron-growers are of two kinds—first, the owner in his own right of a small district exclusively devoted to this culture; next, the labouring man, who for

a nominal rent—say a dollar annually—holds an acre or two of land from one of the rich farmers in the neighbourhood. The farmers are glad to let any saffron-grower have the use of their worst land for three years, as the cultivation of this plant insures the land being dug and cleansed of weeds. Just now the saffron-bulbs are needing water sadly in this the driest district in the whole of Spain, where oftentimes nine, and even twelve months, pass without water. The plucking of the flowers, or harvest of saffron, is in November, when whole districts are dotted with its blue flowers. The plant is then allowed to grow until July, when it has turned to a dryish grass, and is cut for fodder for the mules. Great quickness is required in picking the saffron flowers, and all the women of the neighbourhood are employed in the work. They receive two farthings for each pound of flowers gathered, and a good hand will pluck 40lb. per diem. These women also receive one meal each day during the harvest. The next operation, also done by women's hands, is the plucking out the stamens, and for this they are paid three farthings or a penny for every pound, and are also fed. The saffron is then toasted until it looks much like bird's-eye tobacco, but of a more reddish hue, and is valued at five to eight dollars per pound. Just now it is selling at six dollars per pound. Much of the saffron is used in Spanish cookery to flavour and colour soups, cakes, rice, and the like. Indeed, whenever you

see in *fonda* or private house what looks like curried rabbit, be sure that it is only saffron which lends its colour. Two-thirds of the saffron crop go to France and England, where it is used for dyeing. The Spanish name for saffron is *azafrán*. Rain in September and white frosts in November insure a good crop, say the peasantry.

After knives and saffron comes the vine, grown on small patches that dot the corn-fields, and offering a pleasing contrast to their autumnal barrenness. Hundreds of small tradesmen own a vineyard, press the grape at the end of October in their own houses, and, reserving a skin or two for home consumption, sell the produce to the taverns and hotels. Many of the peasantry, also, who have saved a few gold *onzas*, have their patch of vines. The wine made from the black grape is a black and somewhat acid wine. It will not bear exportation. In a land where every one may have his vineyard, there is absolutely no drunkenness. This red wine of this borderland is vastly inferior to either *Val de peñas* or Catalan wine proper, having neither the body nor Burgundy flavour of the first nor the healthy tannin of the second.

Some few labourers grow potatoes. In this dry soil the potato disease is unknown. The bulbs are exceedingly large and well-flavoured, many of them weighing a pound apiece. They are much used by the poor peasantry of La Mancha, but chiefly fried with oil, and rarely eaten boiled.



Indeed, from the dish of boiled mealy potatoes, in which the English labourer's heart delights, his Manchegan brother would turn with absolute disgust. Potatoes here cost about 8*d.* or 9*d.* the *arroba* (25lb.), and if bought retail  $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* per pound. The *garbanzos*, or chick-peas, which form a staple at the tables of the rich and poor alike, are not grown in the immediate neighbourhood of Albacete to any great extent.

Having spoken of the cutlery, the saffron, and the small wine trades, I come to another chief trade of the place—that of corn. Oats are hardly grown at all; but wheat and barley (the latter used chiefly as provender for the mules) in such abundance—abundance far in excess of the needs of the scattered population—that the railway line from Albacete to Alicante, the port for shipping to France and England, is sometimes fairly blocked up. As many as seven trains laden with wheat have been known to run in one day. The corn-land, consisting of farms varying from 500 to 1000 acres, separated from each other by no other boundary than a strip of land left unploughed, is, as a rule, not held by tenant farmers, but farmed by the owners; and thus you here meet a class of men who exactly resemble in station, habits, and position the old-fashioned English yeomanry or small squirearchy. These men obtained the land cheaply in olden times, either when it was waste land and easily conceded, or taken from the Church. They were



formerly an ill-educated race of men, although capital farmers, and even now you constantly meet one of "the old school;" but they have, as a rule, brought up their sons as lawyers or doctors, thus insuring them an education; and these men, knowing more how to wield the pen than to hold the plough, usually live in the towns and pay a bailiff to look after their tenures.

Marvellously thinly populated are the two provinces that meet at Albacete. La Mancha, with its 7500 square miles, has but 250,000 inhabitants; Murcia, with its 2000 square miles, has, I am assured, still fewer in proportion. Yet the wealth of corn, wheat, and barley is immense. Here, where the traveller may wander for miles upon miles and see nothing but the row of wind-mills on some barren slope, hear nothing but the twitter of the grasshopper in the stubbles, is grown the finest corn in Spain; the apparent barrenness contrasting with the real prodigality of nature.

The tillers of the soil live chiefly in the little towns that break, here and there, the tawny desolation of the landscape; or, if they live "on the farm," it is in little mud-built shanties, or in a cave scooped out of some friable hillside. Their life is of the roughest; there may or may not be a "settle" in the cot, but, anyhow, there is chopped straw and a rug, or a bundle of dried rosemary from the mountain—a plant so common here that it is invariably cut in bundles and used to light the fires of the engines. The peasant lives on

bread and fruit and savoury stews, flavoured with garlic or saffron. Prices are low; the war has raised his wages; and often, wound around his waist, he carries a purse full of gold *onzas*, or ounces. To save is the Manchegan's delight. Frugal, industrious, honest, his pride is to put by money, and oftentimes he hides it—bricks it up in the walls of his house. His house is always at your service; for, although uneducated and faring hardly, he is a gentleman. Your English peasant is rough, but has a good bed; your Spanish peasant is a gentleman, but often has no bed at all. This year, owing to the scarcity of hands, the wages of the peasantry are, ordinarily, eight reals per diem and a halfpenny for the morning dram, and in harvest two meals in addition. The Manchegan peasant is as saving as his Andalusian fellow is spendthrift, as dull as the Andalus is gay, as taciturn and reserved as the Andalus is noisy and demonstrative. A short time ago the labourers received only about 1s. 6d., but the war has at last slightly raised the price in these districts, where Portuguese labour does not compete as it did in Andalusia and some of the western provinces. The "harvest rations" consist of two meals daily—bread and vegetables.

The town of Albacete has its four or five churches, and the most liberal-minded set of clergy I have met in Spain; two charitable institutions—a "*casa de misericordia*," and a hospital, supported by the *ayuntamiento*, or town

council, and admirably worked by sisters of the order of San Vicente. The members of the town council are a really enlightened set of men. Out of the way as is the place, one or two of them speak a little English. They have set a good example to the rest of the Peninsula by prohibiting begging in the public streets, and sending all beggars to the house of mercy, which holds two hundred inmates, and educates the children in various trades.

No English traveller should pass by without seeing this really interesting and primitive little town. True, there are others more picturesque, but they are also more visited. The general remarks on this part of the country are obvious enough:—Spasmodic efforts at charity, and good order thwarted by the want of union and of combined effort and public-spiritedness; marvellous natural fertility running its course with little artificial aid, such as deep ploughing, irrigation, or manuring; great refinement of manners and feeling, mixed with an equal rudeness and primitiveness. But these strange contrasts give the charm to wanderings in Spain, and it would almost seem that her sons know and feel this. Not in the freshness and salubrity of its air, as in Switzerland; not in its peace, fertility, and industry, as in England or France; but in the ever-varying provincial costumes and customs of its children, in the wildness and desolation of its ever-changing scenery, in the picturesque,

mediaeval, or Moorish old-world air of all that meets the eye or startles the ear, in its wild ditties, gay colours, quaint sayings, and exceeding and chivalrous courtesies,—in these consists the charm of Spanish life. Spain, as I have before said, is always picturesque, if sometimes desolate; always charming, even when most pitiful.

## THE MARGATE OF SPAIN.

SANTANDER is the Brighton, and Alicante the Margate, of Madrid; and the bathing season in Spain, called "*Temporada de los Baños*," may be said to commence about the 15th of June, and close about the 15th of September, after which date bathing on the south coast is considered prejudicial to health. The "Madrid season" commences in October, and closes with the Carnival.

Alicante, the Margate of Spain, possesses hardly any historical associations. It is chiefly known to Englishmen now as one of the largest export towns for esparto, as having well-nigh the largest cigar factory in the Peninsula, and as being the spot selected for the confinement of the Bishop of Séo de Urgel. It is, however, the watering-place for the middle-class tradesmen of Madrid, and its two hotels, the Fonda Bossio and Fonda del Vapor, are crowded in the season, the bathing-houses doing a capital trade. Let me endeavour to give you some idea of life at a

Spanish Margate; of the appearance and trade of Alicante? In the first place, you must not expect anything of the life and bustle of an English watering-place. Lending libraries, rolling carriages, noisy fish-vendors are unknown. Entering the town at mid-day for the first time, you would think it a deserted city. Life at all times flows languidly here, languidly as the long heave of the Mediterranean that hardly breaks against the Mole, and, owing to the intense heat, the seekers after health are to be seen only at early morning, from 6 to 9 a.m., and after dinner, from eight to twelve p.m., when all are astir. Here there is no fresh sea breeze as at Cadiz, where the restless Atlantic breaks upon the harbour bar; it is a town of sweltering heat, but with good accommodation and fine sands for bathing; hence its popularity. The visitors take up their quarters for a month, or six weeks, not, as is common in English watering-places, in private lodgings, but in the hotels, or in one of the many *casas de huéspedes* with which Spanish towns of resort abound. At the *casa de huéspedes* living is generally cheaper than in the hotels, but the two meals per diem, the *mesa redonda*, or *table d'hôte*, at eleven and six are nearly equal to those of the hotel. The charge at the hotels, which includes a small bedroom, and the two meals daily, varies from \$1 to \$1½ per day, the dollar being about 4s. 2d. of English money. For chocolate or tea in the morning, or for wine or beer, or any luxury,

an extra charge is made. The breakfast at eleven is, in fact, an abundant lunch, consisting of fried fish and four or five dishes of the savoury stews and fries of the country; the ordinary wine and fruits of the season are included, and are not "extras." Dinner at six is much the same, with the addition of soup and sweets. As a rule, an English traveller, who will need something to fortify the inner man before 11 a.m., especially if he takes a bath, and, probably, his glass of beer or decent wine, may put his expenses at an ordinary watering-place at \$2 per diem. The Spaniard never grumbles at his fare; be it ever so badly served, tough, or coarse, he takes it in the most genial and contented spirit. Were it not for this indifference, Spanish hotel fare would improve.

After 6 a.m. it is impossible to rest. Every one is astir, dressing. The market, too, has begun. The jingling mule carts and beasts of burden, laden with fruit and vegetables, make the streets a perfect Babel. At about seven or eight every one is walking, towel and basket in hand, down to the baths. The baths are not the bathing-machines of English shores, but gaudily painted houses running out into the shallow sea waters, and fitted up with little cabins with steps running down to the water's edge, one side being reserved for the women. As a rule, the men are good swimmers, and strike a long way out to sea, a boat, for safety's sake, being sometimes in attendance. After the bath, all take a little walk down the



long avenue of stunted date palms which fringes the shore at Alicante, and buy the papers, and look at the sun, the ships unloading, the old Moorish castle on the height, the pier, the barren hills that loom in the town; discuss matters the most frivolous with easy animation, return to the sanded, or sawdust-strewn, *patio* of the hotel, and sit down with the master and mistress of the hotel and the servants to chat away the hour until the bell sounds for breakfast.

That finished, the piano is struck, and the guests loiter about and listen until one o'clock; from that time until six, the dinner hour, the hotel seems a house of the dead; all are taking the *siesta*. Of reading, of intellectual conversation, of riding, or driving, or boating, there is absolutely none. Life at such a watering-place as I have described is about as vapid, purposeless *dolce far niente* existence as the veriest sluggard could wish. Much of this is due to the heat—heat which is excessive, a sultry smothering heat, which is only broken by a fierce autumnal thunderstorm now and again. One almost expects an earthquake, the shock of which is often felt at Alicante.

Dinner offers the same weary round of saffron and garlic and pimienta flavoured dishes, and semi-rancid oil, agreeable, however, to the native palate, and, after all, perhaps best fitted to stimulate the heat-jaded appetite. Then the men repair to the casino for chess, cards, or dominoes, or take their wives and children to the *café* to drink such

luscious *refrescos* as *orchataz*, i.e., milk and pounded almonds, lemonade, iced *eau sucrée*, coffee, *agraz*, and the like; after that, they take one more idle saunter along the same path, gazing on the same objects, making the same remarks as in the morning; and then home again to sit in the open doorway of the hotel, and to listen to the piano until twelve o'clock of the night has struck, and the watchman's cry is heard, and the rising moon has flung a broad ribbon of golden lustre across the quiet, warm, heaving breast of the Mediterranean. Such is life here; such, and so little varied, its pleasures; yet all seem happy, all are genial and contented; and the very sameness seems for Spanish minds to have a charm. The company you meet is ever kindly and pleasant; hauteur, and rudeness, and class distinctions are not known in this province, it appears to me; all is strikingly homely.

But there is in Alicante, and in its neighbourhood, much that will interest the general observer. The political economist would find in a close study of the poor in the towns and villages of Murcia and Valencia that lie close to Alicante, plenty to support the opinion that working women tend to bring prosperity to the poorer classes. I venture to assert, without any fear of contradiction, that among the town and country poor in this neighbourhood very little real want is to be found. One reason of this, of course, is to be found in the richness of the irrigated soil, where

a little expenditure of labour brings so full a harvest; another, in the fact that, in so warm a climate, where winter is unknown, far less solid food is needed to support life than in a cold or rainy climate. But there is yet another reason, and that the most powerful of all—women's labour is at a premium, and not at a discount. Lads are off to the war, or they may draw unlucky numbers in the conscription, and husbands are scarce; but the daughter of the family, the orphan girl, the widow, all may obtain employment and very fair wages at the cigar manufactory. And so the girl of eighteen, with half a dozen hungry brothers and sisters at home, the widowed mother of two or three children, the daughter of the aged couple or of the widowed mother, goes to the director of the cigar factory, a generous-hearted man, and asks to be "put on;" and soon she is earning her 1s. 8d. per diem, more or less, which, as things go here, is more than enough for a mother and two children to support life upon.

The cigar factory presents a most animated and interesting sight. Imagine four thousand five hundred girls and women—such is the number at present employed—of ages varying from fourteen or fifteen up to forty, but most of them young and pretty women, all dressed in the gay costume of their provinces, their rich black hair being their only head-dress, the superintendents (most of them very pretty and ladylike young women) moving about among the hands in

a wholly vain attempt to keep some amount of silence and order. Imagine such a gay, chattering crowd, their nimble fingers working with the regularity, the swiftness, the whirr and whirl of machinery, all crammed close together, their little baskets of food hanging over their heads, occupied in making paper cigarettes, *puros*, or government cigars of various classes, and paper bags for the cigarettes. They sit, in long corridors, with open windows. The air is oppressive, laden with tobacco dust like snuff; the Spanish tobacco being the trituated leaf, not the bird's-eye and shag, which are unknown to Spanish smokers. As you pass along, joke after joke is levelled at you. Half a hundred baskets of salt fish, bread, and fruit, are proffered you. Peals of laughter go up around you as you venture to inquire whether the close atmosphere is not prejudicial to health. Vain are the matron's remonstrances; the good-humoured, light-hearted, vivacious crew will not come to a halt until stranger, matron, and all are fairly convulsed with laughter. These girls, if skilful workers, can earn even as much as 2*s.* per diem, but this is rare. About 1*s.* 6*d.*, perhaps, would be the average. Children earn a smaller amount, and the number employed is trifling. The women are paid, of course, by the amount of work done, *i.e.*, by the number of cigars or cigarettes turned out by them per diem.

To convey a further idea of the magnitude of the trade, it may be noticed that four hundred

barrels of tobacco-leaf from the Havannah lay in the court-yard below stairs, each barrel weighing six hundred kilogrammes, *i.e.*, about 1,500 or 1,600lb. The sheds below, where twenty-four men, naked to the waist, their skin, beard, and hair of a rich brown colour, begrimed with sweat and tobacco dust, chop up, and rub through iron sieves the leaf, earning thereby from four pesetas to one dollar per diem, are a study of themselves. One man had worked here for twenty-four years, and said that he found the work healthy, and that the atmosphere had no effect on the lungs—as a rule. These men, owing to the severe nature of the labour, work short hours.

Travellers lose many sights of interest by never deviating from the beaten “tourists’ path.” Among other things, every Spanish town has its fairs of various kinds; its days of anniversary of some saint or hero, observed oftentimes in an interesting and primitive fashion. If at Alicante on the night of the 15th of September, walk up to the column and grave of Jijano, and notice how the anniversary of this man’s death is observed. Jijano was an officer of the town when, some few years since, it was decimated by yellow fever, the epidemic spreading to the villages around. Troño Jijano, spurning the cowardice of the rich, who all took to flight, resolved to play the man and stay at his post. He stayed; he gave away his whole fortune in food, sheets, medicine to the

poor, sending supplies in mule carts to the villages round, where dozens were dying more of want and terror than of fever. It is worthy of notice that, as a rule, the Spaniard dies very quickly—partly, perhaps, owing to the unsubstantial quality of the food eaten, which fills out the body without supplying stamina for resisting attacks of illness; partly, perhaps, to a want of mental and moral strength to resist the foe. Jijano died of the fever, and his remains were buried with the honour becoming a Christian hero. An obelisk was erected to his memory, and on the anniversary of his death—the 15th of September—the obelisk is wreathed with flowers, a mass for his soul is said at its foot, and at night, from eight to eleven, the whole square where it stands is hung with coloured Chinese lamps; the obelisk itself is lighted up, and the square is thronged with thousands of all classes, who walk round and round, listening to the strains of sweet music discoursed by the boys' band of the poor-house of the town, until one by one the lamps flicker out, and the square is once more left to darkness and tranquillity.

The roadstead and wharf, too, of Alicante, offer an interesting study for the man of commerce. Here ships of all nations are loading and unloading, those of the largest tonnage being American vessels. Almonds, esparto, saffron, onions, raisins, and a certain amount of mineral, are the chief articles of export. Cocoa and coal seem to be,



with sardines from Galicia, and dried tunny from Cartagena, the chief of the goods imported. Cocoa, onions, sardines, and esparto should be chiefly mentioned. It should be remarked that the quantity of cocoa sent from the Havannah is very great. A vessel comes in with a freight of cocoa and tobacco-leaf alone, and returns laden with onions, to the Havannah.

The esparto trade, from its novelty, or, at least, resuscitation and great increase of late years, has a special interest. Its history is briefly as follows : In the time of Pliny it was used for making ropes, baskets, and the like. It is also mentioned by Horace, perhaps, as useful for the manufacture of whips. Its botanical name is *macrochloa tenax*, or *tenacissima*; and the name esparto is said to have the same root as the Lancashire spear-grass—namely, the Greek verb σπείρω. The Moors, more bent upon artificial than natural products, seem to have made no great use of this weed, a very child of nature, which refuses to be cultivated (so it is said), and only grows in profuseness on its own barren mountains. The Spaniards made use of it only for local purposes, such as the manufacture of sandals, ships' cordage, and baskets.

In the exhibitions of 1851 and 1862 specimens of this grass and of the paper made from it were exhibited and commended, French exhibitors taking the lead. After 1862, it came into general use in England as the best substitute for rags in making paper; and at present, several daily papers are



printed upon paper made from esparto. This grass grows freely on the sea coast, and especially upon the hill ranges of Murcia; also in Algeria, and some other parts of the northern coast of Africa. The Spanish esparto is far superior to that of Africa; it is more easily bleachable, and contains about forty-five per cent. of fibre, and is worth some £3 per ton more than that of Africa when brought to the English market.

The chief places of export are—in Spain, Cartagena, Barcelona, Alicante, Aguilas, Granada, and Almeria, from which ports fifty thousand tons were shipped in 1874; in Africa, Oran and Tunis, from the former of which alone forty thousand tons were shipped in the same year. The average price in England would be about £10 per ton for Spanish, and £7 for African esparto. This grass, to look at, is like a small rush; its characteristic is its marvellous toughness and tenacity, whence its cognomen. There are two esparto harvests, viz., in March and July or August. The harvesters then go out over the mountains, and pluck and pack into mule carts the crop. It is a crop that cannot be cut; it must be plucked out of the socket by hand. The ignorant peasantry have tried cutting it, and the plant cut has invariably died away. They also occasionally pull it up by the roots, which is frequently fatal to it; but the English exporters are now educating their rude brethren in the economy of “plucking out of the socket.” These mistakes and the at-

tempting to pluck too early, before the grass is matured sufficiently to quit the socket without injury to the germ, have given rise to the notion that the esparto is rapidly decreasing. There seems no reason why, if properly treated, the crop should decrease. When plucked and brought to the place of export, the grass is sun-dried, and then piled under sheds. It is then "cleaned" by women—the process of cleaning being merely weeding out and throwing aside as useless all the pieces to which the root adheres. It would not pay, so it is said, to strip off the root and preserve the grass. The women thus employed earn from 1s. to 1s. 2d. per diem. They may be seen cleaning the grass at the stores of Messrs. Athorpe and Barker, the only Alicante firm of exporters who have offices also at Cartagena, Aguila, and Barcelona. After cleaning, the grass is pressed with a 12-ton steam pressure. It is then bound in bales, and passed on to the wharf for export. Being a light and bulky cargo, it is generally sent to England with a half cargo of mineral, as a make-weight. Some small portion of this grass is bleached with sulphur fumes, and sent to Germany for the basket manufactories. When I visited the stores, one thousand five hundred tons of pressed grass were lying under the sheds awaiting exportation.

The esparto has only one rival at present, not a dangerous one—namely, the *palmita*, or dwarf palm-tree. This, which contains a large percentage of fibre, grows in a ferruginous, red soil, as

opposed to the other, which affects a light loamy earth. Hence the *palmita*, which has been fairly tried by paper manufacturers in England, gives blotches and stains owing to the iron contained in it.

Again, when wearied of the wharf, the cigar-factory, or the esparto trade, the stranger may pass many an interesting hour in the rich fruit and fish market of Alicante. The size, colour, and fragrance of the fruit are marvellous, as is its cheapness! Red-fleshed melons, weighing from three to five pounds, can be purchased for 3*d.* or 4*d.*; pimientos from Jijona, so large that, hollow and light as they are, only six go to the pound; gourds, weighing from 20*lb.* to 50*lb.*; perillones, or pippins; grapes at two farthings per pound; lettuces; green tomatoes for pickling; peaches, quinces; lemons so large as to weigh half a pound a piece; potatoes, some weighing a pound and more; cucumbers, pears, egg-plants, pomegranates of wondrous size, bursting open and showing their deep crimson flesh—all these form a sight quite ravishing to the eye of the stranger from a colder clime. The fruit market here is held in an enclosed and roofed-over stone quadrangle; all round the four sides are stalls for the sale of meat and dried or salted fish.

The Spanish peasantry here, and in most parts of Southern Spain, where pasture is scarce and cattle are consequently few, live almost entirely upon dried fish. The amount of dried tunny

from Cartagena and Barcelona, of sardines from Galicia, of salt cod, and the like, consumed by the peasantry of these districts, sounds fabulous. There is no meal without salt fish ; it forms a sort of make-weight to the luscious saccharine fruit of their gardens. The strings, and festoons, and barrels of salt and dried fish and roes hung round the market square, with tons of savoury Catalonian sausages to match, are a spectacle indeed. Where all this fish comes from, one is at a loss to know, considering that the fish of the Mediterranean, save the tunny, in these parts are poor and small, and the quantity taken inconsiderable. Still, the fish market is rich in reptiles, if not in fish. The obispos, or bishops, so called because of the huge size and at the same time emptiness of their heads ; the gatos, or cats, a fish spotted in colour, and exactly like a cat in shape and length ; the number of sea toads—all sea reptiles, and of the most extraordinary shape and appearance—form quite a treat for the piscatologist.

The good fish of this part of the Mediterranean are few ; the best and the rarest are the red mullet (caught at Cartagena, however, in ample abundance) ; the dentol, a large purple-scaled fish, weighing from 12lb. to 18lb., and very scarce ; the verderol, of a bright gamboge yellow, and the pajel, a kind of very large mackerel, measuring one foot in length. The fish, however, caught in largest quantity, are bogas ; these fish float about near the surface in huge shoals, and are

caught by the thousand in nets. They are, however, coarse and insipid of flavour, and eaten chiefly by the poor. The fishing trade of Alicante is wretched; the fishermen are a most timid set of fellows, scarcely ever venturing beyond sight of land. They fish with net and hook, and at times drag their nets along some inland shallows of the Mediterranean to catch a few sea eels and coarse gallinas. The fisheries of Alicante, save for the extraordinary sea reptiles\* caught off shore, hardly deserve any mention.

\* At Port Mahon, in the Balearic Isles, may be seen the most varied collection of shell-fish; at Alcudio, near Mahon, the most varied collection of sea reptiles; those of Cadiz and Alicante being also very varied. Turtles are found at Alcudio.

## A WAYSIDE SKETCH IN MURCIA DURING THE LATE CARLIST WAR.

WHAT must strike a traveller in this country more than anything else at the present moment is the enormous activity in the military department. General Primo de Rivera is not idle. At the Madrid barracks, in the large cities, in the provincial towns, nay, even in small *pueblos*, lads are being drilled into soldiers ; they are being clothed well and fed well, and paid better than heretofore, save under Castelar's *régime*, when the pay of the private soldier was at its highest, if his uniform was at its lowest ebb. Go where you will, Spain is a nation of soldiers. You halt at some tiny railway station, and four or five soldiers, a sergeant, and an officer clamber into the train ; at some large town, and half a dozen carriages, crammed with Spanish soldiery, are attached to the train. You sit down to dinner at some small hotel in an out-of-the-way town, and in comes a lad, paper in hand, saying that as times go every new comer must enter upon paper his name, age, employment, and

nationality, for the country is under military law. Then in pour four or five hussar officers in their handsome light-blue and yellow uniforms, and as many of the infantry service. Go where you will, in town or village are heard and seen the clanking spurs of the Spanish officers, and the baggy, brickdust-coloured trousers and sandalled feet of the Spanish light infantry—men all going, according to order, from place to place. There are young and old—the chubby-faced boy of eighteen summers and the hardy veteran of ten years' service, his breast ablaze with medals. Everything just now points one way. The Government is in earnest. Carry the day it will, if intrigue and wickedness and party feeling on the part of subordinates do not deter it. The brilliant successes of General Martinez Campos in Catalonia, and his chivalrous bearing towards his fallen enemies, the successful raids of Civil Guards and rural police on the wandering robber bands in the north-eastern provinces, have done and are doing their work; and the long-latent spark of enthusiasm is being to some extent kindled in the hearts of the too careless and indifferent population in various provinces, fairly wearied out by a long and mismanaged warfare. If the strolling minstrel now strikes up the *Marcha Real*, or Royal March, which answers to the English "God Save the Queen," there is at least some clapping of hands, some applause among the bystanders—a thing which three months ago was unknown.



Just now I was witness of a somewhat striking sight. A train from the kingdom of Valencia drew up at a wayside station on the road to Madrid. It was composed almost entirely of third-class carriages, and from them looked out as motley a crew of striplings as it has ever been my lot to see. The carriages were painted light brown; the faces that looked out were of the colour of mahogany.

"Why," said a bystander, "they are Carlist prisoners!"

"No," said the Civil Guards, "they are *quintos*" (conscripts) "from Valencia."

The officer in charge of these men sprang out—a fine, bronzed, grey-bearded veteran. "Can't we go on to-night?" said he.

"No," was the answer; "no train until four to-morrow morning."

"Curse it!"

The doors were unlocked in a trice, and out poured the motley crowd of conscripts, some three or four hundred in number. Most of them seemed short, slight boys of seventeen or eighteen years of age. Some, however (a fair sprinkling), were men of twenty-five or thirty. They swarmed through the station gates, a motley, unhappy-looking band indeed. All had the half-Spanish, half-African faces of the Valencian peasantry. All wore yellow, blue, or red cotton handkerchiefs, knotted round the retreating forehead and shaven black hair; white linen shirts, open at the brown

breast, stained with the red, rich soil of the gardens whence they had been taken—nay, the poor fellows fairly reeked with the steam of the rich, moist Valencian *huertas*; baggy white canvas trousers reaching to the knee, with bare calves, and sandalled feet. Such was the crowd that streamed up to the military *cuartel* to get a lump of bread and a lettuce apiece, lie down on the boards, and be off to Madrid at dawn of day. Each man carried a white canvas bag slung round his neck, containing his two or three shirts; but not one had a hat, a coat, an overcoat, or a *manta*. In fact they were all very poor—lads from the moist rice swamps and steaming prolific *huertas*, or market-gardens of Valencia—and in their own Jamaica-like climate they need no over clothes, winter or summer; for Valencia, though its rice swamps are aguish and unhealthy, is a climate of perpetual summer. These little fellows, with their bent-forward heads and drooping gait, seemed to average about 5ft. 2½in. or 3in. in height. They were marvellously healthy and strong, and wholly indifferent to their present enlistment and occupation. They trooped up the sweltering road to the barracks.

“How is it,” I asked of a bystander, “that so many average twenty-five years? They ought to have been enrolled long ago.”

“Yes,” said he; “but the Carlists overran that province, and numbers of them had to serve Don Carlos. We could not get our own men then, but

now that we've cleared the province of those pests, we are looking them up a bit."

The men mostly had bright-rolling eyes, and faces by no means devoid of intelligence ; but they are wholly uneducated. Were they educated and well drilled, I doubt not they would make splendid soldiers, for they are courageous to a fault, and fear neither wounds nor death. Indeed, for endurance, the Spanish soldiery stands unequalled, as far as hot climates are concerned. Give him but a twist of coarse bread and a flagon of black wine, and he will march any distance under the most burning tropical sun, and at the end of his journey, under vine or fig-tree, join, with all the gay *abandon* of his race, in the dance, or sing until the midnight hours have passed, to the strains of the *zaita* or the *guitarra*. Just now, talking with an English officer who served in the Legion during the old Carlist war, he said to me, "I was fairly ashamed to see my own countrymen, after a ten-mile march, knocked up and utterly beaten, while the Spanish soldiers, who had come the same distance, were wholly untouched by fatigue, and fit for anything."

One is glad to be able to chronicle the fact that, owing to Castelar, and in part to the influence of the king, the soldiers are clad, fed, and drilled far better than they were a few years since.

No Carlist partisan can now complain of the Alfonsist conscriptions, for their own are far worse. According to the Madrid papers, from the lad

of seventeen to the grey-haired elder of fifty years, every man in Navarre is called under arms.

When one sees Spain becoming absolutely a nation of soldiers, one cannot help reflecting on the probable result of all this military discipline. Now the war is over, Spain will have under arms an enormous body of skilled and tried soldiers; she will be absolutely a nation of soldiers. True, they are ignorant now, oppressed and ground down, but education is spreading. In 1803 only one in 350 could read and write; now, one in eight or ten can at least read.

These soldiers will play a most important part in the doings of their country, and create, possibly, a most complete military despotism. They possess, although ground down by ignorance, all the latent passionateness and love of justice of their race. They will be also a well-drilled and organized body of men. Whether, unpensioned, unrewarded, wounded, perhaps, or broken in health, they will go back to till the olive-yard, or prune the vine, or dig and water the *huerta*, remains to be seen.

But, living or dying, these rude sons of the South are no fools. Naturally intelligent, they have their questions to ask, and one day will require an answer. When the pale, bronzed, weary face of one of these rude, dying fellows looks up for the last time from its pallet to inquire, "Why am I dying?" what will the answer be? For God, or country, or King? Yester-

day he wore the Carlist *boina*; to-day, the cap of the Alfonsist army. He cannot answer the question himself. He fought yesterday for the Carlists, because he was forced to do so; he fights to-day for the Alfonsists, because he is forced to do so.

But, if the constant presence of armed bodies of men moving from place to place, and the strict surveillance to which all civilians are subjected, tell of war and unsettlement, there are peaceful and welcome sights on which the eye, weary of strife and its concomitants, may feast itself. Passing up into the town in the dusty track of the conscripts, I saw four sisters of charity, probably belonging to some *Casa de Misericordia* in the town, bearing an *arum* stem in full leaf. They were bent on some errand of mercy. Their flowing black dresses, crucifixes, rosaries, and black crape head-dress betokened the well-known Order of San Vicente—an order which, perhaps, of all others is doing the noblest work of any in this country in hospitals and houses of charity. No praise can be too high for the noble work which women are doing throughout the whole Peninsula; and marvellous is the contrast between their quiet unobtrusive work of daily mercy in outlying towns and unknown hospitals, and the whirl of selfishness, the sluggish indifference of some, and the restless spasmodic action of others, in the affairs of their country.

THE FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI,  
AT CADIZ.

No one who has not witnessed it can have any idea of the natural and artificial beauty of the *Primavera*, or early spring of Andalusia. The earth is still moist and fruitful from the effects of the rains of February and March, and the *campo* is carpeted with flowers of the gayest hues, glowing beneath the ever-shining sun until the eye grows weary as it wanders over the expanse of colour.

As though the blue sky and shining sunlight and painted country were not enough, the Spaniard, whose idea of enjoyment is ease, freedom from care of every sort, glitter, music and pageantry, sets himself to work to attend the countless fairs, which commence in the spring, and of which every township possesses an hereditary right to have holden within its walls once or twice a year.

Seville, as is well known, holds the highest place of esteem for its spring fair, while that held

at Ronda may be cited as a fair type of the average Spanish spring fair.

The fairs, however, are not enough; and so they must be supplemented by the processions of the Church, which sally forth under any pretext whatsoever.

Since the days of Queen Isabella the processions, festivals, and pageantry of the Church in Southern and Central Spain have never attained to such a pitch as under the present dynasty. Under the *régime* of the Republic, it is true, the Church made some show, but she was shorn of much of her splendour; now, on all sides, the Church is again in the ascendant.

The Jesuit colleges, which for years have been unoccupied and even dismantled, are being repaired and furnished, and even, in some cases, are again tenanted. The officials of each town, in their robes of state, attend, *de officio*, the processions of the Church. The little children again kiss the priest's hands in the street, and crave a blessing. Nay, the Church in Southern Spain has even of late, if report speaks truly, addressed her attention once more to the suppression of all places of Protestant worship.

Deeply must this last step be deplored; for Andalusia, at least, will never again submit tamely to the rule of, although she will quietly acquiesce in the existence of the priesthood.

Possibly the greatest danger to the present Government consists in the fact of its lending



itself too blindly to the guidance of the Jesuit or Ultramontane party. Blameless and upright as he is, the young king is liable to be swayed beyond his judgment by old and skilful partisans of this party.

The spring of each year has been of late prolific with Church processions.

On the first day of April, 1875, in many of the towns of Southern Spain, the streets were strewed with aromatic herbs; gay banners hung from every balcony; the stirring sounds of the brass bands filled the air; and slowly filing up towards the hospital or the prison, was to be seen the Procession of the Host. Under a canopy of crimson silk, borne by four clerks or choristers, walked the priest carrying the consecrated elements, in rich robes of red velvet and gold. All the clergy of the town, in their gaudiest dresses, followed him; bouquets of flowers strewed the streets in profuse abundance; the governor of the town, attended by his whole force of municipal guards (the police of the towns), bareheaded, and with naked swords held over the shoulder, followed close behind; in front, playing the *Marcha Real*, or Royal March, walked the town band.

The priests went to the hospital, or the prison, and there administered the wafer to the suffering but faithful inmates.

On Sunday, April 11th, it was my lot to be passing through Cadiz, and that bright, bustling,

sea-girt city was doubly bright and stirring. Every one who knows Cadiz must have admired her crown of snowy white buildings, standing out of the blue sea, her squares full of tropic tree and flower, and her ever-shining sun.

Bright she is, and beautiful at all times, but of late she has added beauty to beauty. And why was Cadiz all astir at 8.30 on that Sunday morning? and why were so many flocking towards that great pile of buildings on the sea-wall, known as the Hospicio de Cadiz, or Cadiz industrial school and workhouse, the excellence of whose arrangements has of late been so much descanted upon in the volumes of "Untrodden Spain?"\*

The reason of all this early bustle was to be found in a notice that had been widely circulated for the previous three weeks, of which the following is a translation:—

"At 8.30 on Sunday, April 11th, the Holy Communion will be administered to the *albergados*" (literally, "those sheltered within any place") "of the Cadiz workhouse; and at one o'clock a grand dinner will be spread for all the children, which the Bishop of Cadiz will bless."

I rose early, and hurried to the little chapel joining the *hospice*, and the usual sight, but with more pomp and pageantry, of the celebration of the Holy Sacrament presented itself. The ordinarily

\* The reference is to a work lately published under that title, by Mr. Samuel Tinsley, giving a full account of the working and system of every charitable institution in Cadiz.

dark chapel was all ablaze with lighted tapers; the bouquets of flowers were beautifully and tastefully arranged.

This ceremony—which was exclusively confined to the inmates of the workhouse—over, a grand function was performed in the cathedral, and then, in solemn pomp, the Bishop of Cadiz walked the streets with a full procession.

First of all, came a band of little boys, each with tapers, or sticks entwined with flowers. The children had received that morning their first communion. At their head walked the bearer of the Holy Cross. Then came the band of the Artillery forces at Cadiz; then the parochial clergy in full robes; then the bishop himself, in robes of gold, walking under a golden canopy; then, bare-headed, and with fixed bayonets, two companies of the Royal Artillery.

On the banner borne in front of the bishop, I noticed the inscription—

“Vidit Jesum in tormentis  
Et flagellis subditum.”

The procession threaded one narrow street after another, the band playing meanwhile; and at each street corner a halt was proclaimed. All fell on their knees to do honour to the Host; the alms-dish was circulated among the bare-headed standing or kneeling crowd; and bouquets were flung down from window and balcony, ere the procession moved onwards.

At one o'clock I proceeded to the *hospicio*, and joined the crowd that was thronging in and around the inner *patio*, or courtyard, of that most charitable institution. The children, numbering some hundreds, each wearing a new suit of homely drab or grey cloth, then flocked in and speedily seated themselves at the tables, which were nicely spread, and decorated with flowers. The very poorest, and the very richest; those whom poverty's iron force had compelled to place their children in the *hospicio*, and those whom fashion would, perhaps, hardly permit to snatch a kindly hour of devotion to a work of love; the beggar woman, and the titled lady of Cadiz,—all met in that high, spacious *patio*; and women gentle and simple vied with each other in their anxiety to carry the rich rice-soup, the savoury *cocida*, the *guisados* (stews), and potatoes, to fill the plates of the hungry children.

Alike over the poor seamstress's threadbare frock, and the trailing silk of "my lady," the soup was, here and there, spilt; but what did it matter, if only the children enjoyed their unusually good feast? Every one in Spain can afford to forget a soiled dress in sight of several hundreds of their less blessed fellow-creatures enjoying themselves!

From April 11th to May the 4th, Southern Spain saw but few ceremonies which could in any sense be called "general;" but on the morning of the latter day, at 8.30 a.m., from many a crumbling cathedral, from many a gleaming new church, in

many a town, sallied forth a procession of priests, clad in robes, chanting, to the strains of a small brass band, a cheerful but decorous litany. These were the "Processions of Blessing." They went forth, on that fair, bright May morning, to stand at the edge of each township, where the stunted cornfield joins the dreary suburbs of the town, and pray God to send ample rain, and sun, and dew; to ask for an abundant harvest; and to bless, in the Church's name, the crops of the husbandman.

This over, all eyes looked onwards, all hearts of all true Andaluzes yearned for the Feast of Corpus Christi, which, in 1875, fell upon Thursday, May 27th.

This feast of *El Santisimo Corp Christi*, which is, in Spain, a greater festival than even Easter or Ascension Day, was first of all enjoined upon the Church as an especial festival day by Pope John, successor to Clement the Fifth, in the year 1316, according to the "Guide-Book of Cadiz," where it is observed with a most extraordinary solemnity and festivity.

An additional interest and brightness was added this year to the festival of Corpus by the fact that a squadron of five of H.M. vessels of war—the *Agincourt*, flag-ship of Admiral Seymour, with its nine hundred inmates, and the *Monarch*, turret-ship, at their head—had come round from Gibraltar, and lay now in Cadiz harbour; the fierce, rushing *levanté*, or east wind,

which blew and lashed the waters of the bay into fury, seeming not even to show as a ripple against their dark, frowning, motionless sides.

On Thursday, the officers landed, with many of the crews, to see the festival; and their dark blue uniforms and glittering buttons gave an extra piquancy to the scene, while many an English heart, that had long beat feebly in a foreign land, beat high and proud at the sight of the stalwart forms and honest faces of those of whom we are all so justly proud—the British sailors.

From living long abroad, I have mixed with sailors of the French, German, and Spanish Royal Navy, but have, speaking without prejudice, never seen crews to equal those of the British fleet. Take him where you will, and how you will, the British seaman is the typical one. Ever fearless, truthful, tender-hearted, carrying his courage and his honesty in his very look, one never can feel afraid at sea when the crew are English!

At eleven o'clock on Thursday, every balcony, every window, towards the lower end of San Francisco Street was thronged with spectators, waiting for the procession. One balcony alone, if commanding a decent view up and down the narrow street, would fetch on this day as much as twenty dollars! On either side of the street was a row of chairs, which were let at about three reals ( $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ ) apiece; and, behind these, on the



pavement, even pressing against the shop windows, the crowd stood thick and close together.

Sentinels, short Spanish infantry men of the line, stood at regular intervals down the street, to keep the way clear; while, here and there, if a break should occur, an officer, his drawn sword flashing in the sun, waved back good-humouredly the surging crowd.

The procession of the *Santisimo Corpus* was announced to start at eleven o'clock precisely from the cathedral church, but half-past eleven had come and gone before the signal-gun boomed forth.

At last, about twelve o'clock, the procession arrived, and as it came, we took one glance up the thronging street. The mass of gay colour, the thousands of gleaming dark eyes, the whirling of thousands of fans, the joyous flow of chatter and banter, flowing hither and thither like a turbulent stream, seemed to make, with the blue sky overhead, and the sparkling sun glancing down upon us, a scene of marvellous cheerfulness and vivacity.

The English "Derby-Day," presenting, as it does, many of the same external features as this, is yet, in point of colour, talk, glitter, and pageantry, a very trifle beside this great religious festival in Spain!

Certainly, the Spaniards have one merit, or the germs of it, in their plan of never divorcing gaiety and joyousness from the ceremonies of their Church;



and although liberty in this respect has degenerated occasionally into licence,—although an undue familiarity with holy things has, alas! bred contempt (who would be able in England to see the name “*Jesus Smith, Tailor*,” as we see it here, without a glow of horror?)—although reality and earnestness have departed from ceremonies that were once, doubtless, powerful aids and stimulants to religion,—yet we think that we, in England, have erred on the side of over-severity, and by depriving the sacred rites of the Church of all cheerfulness, have rendered our religious services distasteful to the masses.

At twelve o'clock were heard the stirring strains of a military band, coming slowly down the street; and soon, proudly curveting, and with arched necks, and frames quivering with excitement, came prancing abreast four splendidly caparisoned horses, ridden by four lancers of the captain-general's guard; close behind them, also splendidly mounted on four greys, rode four of the Cadiz corp of mounted *guardias civiles*.

Ever and anon, as the procession halted, the lancers and *civiles* reined in their steeds, which fairly danced an accompaniment to the strains of “When the swallows homeward fly,” and other well-known English airs.

First, after these, heading the long procession, walked the cross-bearer. His cross, seven or eight feet in height, was twined with exotic flowers. He was robed in black, with gold embroidery.

Then, in the new suits which had been presented to them some few weeks previously, walking two and two, with lighted tapers, each taper having a bouquet of flowers tied around its stem about halfway down, came some hundreds of the boys of the *hospicio*; then, also in new clothes, with tapers, all the old men who were able to walk from the same institution.

These "workhouse paupers," as purse-proud England calls them, are in Spain called by the beautiful term "*albergados*," or "sheltered ones."

Then followed—their long lines walking slowly down the street on either side, so as to leave a clear space for the insignia of banners, crosses, images, etc., which belonged to, and were borne amongst them—the several *hermandades*, or confraternities: that of "The Sweet Name of Jesus;" of the "*Divina Pastora*" (the insignia of this last order being wholly made of solid silver and gold); that of the "Holy Sacrament;" and members of other smaller guilds or confraternities, to the number of some hundreds. Some were in plain mourning black dress; some in canonicals; some in naval or military uniform. The banners of these guilds alone numbered over sixteen, each banner bearing, in gold or silver embroidery on ground of satin or velvet, the picture of its patron saint.

Then came another band of music, playing a slow and somewhat mournful air; then, two or three splendid canopies, borne by eight or

twelve men. These canopies were carried at a height of some seven feet from the ground, and are of plate; on each canopy stood an image, among which I noticed chiefly Santa Catalina and Santa Teresa.

Curtains of "*tisú de oro*" (gold-tissue) falling over them from the canopy, hid the black gowns of the image-bearers from sight, so that the exalted image of saint or martyr, Virgin or Christ, seemed to walk unaided in its burnished glory while thousands bent the knee in its honour.

Then came, walking four deep, preceded by crucifixes, banners wreathed with flowers, etc., the priests of the several parish churches of Cadiz.

Came next the images of the two patrons of the city, San Servando and San German, both of which are works of great beauty, due to the hand of the well-known sculptress of Seville, Doña Luisa Roldan.

Then, followed by one hundred gentlemen of Cadiz, in plain black morning attire, with white kid gloves, lighted tapers, and bouquet in each buttonhole, came the image of "Nuestra Señora del Rosario, the patroness of Cadiz." Among these gentlemen walked many priests of other cities, in canonicals, many of whom wore decorations, among which the gold "Order of Merit of Charles III.," which Queen Isabella used to bestow on her good priests, caught the eye immediately.

Then came the first "dumb-bell," as it is called, which is in shape something like a silver

branch-candlestick, eight feet in height, hung with bells, which are mute, so long as they are carried, but the moment the bearer strikes the dumb-bell on the ground, to proclaim a halt, gives forth its music all along the line.

Then, in most gorgeous attire, came the beadle of the town; and then another "dumb-bell" and its bearer.

Then the *Alumni* of the seminary of St. Bartholomew, some sixty or eighty in number, of ages varying from eighteen to twenty-two, all in flowing dresses, with tapers.

Then priests in gaudy and eccentric robes, with three silver-headed crosses. These were the parochial crosses of the Ecclesiastical or Clerical Guild of St. Peter the Apostle.

Then "*El Clero y Tribunal Ecclesiastico.*"

Then there was a halt; bouquets were showered down upon priests and processionists; and then, borne by clerks, in light-coloured buff robes, trimmed with rose-pink and gold, came "the chief cross," as it is called. This cathedral cross, of gold and silver, is very massive and lofty, and is said to have been the gift of King Alfonso X., commonly called "Alfonso the Wise," whose laws did such marvels for Spain, or would have done, had she abided and acted by them.

The chaplains of the choir.

The image of St. Joseph.

The clergy of the cathedral, each wearing the golden key of the *custodia*, or casket.

The *Cabildo* (chapter) of the cathedral. This last was a most interesting stage of the procession. The chapter-clerks came first; and then four negroes, in crimson and yellow gowns, carried a long music-stand, on which lay the drums, fifes, tambours, violins, flutes—in fact “flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music,” which formed the instruments of the choir before the introduction of organs. Beside these dingy-looking brazen instruments lay the huge parchment books of the old manuscript music of the cathedral. The notes are so large, in the old Spanish music, as I have often seen, (each note, by-the-by, occupies one square inch of space, and there are but four or five bars on each page!) that the bulk of parchment occupied by a single anthem is enormous.

The music-bearers passed, then came—

The *Labaro* (Roman Imperial Standard, on which Constantine blazoned the I.H.S., and added a cross), borne by a member of the town council of Cadiz.

Then came two clerks, in crimson and yellow, swinging incense; then—

The image of the Blessed Virgin. This image was truly splendid. The Virgin is larger than life size; she reclines under a canopy of gold; she is covered with flowers; her dress is of silver tissue cloth, covered with spangles of real gold, and with precious stones, valued at £800 or £900.

The Holy Chalice, of solid gold, belonging to the cathedral.

Two clerks swinging incense.

Suddenly, the long, bright, clustering lines of spectators on either side of the street, all fall upon their knees; every head in every balcony is uncovered; a dead silence prevails; it is now past one o'clock, and the chief part of the procession has passed. Now comes an object of deep reverence (to be followed, soon, by the object of the greatest reverence of all)—

*El sagrado lignum crucis, en una cruz de cristal.* This crystal cross, borne by a venerable-looking prior, contains two fragments of the original Cross of Christ once set up on Calvary. The one fragment was given by Pope Paul V., the other, by Maximilian, of Austria, who was brother of a former Bishop of Cadiz. The crystal cross containing these sacred fragments, was the gift of *Alfonso el Sapio*. Next comes—

*La Santa Espina*, or, a part of the crown of thorns which once encircled the head of our Divine Master. This was presented to Cadiz cathedral by the Archbishop of Brindis, and was formerly the property of the Dukes of Ferrara.

But, suddenly, the standing crowd once more prostrates itself, and this time with, if possible, a still deeper reverence than hitherto; for the bell has rung. A half company of artillerymen, with fixed bayonets and bare heads, are, one and all, kneeling four deep in front of our windows, on the



sanded and flower-strewn street. A priest, in robe of gold tissue, incenses all around, above, and before him, until we can scarcely see through the aromatic cloud; and then, borne slowly, and as though with difficulty, and halted every moment, comes the far-famed—

CUSTODIA DE PLATA, immediately preceded by the vessel of gold in which the Host is ordinarily kept, carried by four priests, in snowy surplices with golden stoles, with four priests to relieve, in robes of gold tissue, among whom the well-known features of Father Lara, the great preacher of Cadiz, were easily discernible.

This *Custodia de Plata*, or silver casket, in which the consecrated Host is kept ready for use in the cathedral of Cadiz, is one of the most celebrated pieces of ecclesiastical furniture in the whole of Andalusia.

We subjoin the following description of this massive piece of architecture in silver from the "Guide-Book of Cadiz, 1859."

"The silver *custodia*" (I know of no English word equivalent to the Spanish *custodia*, save the word "casket," which word, to English ears, denotes something *small*, if costly) "was the work of Antonio Suarez, the well-known silver-smith, and was designed by the celebrated Juan Descalzes, sculptor in gold and silver. It occupied more than sixteen years in making, and when it was finished became the property of the municipality of Cadiz, in the year 1664. It was moulded



on the plan of the *Casas Consistoriales*, and has three stories, its architecture being a mixture of Corinthian and Doric. The embossed portions at the sides are after the Italian Bernardo Cientolini. Its extreme height is four yards and a half. It is composed of solid silver.

“Its weight is estimated at fifty-three *arrobas*” (an *arroba* is equal to 25lbs. avoirdupois), eighteen pounds, and twelve ounces of pure silver. Its original cost was 908,709 reals; or, in other words, 45,435 dollars, and nine reals.” (The Spanish real= $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ , the Spanish dollar, 4s. 2d. of English money.)

This magnificent piece of plate was carried by relays of staggering men, who halted and placed it upon the ground every few moments. The time occupied by its passage past our own house was about ten minutes. It was guarded by a company of artillery, with fixed bayonets.

Then came the Bishop of Cadiz, a well-known leader of the extreme Ultramontane party in Andalusia, walking under a golden canopy, borne by four, in robes of white, with gold and yellow spangles. Around him, and before and behind, walked, also in gorgeous dresses, about twenty or thirty of the clergy of Cadiz.

After the bishop came, also borne by four white-robed officials, his episcopal throne; and there the ecclesiastical element ceased, after the passing onwards of several silver images of Christ, the Virgin, and one saint or another, which claim

no special mention, and gave place to the civil element:—

The *Ayuntamiento*, or town council, numbering about two hundred officials. These gentlemen were, some in plain black dress, some in military, some in naval uniform. Many wore at least half a dozen medals, orders, or crosses of valour or distinction, and each carried a lighted taper, and wore a bouquet of exotic flowers in his button-hole. Then came—

The town corporation, each member of which wore a gold medal on his breast; and a more aristocratic, stately-looking band than these last three hundred we have never seen.

The civil police, or municipal guards of the town, in their rich blue and red uniform, followed, bareheaded, each with sword and revolver, their caps, or *képis*, being slung over the back.

Next, came another company of those noble fellows—

The Civil Guards; then more artillerymen, in their long dark blue tunics and gold-banded hats; and lastly—

The band of the artillery of Cadiz, numbering fifty musicians. Being near to the sacred *Custodia*, the brass instruments were mute, but the loud cymbals clashed and the drums rolled sonorously as the end of the long and brilliant procession wound slowly round the corner of the Plaza de San Juan de Dios, and the bishop and clergy entered the church of the same name, to perform a

*Misa Rezada*, or service of prayer for the *capellane* of that society.

It was now well-nigh half-past two o'clock, and, in a moment, the streets were filled with a bright and joyous, but orderly and well-conducted crowd, as peasant and peer, soldier and sailor, my lady and my lady's maid, all exchanging comments on the hitherto unequalled splendour of the procession, wended their way to house or hotel, to casino or *fonda*, to smoke, chat, stroll on the seawall, drink coffee or lemonade, and so pass the time in luxurious ease until the cool of the evening, when all should once more sally forth to view the fireworks and the illuminations in the Square of St. John.

It is impossible, even for those who have long lived in Spain, and so become conversant with the ideas and habits of thought of the people, to estimate what effect, if any, beyond giving them a few hours' pleasure, these grand processions have upon the minds of the masses.

It is a spectacle that they go to behold; it is a spectacle, and nothing more, that they do behold.

In other countries, in other towns—notably so at Bonn, in Germany—these processions are not only a spectacle, but a stimulant to general praise of God. There, the hymns, started by the choir, are joined in heartily, and even rapturously by thousands of voices. There, you will see, in many a dark corner, aye, and even in front of the surging crowd, hundreds drop down on their knees,

ever and again as the procession passes on, and, hiding their faces in their hands, pray to God mutely and, apparently, earnestly.

But here, in Spain, we go to a show; we do not go to join in, but to gaze upon, a religious ceremony.

It may be true that every exhibition of the beautiful, whether in art or in nature, has an ennobling and unconsciously elevating effect upon the mind; but, in Spain, I think the saying might often be uttered with truth, "This might have been sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor," when the eye sees, standing out in keen and bitter contrast to the splendour of the Church's processions, the exceeding poverty, ignorance, and squalor of that Church's untended and unhelped poor.

They, at least, scan with a bitter, scrutinizing eye, these marks of her wealth, and think how little the Church of the Good God has done, and is doing, to educate and to clothe and to help them!

Very soon—very soon, indeed—all good effects of the procession had passed away; for, before the clocks of Cadiz had sounded the half-past four, we found ourselves among four to six thousand others, seated in the Plaza de Toros, awaiting that degrading spectacle without which no Spanish *religious* (?) festival is complete—the bull-fight!

The bull-fight of Corpus Christi Day was a failure, so far as the quality of the bulls went;

and, as the third "cowardly" bull turned tail upon his attackers, it was a strange sight indeed to see four thousand handkerchiefs waved madly in the air, and to hear from four or five thousand voices (and women's voices, alas! predominated), the furious demand, "Fuego! Fuego! Fuego!" i.e., "Fire!"

Some English readers may be unaware that this is a demand for explosive darts, instead of the common darts, to be stuck into the wretched animal's flanks, when the common barbed darts fail to rouse him to fury.

The president of the bull-ring, evidently a humane man, tried to turn a deaf ear to this demand, but all to no purpose; the "fire-darts," one for each flank, were brought, and stuck into the wretched animal's hide. In a moment, one exploded with a crack, a burst of flame, and a stench of burnt hide and a cloud of sulphureous smoke—then the other—then the first again, until the scorched, bleeding, blundering animal charged madly across and across the ring, in his excruciating agony.

At seven, the sixth bull had fallen a victim; and, thanks to the humanity of the president, or rather *alcalde*, only three horses had been killed in the ring, that gentleman invariably giving the signal, "Take it out, and shoot it," whenever a horse was badly gored. At 8.30, we went to see a brilliant display of fireworks, Chinese lamps, paper flowers lit up with wax candles, and pictures

illuminated, while a full military band discoursed lively airs to the crowd below, from the balcony of the *Ayuntamiento*.

So ended, on the night of Thursday, May 27th, the festivities of Corpus Christi Day.

Strange contrast (but most blissful one to us) it was to go on board an English man-of-war, and see the embodiment of strength, order, solidity in the midst of all this ephemeral display.

We were standing on the mole of Cadiz harbour, regarding with wistful eye the steep black sides of H.M.S. *Agincourt*, yet unable to get aboard her in one of the tiny lateen-sailed Spanish boats, owing to the fierce levanter blowing, and lashing the harbour waves into surf, when, to our delight, an English launch landed a group of English officers. To the inquiry, "Can you help us on board, to see a friend?" the young officers replied, with true British kindness and *naïveté*, "Yes; if you don't mind going in the beef-boat." Of course, we did not mind going in the "beef-boat," and so took our seats alongside the goodly flanks of Cadiz beef, with which the steam-launch was filled.

Off the launch went, dashing through the crested waves, now down on one side, now on the other, now shipping a tremendous sea (the men certainly could not have been said to have had *fresh* beef for dinner next day, although it was fresh beef when put on board, we doubt not!), now thrown into one another's laps; at last, we



climbed up into that floating parish—a very paragon of neatness, cleanliness, and order—the *Agincourt*.

Here was, indeed, a floating parish, a small town—would that all parishes in England were as well ordered!—of nine hundred souls. No pen can do justice to the ordering, the beauty, the grandeur, the perfection of that vessel, to all outward appearance—so clean, you might have eaten your breakfast off her deck; so bristling with arms, revolvers, cutlasses, mitrailleuse, that one would think her invincible by any boarding party of her foes. Most wonderful of all was it to walk around and about her engine-rooms, where we saw engines whose prime cost, we were told, was £80,000!

“England,” said a Spanish sailor, who helped us to clamber up on the mole on our return, “has the finest marine afloat.”

I thought so too, and contrasted, with native pride, long as my home has been cast in a far different land, the order, precision, discipline, and power, evident on this English vessel, with the scene of careless indifference, of idle ease, of want of patriotism which I had just left, and could not help saying to myself—

“Thank God, England still is the land of law, order, and discipline! For so long, and only so long as she is that, will she, by God’s blessing, rule the waves, and bring a blessing wherever her vessels may be stationed.”



## THE CONSECRATION OF A BISHOP IN SPAIN.

ON Thursday, October 28, 1875, his Eminence Cardinal Simeoni consecrated, in the new cathedral of Cadiz, the then Bishop-elect of Santander. The ceremony was a very impressive one, and the reception of the Papal Nuncio at Cadiz, Jerez, Cordova, and Seville, very enthusiastic.

Cadiz is proverbial, and justly so, for the beauty of its ever-spring climate; and in crossing the little bay that spreads between Cadiz and its peaceful neighbour, Port St. Mary, one is ever reminded of Byron's graphic description of—

“Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea.”

On October 28, the sun shone most brightly; the blue waters lay shining without a ripple; the towers of Cadiz and the cupolas of her new cathedral glistened white as snow. Many shops were half-shut or left short-handed, and it seemed all but a holiday, although the first and second

days of the coming month were to be, as usual, days of rest from labour or business.

Cadiz has her two cathedrals, styled the old and the new, both of which are in use, but the *Catedral Nueva*, is that in which all ceremonies take place. It is a fine building of florid Corinthian design, and was only completed some forty years since, at a cost of £320,000. The altar, a gift from the Ex-Queen of Spain, is of white marble, and very costly. In this cathedral also is kept, only being brought out for processions on rare occasions, the famous *Custodia*, or silver and silver-gilt casket, in which is reserved the sacred Host, and which was constructed at a cost of £9,087 sterling. (It is described in the previous article—"The Feast of Corpus Christi, at Cadiz.")

At 10 a.m., escorted by richly-caparisoned guards of the city, on their graceful Andalusian steeds, the cardinal was driven to the cathedral in the carriage of the municipal authorities, used only on state occasions. Here he was met, within the cathedral walls, by the Archbishop of Santiago de Cuba, the Bishop of Las Canarias, the Bishop of Cadiz, the Bishop-elect, Señor Vicente Calvo—one of the youngest of the canons of Cadiz cathedral, a Se villan by birth, and a clergyman who has acquired a great reputation for his consistent piety, his lofty Ultramontanist principles, and his asceticism. A large staff of clergy, parochial and cathedral, and a considerable number of the municipal authorities, many in uniform, added a

certain show and brightness to the scene within the cathedral. The people were kept back by a row of sentinels with fixed bayonets, furnished by a line regiment, now at Cadiz barracks, in place of the artillery corps, which generally sends a picked company on these occasions. The cardinal wore the well-known robes of his order; the bishops, the *amito*, or linen robe, with embroidered cross, worn beneath all the other ecclesiastical vestments, the *estola*, the choir-cope (*capa pluvial*), and the mitre. The choir-cope on this day was *encarnada*—i.e., crimson and gold, it being a martyr's day. The bishop-elect wore surplice, alb, white cope, and the ordinary hat (*bonete*) of the Spanish clergy. With slow and stately steps the cardinal passed, with his following, to the altar, and knelt down in front of it for a few minutes in silent prayer. The bishops and clergy ranged themselves on either side of the altar. The spectators who had tickets were allowed to seat themselves, the greater part of the spectators standing, in a dense semi-circle, behind them, or walking, in waves of black, up and down the side aisles. The cardinal seats himself on his throne. The aged, venerable, and well-known Bishop of Cadiz passes to the feet of his Eminence, and asks that he would proceed to consecrate Vicente Calvo, one of the canons of the cathedral, bishop-elect by admission of the Vatican. Cardinal Simeoni rises and directs the "*Mandato Apostolico*" to be read and delivered to the notary, which is done.

Let me pause for one moment and attempt to depict the scene. The cathedral is very dark, but the whole of the rich gilt altar-piece is ablaze with six hundred wax lights. A dark, sombre crowd of some three thousand people are sitting, standing, walking up and down to see the ceremony. All are silent, orderly, well-behaved. The rich uniforms and the medalled breasts of Civil Guards and military officers of distinction flash and flame amid the throng. The ladies are nearly all in black silk trailing dresses, graceful and beautiful at the present day as in the olden time, when "Gaditana" was a by-word for the perfection of beauty.

There is a fair sprinkling of the middle and lower classes. The bishop-elect is conducted by two bishops to the foot of the cardinal's throne. There, in a low voice, are put to and answered by him the questions (similar to those put to a bishop-elect in the English consecration service), called here the *Interrogatorio*. Then the bishop-elect kisses the hand of the cardinal, takes the oath, and, in a moment, the "Litany of the Saints" resounds through the dim, crowded, whispering aisles and side chapels of the cathedral. A pause; a shifting about of crimson, and white, and black-robed priests; a lighting up, instantaneously, of a hundred fresh tapers; a sudden whirr, as all rise to their feet, and the beautiful strains of the hymn *Veni Creator* are pealing throughout the cathedral. The second act, that of

consecration, commences—"That he may magnify the name of Jesus Christ before kings and princes" (for so is worded the form). A beautifully bound copy of the New Testament is placed upon the collar of the bishop-elect (he kneeling in front of the altar), and supported thereon by two dignitaries of the Church. Then the bishops, archbishops, and cardinal, in a semi-circle, surround the kneeling form, and place their hands upon his head, saying, "Receive thou the Holy Spirit."

If you wish to understand the striking character of the ceremony, think of the thousands clad in sable robes passing up and down the side aisles in a continuous stream; of the organ, ever and anon, at the tinkling of a silver bell, discoursing softest music—music hushed as suddenly as it began; of the whole cathedral, dark as night, save the altar-piece, which flashes with seven hundred lights that gleam and sparkle upon the fixed bayonets and brass-studded uniforms of the sentries. On a credence table are placed a lemon, bread and wine, a casket of pure perfumed ointment of nard, a pair of gloves, and the sacred elements. Kneeling before the cardinal, the bishop-elect, in a dead silence, broken only by the cry of a child or the "hush!" of the police, is anointed with the sacred *crisma*, or ointment, on his head and hands. Then he washes his hands and face (figuratively) with the lemon, in token that he must continue "without stain;" the lemon-juice being used in the Peninsula to eradi-

cate spot or stain, and blanch ladies' hands. The cross, without the *bola* or glove at foot, is next delivered to the new bishop, in token that he will be willing himself to suffer, and will also chastise sinners, but with mercy, and ever holding out hope of pardon. Then the ring and pastoral staff are blessed by the cardinal and the archbishop, and delivered into the hands of the bishop-elect. The New Testament is lifted from his collar and delivered into his hands; he receives the "kiss of peace" from the cardinal, archbishop, and bishops, inasmuch as "he is now joined to us; he is one of ourselves; he is to be henceforth styled by the pope as 'my brother in Christ,' and is privileged to address the kings and great ones of the earth as 'my dear son in the Lord.'" Thus is concluded the ceremony of consecration of a bishop in the Spanish Church.

After this, into the hands of the cardinal were delivered two large wax tapers, lighted, called *cirios*, two caskets of bread, two tiny barrels of wine, and then, kneeling at the same altar, hand-in-hand, the consecrator and the consecrated receive the sacred elements from the same flagon or chalice and plate, setting forth their union and the intimate brotherly love henceforth to exist between them. The organ plays such airs as "O rest in the Lord," and secular airs, one of which was, or was exactly akin to, "Ye Banks and Braes," during which melody the pastoral gloves and the mitre were handed to the new bishop. The music



ceases; the new bishop kneels down in solemn silence before the altar, his back to the sable, on-pressing, eager crowd, and is vested and re-vested with three different coloured, but all equally gorgeous, episcopal robes. After which he is led in silence to the throne at the side of the altar, and the priests and clergy present pass in single file towards him, and kiss his hand in token of submission and allegiance to his episcopal sway. The *Te Deum* is next chanted. The cardinal and archbishop, amid a crash of music, take the bishop-elect by the hand, and, all in crimson and gold robes, they walk down the length of the aisle, parting the crowds, and return slowly to the altar. A bell tinkles, the organ once more plays, so low, so soft, that it is well-nigh inaudible in its muffled but sweet and beautiful tones, and, from his place upon the lowest step of the altar, as the organ ceases, the new bishop gives, with outstretched hand, his blessing to the assembled crowds. That over, he kneels three times before the consecrator (the cardinal) as an act of obedience and allegiance to the Pope, and intones the "*Por Muchos Años*" ("For many years"), so well known in all Spanish religious ceremonies.

The cardinal, after this ceremony, went to visit the town council, the hospital, and two of the principal churches of Cadiz, and, after two days, went to Jerez. If his reception at Cadiz was cordial, at Jerez it was enthusiastic, but with an enthusiasm almost entirely confined to the highest



classes. The military band, the town council, the municipal authorities, and some fifty or sixty carriages of the aristocracy met his eminence at the station. As, in his carriage, he slowly drove up towards the *Ayuntamiento*, where he was to be entertained, hundreds of ladies, many of them of high rank, swept on foot across the rough street, and, coming up to the carriage, kissed his hand, or the ring upon it. At night the town was illuminated, and special functions were performed in all the churches.

At Seville the reception of the cardinal was, if possible, even more hearty. As he left the station for Cordova, and stood up in his carriage to give his final blessing to the city, the whole crowd assembled at the station knelt with one accord on the bare stones to receive the Papal benediction.

## NEW YEAR'S DAY IN A SPANISH HOSPITAL.

SPAIN, with all her faults, has a wild and fascinating charm of her own, and those whose lot is cast, perforce, among the poorer classes—those who follow the poor man from cottage to prison, from prison to hospital, from hospital to cemetery—can best appreciate the power of that charm. Despite poverty, suffering, hopelessness, old customs and old traditions are kept up and acted upon, and the *dias de fiesta*, or feast days, are revered and observed by this quaint, wild, conservative population as they were hundreds of years ago. We have already spent Christmas-Eve in all the dulness of a Carlist prison, and it is my purpose to introduce my reader to a Spanish provincial hospital on the feast of New Year's Day.

A few years since, when Richard Ford wrote his marvellously truthful and elaborate treatises upon Spanish customs and social life, the

provincial hospitals of Spain were unworthy of being ranked with those of other European countries, but of late years a change, due in great measure to the Spanish Republic, has come over the land in this respect, and the hospitals in the larger towns are sometimes equal to the hospitals or infirmaries of England. Among the most perfect in Spain are those of La Princesa, at Madrid, of San Juan de Dios, at Cadiz, and of El General, at Cartagena. I was visiting the Spanish hospitals a few days since with an English army surgeon, and his remark was, "We have nothing better in England. You have disabused my mind of a great reproach, as I had always fancied that the hospitals of the Peninsula were wretchedly organized."

In the best hospitals many beds are unfilled, and the reason shall here be given—a reason which I give with great pain. The Government and the town councils do not, with all their enormous gains from taxation, pay their promised *quota* towards the maintenance of their sick poor. The sisters, chiefly nuns of the Order of San Vicente de Pablo, work day and night unremittingly; the doctors, in many cases, give their services gratuitously. Brotherhoods contribute, if not much, yet *quod potuerunt*. And next, the pride of the Spanish poor, and their intense clinging to home and its liberty and comforts (or, rather, discomforts), prevent many who are sick from entering the hospitals. Ask a Spanish

poor woman why her sick husband is not in the hospital, and she will say, "They treat them well enough there, but it is not the custom." So, on an income of 5*d.* per diem, gained by washing, the mother or wife supports her sick son or husband, and the "parish," as you in England call it—here we call it the *Ayuntamiento*, or town council—supplies a doctor and drugs gratis. With a population so proud, so hating innovation, so fond of home, however humble, as that of Spain, one great lack seems to me to be that there is no out-door relief in food or money: although for the sum of 5*d.* per diem many a sick man could be fairly well kept and provided for by his family.

There are many striking and picturesque sights connected with the Spanish hospitals. In some—nay, many—at the end of each corridor is a recess, with altar-piece and lights for ever burning, day and night. On feast-days and Sundays, when the first streak of day breaks into the hospital chambers and floods the pale faces and sordid bed-linen of the sufferers with a gleam of light, the priest, in his gorgeous robes of red, yellow, white, gold, may be seen kneeling before the shrine, his back to the sufferers, while a hundred sickly, toil-worn, emaciated faces are turned, each upon its pillow, towards the minister who is offering up their collected prayers.

At Easter a still more striking sight is seen. The bishop and clergy, covered with a canopy of gold, or crimson, walk in procession, chanting (in

Latin) the Resurrection hymn, "Christ is Risen," down the stone-strewn, often rocky streets towards the hospital, to administer the Host to the sufferers within its walls. Bouquets of flowers fall in profusion upon the canopy as it passes beneath the teeming windows of each narrow street; every house hangs out a crimson or yellow cloth upon its balcony. The clergy are taking *Su Majestad* (His Majesty) to the hospital, and on the following day they will take it to the prison likewise. In many of the smaller prisons of Spain there is no Sunday or feast-day *misa*, no regular ministration of clergy; and to see the dusty doors of the shrine opened once only in the whole year, at Easter, and the gorgeous dresses of the celebrant priests, contrasting sadly and strangely with the ragged habiliments and general squalor of the Spanish prisons and prisoners, is a spectacle worthy—I know no sight more so—of the pencil of Phillip.

On Christmas-Eve, the provincial hospitals present one of their most striking aspects to the visitor. It is a feast-day, and, instead of the usual stew, the famous *olla diversa*, or the soup called *caldo*—and very weak stuff it is,—or the *poleada con coscarones*, i.e., stirabout and fried bread, the sick have their good sound meat, cooked in savoury and most approved fashion, their tumbler of wine, their extra cigar. Visitors, kindly Spanish ladies, come in, their hands laden with sweets and tobacco, etc., and the sight of the black silk dresses trailing over the lowly hospital couches

is most human and pathetic. At last, night—the veritable Christmas-Eve—comes. The chapels in these hospitals are generally on the ground floor, and frequently sunk some feet below the ground floor, but open to the hospital; so that the poor inmates who can leave their beds can hobble to the railing and look down below into the chapel, one mass of dazzling light, glitter, colour, and music; and thus, without the fatigue of descending the stairs, can join in the service. At half-past eleven at night the chapel is gaily lit up; carriage after carriage, mule-cart after mule-cart rattles up to the hospital door, discharging crowds of ladies and gentlemen in evening dress; then the common people, chiefly the young, with their tambourine and zambomba, pour into the chapel from *campo* and alley and street, and soon the chapel is filled; while above, sitting, hobbling, lying all round the rails, and gazing down upon the motley and noisy throng below, are the inmates of the hospital. The priest begins the *Misa del Gallo*, or Midnight Mass, and the organ takes up the service, the whole of which, for one hour, is chanted. Meanwhile, the tambourines and other musical instruments are busy, and join in the strains of the organ; and the din, glitter, and excitement are most exhilarating. In some cases, the image of the Niño de Dios, which has been concealed beneath the altar, is taken out, wrapped in swaddling clothes, and raised aloft to be exhibited to the whispering crowd around. Thus

passes Christmas-Eve in a Spanish provincial hospital.

On New Year's Day the ceremony is even more striking, although the religious function is performed at one o'clock p.m. For hours before this—from as early as 10 a.m.—crowds of people, of all classes and ages, are flocking to the hospital; each carries some trifling present for the poor sick man of his or her acquaintance or parish. Presently the wards are thronged, but the patients seem to enjoy the excitement, making, as it does, a certain break, if but a trifling one, in their life, otherwise so monotonous.

Strange phases of suffering are seen in a Spanish hospital as you wander down its neatly brick-paved corridors. Here is a man, his face beaten into a pulp by a savage onslaught made upon him with a jagged stone—a common mode of inflicting punishment, I am sorry to say, or taking revenge upon an enemy, in the wilder districts of the Peninsula. Blasted for life and bruised as he is, such a subject will rarely disclose the name of his foe, even if he knows it; he will more likely leave the hospital when cured, saying, "I shall take my own revenge." Then there are at least twenty per cent. of the cases which are cases of stabbing with the fatal and ever ready *navaja*, or pointed clasp-knife.

At 1 p.m. the chapel is full. The music commences; sorrow for the Old is forgotten in strains of hope and gladness for the New Year.



The organ clashes out, the priests sing their loudest and lustiest; a hundred tambourines, all gaily decked with flowers and ribbons, join in with a perfect crash of accompaniment; pipe and tabret are not wanting; and a heartier, more jubilant, exhilarating service than this mid-day *misa* of New Year's Day cannot be conceived, although acted out against the sad and sobering background of a Spanish provincial hospital.

## A PILGRIMAGE TO MONTSERRAT.

FORTUNATELY, I landed in Barcelona from Cadiz—the steamer having actually taken six and a half days to make the journey—just in time to go up the hills and be present at one of the most interesting religious ceremonies in the whole of Spain. I allude to the annual Feast of the Virgin, held in the month of September, when the whole peasant population of Catalonia makes a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Montserrat, four hours' journey from Barcelona.

The mountain of Montserrat, where the ancient image of the Virgin of Montserrat has reposed for centuries, is, according to local legend, the most sacred mount in the Christian world. It is a sheer pile of ragged rock, standing up alone out of slopes of vineyards and pine forests, rent, evidently by volcanic influence, from some other peak, or thrown out of the ground itself. It was, according to local legend, rent at the time of the crucifixion

of Christ, when "rocks were rent," from another distant pile. In the year A.D. 50 St. Luke fashioned an image of the Virgin, which St. Peter brought to Barcelona. In 717, when the Moors swept over the land, the devout Goths hid this image from the pagans, burying it on a lonely hill. One night, in the year 880, guided to the spot by a light from the skies, some shepherds found the image, and the Bishop of Manresa ordered that it should be moved to Manresa. The image, when it reached the ridge of Montserrat, became immovable, so a shrine was built for it, and there it stayed, an object of veneration for the rich and poor of all the neighbouring countries, until the year 1599, when Philip II. opened the chapel where now, on the heights of Montserrat, the image is preserved.

Perhaps no religious spot in Europe has seen more vicissitudes of fortune than the rock of Montserrat. It has had its days of grandeur. To its shrine, whither now repair yearly some eighty thousand pilgrims, of the lower class chiefly, once flocked for a blessing well-nigh all the crowned heads of Europe. Charles the Fifth visited it nine times; John of Austria, twice; Rudolfo of Austria, twice; Philip II. of Spain, four times; Alonzo III. of Catalonia, constantly; Pope Benedict XIII., twice; together with thousands of others of royal or ducal rank. The monastery, too, had its three or four hundred monks, and many nuns; it boasted, too, distinguished sons, such as Bernardo

Boil, friar, who, with twelve monks accompanied Christopher Columbus in his second voyage to the New World. It claims the merit of having sent the first patriarch to Spanish India.

Here Ignatius Loyola spent a whole night in prayer before the Lady of Montserrat; here, in 1702, Philip V. knelt for four hours of the night watches at his devotions before the shrine. In its glorious days, in the 16th century, confessors of all tongues were massed together beneath the gray walls of the monastery to receive the sorrowful and sin-laden of all nations; children were healed of all diseases; and Garcia de Cisneros, the abbot, became the king of a religious republic.

But the glory of Montserrat departed, although as late as 1857 Queen Isabel II., Don Francisco, and the Princess of the Asturias visited the shrine in regal state, and left at the altar gold and pearls and costly robes.

Surprised and taken by a French column under General Desveaux in January, 1809, the monastery was totally sacked; and was partly destroyed in July, 1811, by the French under General Suchet: it was occupied until October, then burnt and deserted. The Spanish local guide-book, called "*Guia de Montserrat y sus cuevas*," by Victor Balaguer (to be bought for two francs at the monastery), says, speaking of the French retreat from Montserrat: "*Los Franceses dejaron à Montserrat convertido en un monton de ruinas*," i.e., "The French made it in 1812 a heap

of ruins." Three famous caves are to be visited—those of the Virgin, the Devil, and Juan Garin, the prayerful monk who committed a sin, was changed into a wild beast, and only restored to humanity by the voice of a child of five months old.

In 1835 the convent was suppressed, and the monks partly removed; but some twenty or twenty-five friars still remain, and a few rude barracks for the beggar poor of the neighbouring hill villages, squalid homes for wretched peasantry. Still, the church and image are there; eighty thousand pilgrims and tourists visit the shrine of the Virgin yearly; and on the 8th of each September some ten thousand of the peasantry, from all parts of Catalonia, meet together at the shrine of Our Lady. These strictly provincial feasts and fairs, however, are, perhaps, slowly dying out, owing to the increased and daily increasing facilities of railway travelling, and to other causes which have operated upon them in the same way as did these causes on the "statute fairs" of England—viz., made the rich retire from the scene and leave them entirely in the hands of the lower classes, who have not the means to support them properly.

The night was unpromising enough; rain fell at intervals, the thunder growled to seaward, and the sky was black with clouds; still the hardy working men and women of Barcelona were nothing daunted; they hoped on; and, until 9.30

at night the booking-offices for "Montserrat" were crowded with applicants, chiefly third-class passengers. The scale on which the trip to the feast of Our Lady of Montserrat is made is sufficiently moderate. First-class return fare (rail and coach included) is only 10*s.* English money; third-class, 7*s.* 6*d.*; and for this you are allowed to spend three days at the *Fiesta*, amid the glorious, almost Alpine, peaks of Montserrat. Over six thousand tickets were issued, it is said, from Barcelona alone, and almost entirely to the working classes—those employed in the mills. This fact alone shows how well-off and saving are the working classes. Indeed, their whole look and demeanour is that of well-to-do prosperity. They always have a few pounds to spend for a holiday with their family, and scarcely a beggar is seen in the streets of Barcelona.

Contrary to expectation, the morning of the 8th rose bright and clear, and at 6 a.m. I was at the railway station. Picturesque, indeed, was the sight it presented; the platform was crowded with honest artisans and their wives and children. The men were dressed in clean blue blouses, velveteen trousers, and English caps or coloured handkerchiefs knotted round their heads. The women, who certainly are the plainest in Spain, wore tight-fitting black bodices, short skirts, sandals, and gaudy handkerchiefs on their heads. Each family carried an enormous basket of provisions for the three days' feast; and each mother had two of the

prodigious loaves of bread of the country, which weigh from nine to twenty-five pounds and are sold at  $1\frac{1}{2}d.$  the pound, tucked under her arm. Some had wax candles, some live turkeys and fowls tied together and carried head downwards. All were laughing, shouting, and gesticulating in their guttural, Dutch-sounding brogue, or, rather, patois, which is as wholly unintelligible to an Andaluz as Welsh would be to a Londoner.

At seven o'clock a third train, choked with passengers, started for Monistrol, the nearest station to Montserrat, and I had some opportunity of seeing Catalonian scenery, which is vastly underrated. Wonderfully fertile, blessed by Heaven's bounty and by man's ingenuity, are the environs of Barcelona. A striking contrast they present to the quiet olive glades of Jaen or the vineyards of the Jerez country. One fig garden succeeds to another; maize, French beans, whole fields of cabbage and brocoli, are bounded by far-stretching and well-filled tracts of vineyards, where the soiled purple bunches of the black grapes trail over the rich red soil, and could even be plucked from the slowly passing railway carriage. Trees, too, there are in abundance, and, ever and anon, the monotonous white walls of a cotton or cloth mill or factory, show themselves amid the groves of sycamore or pine trees. Here and there, too, is an "olive-grove," and, amid its stunted trees, stands up a regular lonely English homestead and farmhouse, surrounded with its



quaintly built, conical stacks of straw to serve as provender for the horse or mule during the winter months. The soil is sandy and ferruginous, and of a rich red sandstone colour.

At last Sabadell, the Bradford of Spain, is reached, and here there are no less than forty woollen and three cotton cloth factories, also some paper-mills, tanneries, and distilleries, to a population of little over twenty thousand.

Sabadell and its factories once passed, the scenery becomes beautiful in the extreme, for Nature asserts her sway and once more claims her own: one broken ravine and far-stretching valley, clad with pines of the most verdant green, and girt around with vineyards, succeeds to another; old rich brown castles and towers peer out of the twisted forest on every peak and crag; the deep blue of the Spanish sky, the gaudy dresses of the passing peasantry make a scene at once picturesque, gorgeous, and peacefully tranquil. Well may the fairest of these pineclad valleys, stretching down as far as eye can see to the blue far-distant hills, and crowned with the now crumbling castle of the Caballero de Egara, be called "the Valley of Paradise."

Tarrasa, with its Romanesque cathedral, is then reached. It lies in a perfect wilderness of vineyards and pine forests, and the scenery thence to Monistrol can only be described as Tyrolese in its aspect—one broken ravine, with valley, crag, and dry river bed, succeeds to another, olive grove

to olive grove, the soil alternating between red sand and dull blue peaty loam, until, peering over the wooded slopes of Olesa, the traveller catches a glimpse of the grey, stupendous, serrated rock of Montserrat, and its monastery, the *mons serratus* of the Romans. This Barcelona and Zaragoza Railway, it may be here remarked, must have been constructed at a fearful expense: tunnel after tunnel through the rock, and cutting after cutting has been blasted by sheer force of gunpowder.

At Monistrol the hundreds of peasantry alighted from the train. Comely in their dress and demeanour, they swarmed into every nook and corner of every outlandish-looking van, *coche*, *diligencia*, and omnibus; and thus or on foot streamed up the steep and winding road towards the shrine of Nuestra Señora de Montserrat. We breakfasted at a primitive Catalan *posada*, or village inn, at Monistrol—a compact semicircle of whitewashed, small-windowed, Genoese-looking houses, and some half-dozen cotton mills, which, making their own gas, and lighted up at 5 a.m. each day, give this peaceful village quite a busy appearance, and make the people, as a rule, quiet, well-to-do, and contented.

As vain would it be to attempt to describe or paint in words the passes of the Alps or the Tyrol, as the ascent to the summit of the crags of Montserrat. A great, grey, serrated, jagged range, twenty-four miles in circumference, its stones worn

into smooth boulders by time and storm, or standing up into the clear blue sky on shivered rifts and crags, this range seems to spring out of the earth, and looks in frowning defiance over the peaceful vineyards and lonely villages that nestle at its feet. Its summit—it rises sheer out of the earth—is of equal elevation with Madrid, two thousand four hundred, and others say three thousand eight hundred, feet above the sea level. The road to it, winding in steep circles round and round the mountain side, seems dangerous; it is, however, broad enough for two carriages to pass, although without protection on the outer side. It was made at the desire and for the convenience of Queen Isabella. The ascent occupies two and a half hours on foot. The view is sublime: grey tables, to all appearance toppling over, but poised as perfectly as the Logan Stone of Cornish fame, and boulders of rock overhang the traveller's head, looking as if about to fall each moment; the valleys are strewn with masses of grey rock and many-tinted stones.

Nor is vegetation lacking to complete the beauty and grandeur of this semi-Alpine scene: on every ledge grow the pine, the fig, the peach, and the plane tree; while wild olive, ilex, broom, rosemary, cistus, and a host of Alpine plants twine together over the shattered masses of stone. Strings of mules and donkeys, bearing gaily-dressed women and children; hundreds of peasants, with the Catalan "*gorro*," or "*gorra*" (a purple cap,

like a fez, but with a long flap or pocket hanging over the left ear or back of the neck), were ascending. Many were descending, having performed their act of devotion at early morn at the shrine of Our Lady of Montserrat. Add to this that every one coming back bore in hand the "*ramo*," or bough of box-tree, with red streamers and cheap tinsel relics, and wooden spoons and forks dyed crimson—relics blessed by the monks or friars in the chapel—tied to and twined amid its foliage. These box boughs are six feet high; the ribbons, trinkets, and streamers are purchased and tied to the bough, which is carried to church the next Sunday, and afterwards placed over the rude settle, where it acts as a charm and preserves the household in health and safety until September comes round again—just as the palms are blessed in Andalusia on Palm Sunday and twined in every verandah for a twelvemonth. At every trickling well, beneath each sheltering rock, were little parties "picnicking," sitting in gay confusion beneath some little shelter of evergreens extemporized for the occasion, drinking their red wine and eating their coarse bread, with raw *pimientos*, onions, figs, and melons.

At last we arrived at the summit. Outside the gates of the monastery hundreds of covered mule-carts, the mule tethered to the cart wheel, were grouped about and around. In them the hardy peasantry were going to pass the night, for many had come distances of thirty English

miles to do honour to Our Lady of Montserrat, and receive her bough and her blessing for the coming year. Groups of men and women, escorted by hardy mountain guides, were scattered over the mountains. Other groups were sitting on the ground, cooking, on flaming twigs of fir and pine, their frugal meal of sausage and vegetables with rancid oil. The church was one blaze of light, the church rails were literally covered with wax tapers, gifts of the peasantry. The High Mass was said, the crowd pouring in and out, reverent, silent, devout. The holy water in the font was actually (what was left of it, that is) muddy and soiled with the thousands of peasant hands that had claimed its cleansing efficacy. The sonorous music, the gay dress of the peasantry, the gorgeous robes of the priests, the magnificent chanting, formed a scene of real picturesque beauty inside the church. Each peasant-worshipper knelt and prayed—to all appearance most fervently—for a few minutes, and then gave place to his expectant neighbour. Then came the rush and crush to the grating where are sold the relics and ribbons of the Virgin; and a crush indeed it was. No peasant leaves without buying this ribbon; it costs but two farthings, which each one binds round his cap, sticking in it also the tiny paper prayer to Our Lady. Thus equipped as to head-gear, the peasant men and lads promenade about the mountain, and look, for all the world, like a batch of Whitechapel recruits with their ribbons

bound round their caps. These ribbons, of silk, are exactly the span of the Virgin's head, and on them is printed, "*Medida de la cabeza de Nuestra Señora Maria Santisima de Montserrat,*" *i.e.*, "Exact head measurement of Our Lady of Montserrat." On the little papers sold as memorials of the day the following is printed:—

"The image of the Virgin which to-day we worship was pointed out to some shepherds, in the year 880, near this step, by miraculous lights from Heaven. The shepherds told the priest; the priest told the bishop. The bishop tried to move the image to Manresa, but it refused to move further than this crag; so they built here a chapel to receive it, and we worship it here to-day. This is our Heaven-sent Cathedral of the Mountains."

Imagine thousands of men and lads and women, with box-boughs in hand, silk ribbon, red or green, bound round head, and paper prayer stuck in it, much as some passengers on an English railway stick their railway tickets in their hat ribbons. Then, awaiting our turn, we follow, in the thronging crowd, upstairs to where stood, in a darkened room above the altar, guarded by two friars in holiday dress, this image of Our Lady. Thence we passed out on to the wild hill-side to breathe the thyme and rosemary-scented air, and see the sun sink in golden splendour to his rest. Then fires were lit, food was cooked, a few songs were sung (I missed the Andaluz's guitar), trinkets and handkerchief and sweet-



meats from the hundred stalls were bought by the Catalan swain for his sweetheart; and night fell, and the "*Rosario*," or night prayers were sung in the church, and the "*Biblioteca del Virgen*," i.e., room where all the votive offerings are placed, was lit up and open—one mass of wax arms and legs, pictures and models of ships and carriages, showing from what especial danger the giver had been preserved through his prayer to Our Lady of Montserrat.

When, full late, I left the darkening church, many dark-robed parish priests, or *curas*, were kneeling in prayer, some of whom, with their pale ascetic faces and sunken eyes upturned to heaven in imploring ecstasy, might well have furnished the model for Murillo in his "San Francisco receiving the Stigmata." Under rock and tree, in mule cart and tartana, in wigwam, or under jutting crag, these simple peasants were soon fast asleep; and the crackling of the smouldering pine-branch fires and the bark of a dog alone broke the deep stillness of the mountain.\* Many were going to stay for the whole three days, to join prayer with feasting, duty with pleasure.

\* Several hundred species of rare medicinal herbs grow on this mountain.



## CHRISTMAS IN SPAIN.

THERE is, perhaps, no country in the world—or, at least, no continental country—where people still cling to old traditions, keep their feast days, and guard jealously the holydays of the Church with such firmness, to the great detriment of business of all sorts, as in Spain. The line has been swept away by a flood, a thousand men must be requisitioned to repair it; but no, it is All Saints' or Christmas-Day, and it is "*un dia de fiesta*," our holyday. Not only does the nation, as a nation, observe the great Christian festivals as holydays, but the manner of observance varies in each province; the food, the dance, the song, the wine, the customs are different. I will tell you how Christmas-time is observed in Spain.

I must premise that in a short sketch it is impossible to treat of every provincial and peculiar mode of keeping Christmas-Day. Spain in winter must be divided into Spain the frigid and Spain the semi-tropic; for while snow lies a foot deep at

Christmas in the north, in the south the sun is shining brightly and flowers of spring are peeping out, and a nosegay of heliotrope and open-air geraniums is the "Christmas holly and mistletoe" of Andalusia. There is no chill in the air; there is no frost on the window-pane. So that in the south there is no sitting over the blazing fire, no sense of joy in drawing the home circle round their "winter sun," as Spaniards call the English fire. On the other hand, in the north, bitter as is the cold, these primitive people have absolutely no comfort or warmth at all, save what is yielded by the glowing embers of the small *copa* or *brasero* of charcoal, which always makes one believe it is on the point of going out. They crouch over this, rich and poor; say "Patience," and "Oh, what a bitter cold!" and never dream of a log fire to warm their dark, damp houses.

When Christmas-Eve comes the two days' holyday commences. At twelve the labourers leave their work, repair home, and dress in their best. Then the shops are all ablaze with lights, ribbons, and streamers; with tempting fare of sweets and sausages; with red and yellow serge to make warm petticoats; with cymbals, drums, and *zambombas*. The chief sweetmeats peculiar to Christmas, and bought alike by rich and poor (for Spain is the land of luscious sweetmeats), are the various kinds of preserved fruits, incrusts in sugar, and the famous *turron*. This last—which is of four kinds, and may be called in English

phraseology, "almond rock"—is brought to your door; and buy it you must. A coarse kind is sold to the poor at a cheap rate. Other comestibles peculiar to Christmas are the *sopa de almendras*, or almond soup, the *pavo trufado*, or truffled turkey, roasted chestnuts, and nuts of every sort.

In Madrid, the stranger will wonder to see the Plaza Mayor thronged with people of all ranks, buying *vesugo*, or sea bream, which is sent in large quantities from Cadiz, for this day. This is one of the few old customs still lingering in modernized, un-Spaniardized, Frenchified Madrid. These old customs of Christmas, Easter, and All Saints, are dying out in Madrid; but in such towns as Valencia, at Easter every family still makes and eats its cake, piled up with eggs and fruits—called there the *mona*, and in Malaga, *hornazo*—a piece of which is always sent to the *cura* of the parish.

Before the *Noche-buena*, or Christmas-Eve, however, one or two good deeds have been done by the civil and military authorities. On the 23rd or 24th the custom is for the military governor to visit all the soldier prisoners, in company with their respective *defensores*, or advocates; and, *de officio*, there and then, he liberates all who are only in jail for light offences. This plan is also pursued in the civil prisons; and thus a beautiful custom is kept up in classic, romantic, Old-World Spain, and a ray of hope enters into and

illuminates even the bitter darkness of a Spanish prisoner's den.

It is Christmas-Eve. The poor man has his relations round him, over his humble *puchero* ; the rich man likewise. Friends have not come, "for it is not the custom:" in Spain only blood relations eat and drink in the house as invited guests. Families meet as in England. Ten per cent. of the soldiers get a fortnight's leave of absence and a free pass, and there is joy in peasant homes over peasant charcoal-pans.

The dusky shades of evening are stealing over olive grove and withering vineyard, and every house lights up its tiny oil lamp, and every image of the Virgin is illuminated with a taper. In Northern Andalusia you hear the *zambomba*—a flower-pot perforated by a hollow reed, which, wetted and rubbed with the finger, gives out a hollow, scraping, monotonous sound. In Southern Andalusia, the *pandereta*, or tambourine, is the chief instrument. It is wreathed with gaudy ribbons, and decked with bells, and beaten, shaken, and tossed in the air with graceful *abandon* to the strains of the Christmas hymn—

"Esta noche es noche buena  
Y no es la noche de dormir,"

*i.e.*, "This night is the good night, and therefore is no night of rest;" or, perhaps, the church chant is sung, called—

"Nacio el niño de Dios,"

*i.e.*, "The Child of God was born." Then, also,

men click the *castañeta*, or castanet, in wine-shop and cottage; and in such Old-World towns as Ecija, near Cordova, where no railway has penetrated, a breast-plate of eccentrically strung bones, slung round the neck and played with sticks — is still seen and heard. From every house is heard the strain of music; every church is lit up; every wine-shop is full; from every street smoke rises from the chestnut stalls; every girl wears a gaudy red or yellow dress, for “the Child of God is born.”

The turkeys have been slaughtered and are stewing on the fire. The night is drawing on, and now the meal is over. Twelve o'clock strikes, and, in one moment, every bell from every belfry clangs out its summons. Poltroon were he who had gone to bed before twelve on *Noche-buena*. From every house the inmates hurry to the gaily lit church, and throng its aisles, a dark-robed crowd of worshippers. The organ peals out; the priests and choir chant, at this midnight hour, the Christmas hymn; and, at last (in some out-of-the-way towns), the priests, in gaudiest robes, bring out from under the altar and expose aloft to the crowds, in swaddling clothes of gold and white, the Babe newborn, and all fall down and cross themselves in mute adoration. This service is universal, and is called the *Misa del Gallo*, or Cock-crow Mass; and even in Madrid it is customary to attend it. There are three *misas* also on Christmas-Day; and the Church rule, strictly observed, is,

that if a man fail to attend this midnight *misa* he must, to save his religious character, attend all three on Christmas-Day. In antique towns, like Ecija, there are ten days' early mass (called *Misa de Luz*) anterior to the *Misa del Gallo*, at 4 a.m., and in the raw morning the churches are thronged with rich and poor. In that strange unvisited town, also, the chief dame goes to the midnight *misa*, all her man-servants in procession before her, each playing a different instrument.

Christmas-Eve is over. It is 1.30 a.m., on Christmas morning, and the crowds, orderly, decent, cheerful, are wending their way home. Then all is hushed; all have sought repose; there are no drunken riots; the dark streets are lit by the tiny oil lamps; the watchman's monotonous cry alone is heard, "*Ave Maria purissima; las dos; y sereno.*"

The three *misas* at the churches on Christmas-Day are all chanted to joyous music. Then the poor come in to pay their rent of turkeys, pigs, olives, or what not to their landlord; and he gives them a Christmas-box, such as a *torta*, or pie of salt fish, or money, or what may be. Then, when you enter your house, you will find on your table, with the heading, "*Felicitan al usted la Pascua,*" i.e., "A Happy Christmas," a host of little leaflets, printed, with verses. These are the petitions of the postman, scavenger, telegraph man, newsboy, etc., asking you for a Christmas-box. Poor fellows, they get little enough, and a couple of

francs is well-bestowed on them once a year. After mid-day breakfast or luncheon is over, rich and poor walk out and take the air ; and a gaudy, joyous crowd they form, as a rule.

As regards presents at Christmas, the rule is, in primitive Spain, to send a present to the *cura* and the doctor. Many Spaniards pay a fixed annual sum to their medical man, and he attends all the family, including servants. His salary is sent to him at Christmas with the addition of a turkey, or a cake, or some fine sweetmeats.



## THE FAIR OF ALBACETE.

THE Spanish clergy, who, whatever their defects, know human nature pretty well, have always shared the amusements and thrown themselves into the pleasures of their people. Go to what place of amusement you will, the representative of the national Church is seen. He takes his ticket in the lottery, and—for he is poor and hard driven for money—scans the list of the successful with anxious eye. You meet him at the theatre, the bull-ring, in the field—gun in hand,—dressed in lay clothes, and, while rarely forgetting his dignity in public, yet evidently “off duty.”

At some period during, I believe, the sixteenth or seventeenth century—so I was informed on the spot—an order of monks or friars built the Monastery of Llanos, a large conventual-looking building, now fitted up and used as a shooting box by the Marquis of Salamanca, who, in addition to having possession of much of the property close around Albacete, has made the railway from

Alcazar San Juan to that place at his own expense. The Marquis has since parted with the railway to a French company, by whom it is at present worked. The monastery was a large one, and therefore often stood in need of funds; the exchequer ran low at times. The monks, however, seem to have had an eye to worldly as well as spiritual wisdom, and were neither indifferent to their own nor to their neighbours' worldly welfare. In those days it would seem that the *ferias*, or annual fairs, in Spain were equivalent to, and played the same part in business and pleasure as did the "Statute fairs" in England at the same time, and down to a much later date. The brothers, then, of the Monastery of Llanos, seeing the strong point of the position, seized and made capital use of it. Albacete, the only town of any importance within their reach, lay on the sun-scorched, treeless, table-land, where Murcia and La Mancha join. La Mancha has little trade, save the growth of wheat and wine; Murcia is rich in her manufacture of rugs, saddlebags, and harness. Year by year, on the sterile flats outside Albacete, where the sun absolutely dries up the blood as you walk, and the thermometer reaches something like one hundred degrees in the shade each year, the whole neighbourhood had held their *feria* unsheltered, yet uncomplaining; the Murcian trader had brought his woollen and hardware, and bartered it for the Manchegan's corn and mules, under the self-same

burning sun. All this being so, the monks of Llanos built, just outside the walls of Albacete, a covered theatre for holding the annual fair of the united provinces. They selected a large-spreading, sandy plain, and built, one within the other, two huge circles of low stone walls, with a tiled roof, presenting much the same appearance as the old-fashioned cloisters of some antique English almshouse. These two wide circles of cloisters are open to the front, and are divided into hundreds of small shops. You would be puzzled to know whether you looked upon a bull-ring or amphitheatre, or what, out of fair time, but in September all is different. The fair commences about the 6th of September, but for many days previously the station of the unusually quiet little town is absolutely blocked up with goods. Bales upon bales of valuables, jewellery, linen drapery, hardware, saddlery, from Murcia and Valencia; peas, corn, fruit from neighbouring provinces, are heaped up in the station and even down the side of the line. In the town every house and *posada* is crammed to overflowing; around it thousands of mules, asses, and hundreds of horses are picketed over the sandy wastes, their owners lying beside them on guard day and night.

Spaniards, in town or country, are early risers; no time like the early morning for buying or selling, walking, bathing, going to *misa*. In the heat of the day these are impossible; and thus, ever suiting itself with natural cleverness to its

climate, the world (save and except the peasants, who toil in their lonely, broiling plains from dawn to sunset, save from twelve to two o'clock, their hours of repose) is either dining or taking the siesta from 1 until 6 p.m. At five o'clock on the morning of September 7th the bells are clanging out for the early *misa*, and hundreds are hurrying up and down the streets. Hundreds of *tartanas* (a sort of covered waggonette, in vogue in Valencia and Murcia, two-wheeled, and drawn by horse or mule, the driver reposing on a kind of sofa along the shaft), laden with the gentry, their wives and families and servants, from the towns for twenty miles round, are making the streets fairly shake and vibrate with the rumble of the wheels over the ill-paved streets, and the tinkle of the bells of the gaily caparisoned mules and horses. Cavalry officers and soldiers landed by early train are clanking along in their spurs. The fair has begun.

At 10 a.m., the military band, and a squadron of hussars, in their handsome light-blue tunics, yellow facings, and snowy white and gold caps, escort the *alcalde* and civil officers to the scene of action to open the fair. Little business, if any, however, is transacted on that day; but the sight is one of ceaseless activity. In the inner circle tradesmen are busy with their followers and helpers, wives and families, unpacking their boxes, untying their bales; and the sound of the hammer and jerk of the twine resound through

the sandy, crowded space. Occupants of the innermost arena pay a high price for their little stalls, since this space is devoted to the very best and most costly goods,—such as jewellery, silks and satins, lace, hats, broadcloth, and the like. In the cloister stalls of the outer circles men are busy unloading tin ware, porcelain, saddlery, fruit, vegetables, and such coarser articles as find a ready sale in the neighbourhood. Dust, noise, colour, glitter, oaths, cries, tinkling bells almost take away your sense at first. Guide-books have called Murcia the “Bœotia of the Spanish Peninsula.” Spaniards themselves somewhat deride the province. And it certainly is one of the most primitive in Spain.

On the night of my visit we sat down to dinner in the little hotel of the town, a very mixed company—four or five hussar officers, really accomplished men and capital companions; a dozen merchants; four or five well-to-do peasants, or small farmers, in their blue-striped shirts; and a sprinkling of ladies of position. Yet all went well; all were kindly and courteous to one another; there was no coldness or rudeness to my neighbour because his costume was odd and his “talk was of bullocks.” Had he not his girdle of hardly-earned *onzas*? This primitive simplicity, this urbanity towards those of lower station, forms a striking feature in this province. Even in the best towns here you will find the nurse and baby and the well-to-do farmer sit down at the *table-*

*d'hôte* among the *élite* of the neighbourhood, and will hear good-humoured banter going on between the two classes.

The hotel that night was a picture ; one would have almost imagined that a regiment of soldiers, *en route* for the seat of war, was billeted in its walls. In the open-air *patio* dozens slept on chairs, settees, and bricks, their *mantas* rolled around them. Every one was "coming for the Fair." Such strange and picturesque costumes they had, such differing tongues they talked ! I met with one aged priest, in long flowing rusty canonicals, with velvet skull-cap on his head, carrying in his hand a devotional book, bound in steel. He told me, as he inquired his way, that for years he had not gone five miles from the little village of which he was the minister ; he looked, indeed, as though he had come from the old world, or had never left his study at all. He might have sat, with credit, for Velasquez himself.

On the following days, the 8th and 9th, the fair was at its height, although it lasts for about eight days. On the evening of the 8th I strolled up to pass a few hours there. The fair is held about half a mile outside the town walls ; an avenue of stunted trees leads up to its gates. Every tree was ablaze with the Spanish colours (red and yellow stripes) ; every other house seemed to be a theatre or a show. The air was one cloud of dust, yet the dresses of the ladies strolling fair-wards, and their jewels and alabaster

hands, shone through it all. Music — guitar, grinding-organ, psaltery, castanet — deafened the ear. Uniforms of Civil Guards, infantry officers and soldiers, light cavalry, absolutely dazzled the eye. Here was a tent devoted to a wild-beast show, in which some half-dozen monkeys rattled up and down their poles, a wolf paced his wooden cage, an alligator lay gasping in his tank. There was a poor little child, of four summers, exhibited as a show to rich and poor (for all pressed in) because she had a third leg and foot of flesh growing out of her back. She was, so she told me, quite contented to be “shown,” had capital health, and ate well, and did not sigh for the Asturias, the province whence she came. Here was a picture gallery of all the French women who were killed as *Communistas* after the last great war. There was a juggler who turned handkerchiefs red and then white again; a wheel, where all (including the showman) made their fortunes. But these were but on the outskirts. Arrived at the stone portals which admit you to the two circles, you find them guarded by a body of splendidly equipped mounted Civil Guards and Spanish light infantry. All around, moving up and down, are dozens of covered carts (*tartanas*), which have set down the aristocracy of the neighbouring towns, girt and hemmed in by thousands of unyoked mules and mule carts. Marvellously striking is the look of the inner circle; the shop wares are really most



costly. Each little shop, or stall, or whatever it might be called, has been fitted up with shelves, woodwork, gorgeous hangings, by its temporary tenant. The covered cloister walk is sheltered from the sun by hangings, so that you walk right round the ring, pushing your way slowly through and with the buying crowd, in a shady *paséo*. Here is a stall of embroidered shawls, not one of which costs less than fifteen dollars. They are charming, having a ground-work of dull or drab-coloured silken-wove stuff, with the most beautifully conceived fruits, birds, and flowers embroidered on them in gold, green, red, and yellow. Here is a jewellery stall. The delicacy of the ware, almost like the filigree work of Etruria, is marvellous. Here you may buy ear-rings, rough as seems the scene and place, of the value of £30 sterling. The hat-shop contains every sort of *sombrero*, from a real "Lincoln and Bennett" down to the half-crown pork-pie hat of the Murcian peasant.

The amount of *metalico* that changes hands at these fairs is incredible. Many a farmer purchases there all his stock; and the thrifty gudewife the whole of her necessities in the way of dried comestibles, clothes, etc., for the coming year's consumption.

These fairs show, it is true, a low state of trade organization, and a strange primitiveness of life and manners; but they are well worthy of the traveller's study, the fairs of Ronda and

Seville in the spring, and Cadiz in the autumn, being especially picturesque and deserving of notice.

Better or more costly goods than at Albacete I have rarely seen, though the gaudy handkerchiefs for the heads of the women, and the brilliant colours of the little shawls that flutter around the ring, would strike some English eyes as coarse. All is a mass of colour and dust; banter and beating down of prices form an absolute Babel of sound. Here are Valencian peasants in white linen shirt, linen trousers to the knee, loose and baggy, black sash or waistband, and face the colour of mahogany; here are dandies, in the same order of costume, but the shirt and knees adorned with bows of red and yellow ribbons. The stately, dark-eyed beauties of Valencia and Murcia walk among the crowd, listening to the military band, that plays its loudest and liveliest from the "grand stand," devoted to the town and provincial officials and their families, in the centre. The Manchegan peasant is there in his black jacket and homely brown serge trousers, and his mate, with her short serge petticoat, and black silk handkerchief bound over her bronzed forehead. The Murcian girl, in her red and yellow shawl, and dress of some colour equally gaudy, is there, accepting sweetmeats from her sweetheart; there too, is the Valencian girl, with her masses of black hair, coiled and wound up, and pierced through with

the *moño*, or brass or silver hairpin—for she never wears any head dress, save her hair, her chief glory.

In the outer circle the goods are of a rougher description—chiefly hardware, crockery, knives, toys, and saddlery, for which last Murcia is famous. The saddlery and mule harness, bells, woollen caparisons, and the like, although coarse and clumsy in make, are admirably strong and well made. Thirsty, you buy your melon for one halfpenny : your drink of *orchataz*, or almond milk, for the same price ; and pass outside into the dusty plain. There the real business of the fair is done—the selling and buying of mules, asses, horses, and corn and peas. This dusty waste, usually dull and silent, is a marvellous scene of activity now. Imagine, if you can, hundreds upon hundreds of covered carts, the crimson and yellow coverlets or counterpanes for sleeping, trailing from them upon the dusty plain, standing resting on their shafts, their mules picketed to the wheels and eating the heaps of loose *paja*, or chaff ; the men chattering outside, the women asleep in the carts. These are the carts of the small farmers, who come from a radius of forty miles around to sell their mules and horses, and so thick stand these carts that you can scarcely thread your way here and there about the sandy plain. These farmers bring their *penates* with them ; their bedding, gay coverlets, babies, and families, and sleep in their carts, their mules tethered hard by.

Wait until the scorching sun lies down and the rich, large, yellow moon rises in the sky, and the sight is still more striking. Each woman rises from her sleep, dismounts from her waggon, lights her fire with the straw that the mule has left and a few pieces of wood, and proceeds to cook the evening meal for the inmates of her own waggon. The men stand idly by, smoking, discussing prices, and arranging for the morrow. Here and there, at intervals, a group is collected, and you hear the click of the castanets, the strumming of the guitar, and the wild ditties of the Murcian or Valencian peasant, until one o'clock at night has struck. Then, all is hushed; the watchfires have flickered and dwindled down to embers. You stumble on and stir the glowing, smouldering embers with your feet. Cavalry patrols on guard ride here, and there, and everywhere. Civil Guards, on foot, or mounted, salute and ask you your business. "An Englishman come to see the fair." "It is well; go you with God; depart in peace."

## THE PRINCE OF WALES IN SPAIN.

## A REMINISCENCE.

“THE Prince of Wales could hardly have more appropriately finished his tour in the East than by visiting a country where, above all others, mediæval forms have lingered on until the present day.” So said *The Times*.

Although the landing of H.R.H. and suite at Cadiz, at the end of April, 1876, was a little unpropitious, owing to its being accomplished in a heavy storm of rain, yet Spain's ever-brilliant sun soon won the mastery, and the morrow dawned with a sun of summer splendour.

Nothing could be more hearty than the reception given to the Prince in Andalusia; and he will not readily forget the horse-races of the 22nd, at Seville. Strange contrast it must have been felt by the Prince, who, after visiting the stately dark cathedral in the morning, with all its classical, romantic, mediæval associations, went straight to the sunny race-plain, along the Guadalquivir banks!—strange constrast it must have seemed to

him to see, with the grandeur and gloom of the cathedral full present to his memory, a legitimate English race-course, with English jockey costumes cantering hither and thither, a "grand-stand," on the model of Epsom, and—a ginger-beer seller!

Beautiful was the garden-party in the shrubberies of San Telmo; beautiful the excursion along the green banks of the Guadalquivir, then (April 21) lying in all their spring beauty; but nothing could equal the beauty at once and the quaintness of the races of Seville, on the 22nd of April.

Strange sight, in those old, high, winding streets, to see horses, caparisoned as ordinary English race-horses, being led hither and thither; while a perfect crowd of carriages kept pouring past the hoary walls of the time-honoured cathedral, towards the banks of the Guadalquivir.

The race-plain lies two miles outside the town. The road to it is essentially Spanish—a wide, shapeless track, running through far-spreading fields or, rather, waving plains of barley, wheat, and broad beans. It is bounded by hedges of prickly pear, aloe, and agave. Here and there I saw a yellow, sere, withered spot, which showed that—as the Madrid ballet-girls sung a few nights afterwards—

"The locust is coming, is coming, they say,  
Our wheat and green barley to carry away."

A wide-spread plain, with short, crisp, thymy, turf, open at the north to the green *campo*, and

bounded by distant and now hazy hills, on the south sloping down to the yellow Guadalquivir, from which it is fenced off by a fringe of alders, above which the white sails are seen gliding down,—such is Seville race-course.\*

If the races of April 22nd were not equal to those of Epsom, at any rate they were brilliant and exciting, the favourite horse, “Lucero,” the property of R. H. Davies, Esq., of Jerez, coming in, as he won race after race, heavily handicapped, for a storm of applause, in which the Prince of Wales heartily joined.

The galaxy of Spanish beauty on the grand stand, the flashing of the jewels, the trailing of dresses of superb grace and gorgeousness, were sights never to be forgotten. All the wealth and beauty of Andalusia were there, brought into extra relief by the excessive brightness of the southern sun.

Within two or three days after the races, the Prince and his suite left Seville for Madrid. *En route*, they visited Cordova; saw the mosque, and

\* A friend writes: “But amid the glories of Seville race-course, shining, as it did, in green and gold down to the tree-fringed banks of Father Betis, the attention of the graceful Sevillanas, and of the Prince himself, was arrested by the preliminary gallop-past of that staunch grey horse, Lucero, the property of Mr. R. H. Davies, of Jerez—who, on this occasion, fully maintained his Peninsula reputation, by carrying his welter-weight through a long two-mile struggle, right gallantly to the fore.

“To Captain Upton and his converts the fact may be interesting that, though tracing direct back to old “Whalebone” on his sire’s side, the dame of this Andalusian hero was the daughter of a pure high-caste Arabian.”



lingered awhile in the court of orange-trees, where the trees and leaves seem to know no decay; where the beggar's whine is for ever sounding; where dark lustrous-eyed Moorish-looking women, with their painted costumes, are for ever drawing water, and frightening the gold and silver fish; where the grandeur and industry of the Moorish epoch contrasts so painfully with the inanity, and littleness, and solemn stillness of a present that is only endeared to us by its Old-World glory and its mediæval picturesqueness.

The painted *campo*, as the train sped on its way Madridward, gave way to the rugged defiles of the Sierra Morena, with the shattered rifts of the pass of Despeñaperros, where jagged columns of detached rock of every tint imaginable, from rose-pink to crome yellow, tower up into the sapphire sky, standing out in fine relief against the purple outline of the father-range. That once passed, the dreary steppes of La Mancha weary the eye and deaden the imagination; and every mile that brings the traveller nearer to the "*gray Castiles*" presents a view of a country less and less beautiful, until, within twenty miles of Madrid, the traveller opens his wondering eyes upon elm and sycamore, upon rivulet and hedge and grass,—so suddenly, even as a dream in the night, have the palm-tree and the cactus, the orange and the prickly pear, faded away; and lo! an English landscape, gray, green, and sombre, with a cloud-flecked sky, reminds the traveller that he is in a

new province, and far away from the land of *La Virgen Santísima*.

Nothing could be at once more simple and more royal than the reception of the Prince at the station of Madrid by King Alfonso and his ministers. Indeed, the whole of the royal visit was a succession of almost wearying festivities, sufficient to appease the appetite of the most *exigeant* of sight-seers.

On April 26th was given the first grand and imposing *funcion*, as it is called—the review of the troops; and this was the grand gala day of the Prince of Wales's visit. Shops were half shut; every one hurried out; military bands and the measured tread of men and mules, or the clanking of the cavalry trappings, rang and resounded through every street, from 11.30 until 1 p.m. To give some idea of the aspect of affairs during the visit of the Prince of Wales, from an outsider's point of view, I must take my readers, at 11 a.m., to the *Palacio Real*, or Royal Palace, where King Alfonso and his suite are entertaining their English guests.

The *Palacio Real* is one of the most magnificent in the world, occupying the site of the original Alcazar of the Moors, which Enrique IV. made his abode. Philip V. rebuilt this Alcazar of the Moors, as a rival palace to Versailles, and his plan was carried into effect by a Turin artist, in 1737. The palace is large and wide-spreading, but not lofty. Its front looks into the square,

where the trees were just then budding into tender green leaf; while from the back windows (it is a quadrangle, with a *patio*, or courtyard, four hundred and seventy feet each way, by one hundred feet high), you look out on the tawny, grey, dusty Castilian *campo*; across the river Manzanares, a feeble stream trickling over its half-dusty stones; over the brown ragged woodlands of the *casa del campo*; while, far away, the tawny steppes are bounded by the blue cold ridge of the icy Guadarrama range. The palace rooms are exceedingly fine, lofty, and all furnished with pictures, gorgeous and great of size, if not always valuable. There is one chief *sala*, or *salon*, called the *Embajadora*, or Reception, or Throne Room, where the Kings of Spain hold their receptions, and where, when dead, they are laid in state to receive their visitors; the marble tables, crystal chandeliers, rich velvet hangings, and ceilings finely painted by Tiepolo, are regal.

I passed into the palace on that famous Wednesday morning, up the silent and semi-deserted stone stairs. Here and there at every corner stood a "pikeman" or an "*albardero*," in blue or black tail-coat, red trousers to the knee, white stockings, low shoes, and cocked hat. The apartments prepared for the Prince and his suite were magnificent. Madrid, from the palace windows, looked beautiful in the extreme, with its houses white as snow, and its busy squares, lying like a gem set in silver, embosomed in its grey expanse of *campo*.

King Alfonso, when I went, was in the beautiful chapel, hearing the *misa*. The Prince's suite were lounging about, waiting for breakfast at 12.30. All that I saw gave me the idea of kindness and regal hospitality, of sufficient splendour, and a charming blending of Spanish grace and easy indolence with a certain deference to the *exigant* habits of more northern nations.

At 12.30 on the morn of Wednesday, April 26th, the streets of Madrid were full. Thousands were pouring down to the Prado, that dusty, long-lying level, girt in and planted with trees, where the thousands of Madrid sit each summer evening until twelve at night, sipping iced drinks, and eating luscious sweetmeats.

At one the troops were all upon the ground, formed up in a long line extending possibly a mile and a half—from the right of the column of “*Dos de Mayo*,” along beyond the corner of the *Ministerio de Guerra* and the *Puerta de Alcala*. These were the self-same troops that, ragged, sandalled, dust-covered, and shivering with cold, with bayonets without lustre, and threadbare clothes, marched past the *Puerta del Sol* in making their triumphant entry but a few weeks since. How changed! I did not recognize in their bright-gleaming bayonets, new clothes, and shining white belts, the heroes who passed the other day. The display at two points was simply perfect. I take it now at once, before entering upon the review. The whole line was backed and

fronted by young trees, lately planted, just coming into leaf. The sun was bright beyond description, brighter than that of Southern France or Italy; the heaven was blue. The costumes of the people and of the provincial peasantry were marvellous in their picturesqueness; in years of Spain, I never saw the like.

Take this scene. The Engineers, two thousand eight hundred, drawn up in front of the obelisk of the Dos de Mayo. All their coats and trousers were new. They were all tall, bronzed, handsome lads, very young and splendidly lissom fellows, each one with a bright smile on his face. They were laughing, chatting, and making jests with the girls behind them, who constantly pressed into their two-deep line and offered them oranges, *aguardiente*, and the like. Down the middle came two mounted officers at full gallop—one I recognized as Primo de Rivera, and behind him, at a gallop, six of the Princess's Hussars. The uniform of General Rivera was black, with blue belt and facings, and a light blue plume, that fell over from his helmet and nearly hid his clean-chiselled, bronzed, soldierly face; and the uniform of the escort (the Princess's Hussars), white tunic, faced with gold and yellow; cuffs turned up with jet black fluff; dark blue, baggy trousers, with broad red stripe. These Engineers—Moriones's corps—were splendid. I never saw men so changed since they marched past a few weeks since. They all now had boots (high-lows),

snow-white belts, long blue great-coats, and black trousers.

Take another corner — the most striking of all. At the corner of the Puerta del Alcala, in front of the Ministerio de Guerra, or War Office, the crowd mustered strongest, for there the King and the Prince would commence the review. The corner was kept by Royal Guards on white horses; their uniform of white trousers, top-boots, blue tail-coats, and red waistcoats, swords drawn, and small carbines hanging at the saddle-bows. Right in the corner, the Mountain Artillery, all their pieces slung on mules' backs, in their long black great-coats, came out in fine relief. The generals, too, some in black uniform, with rose-coloured band and rosettes, were prancing about. A host of wine and spirit sellers had set up their painted stalls; the sun poured and blazed down; the richly caparisoned troopers cantered hither and thither. We waited till two; no Prince, no King! Until 2.30; and then, in a moment, the trumpets and bugles sounded, and it was known that the King was coming with the Prince, and their staffs and suites.

Twenty thousand troops were under arms along the line of review; not in one long line only, along the Prado, but stretching far up and into the streets running towards the open country. The following is an account of the troops under arms: 1. 2nd, 3rd, and 4th battalions of Moriones's Engineers, numbering, 2,800; uniform — gray,



gold, and red-peaked cap, long blue coats with cross-belt, black trousers with red stripe; breasts covered with medals. 2. Cazadores (Chasseurs) of Ciudad Rodrigo; green gloves, blue great-coat, red trousers, green facings. 3. The Granada Regiment (a crack one) of Light Infantry, just back from the north—a splendid body of men, in the usual dress of Spanish infantry, viz., black peaked cap, long blue great-coat, red brick-dust coloured trousers, black knickerbockers, and blucher boots. 4. Cazadores of Manilla (common infantry dress). 5. Cazadores of Segorbia (ditto). 6. Mountain batteries, say forty (dress described above). 7. Regular Artillery—gold and gray cap, dark blue great-coat, blue red-stripe trousers. 8. King's Own Cazadores, dressed much like the famous Chasseurs de Vincennes, who did good service in the Crimean War. 9. Civil and Regal Guards (dress described above). 10. Cavalry—Pavia's Regiment, Princess's, and others. 11. Provincial regiments of infantry.

The uniform of the officers of the Spanish army is so varied, gorgeous, beautiful, and picturesque, and suits so well with their southern sun, that it can hardly be described in this short sketch. The officers of the line wear short back tunic, gold-bound cap, red trousers, with golden triangles and stars, according to their rank, on the left arm.

King Alfonso, in the plain dark uniform of a field-marshal, came first, with the Prince of



Wales riding on his right hand, down the thronging lines, a passage being cleared by the Royal Guards. Close behind came the Duke of Connaught, General Primo de Rivera, General the Marquis of Cumbres Altas, General Vargas, the suite of the Prince of Wales, Generals Prats and Terrero, and a host of other field-officers. The uniforms were splendid, and one English officer in scarlet, with the bear-skin of the Grenadiers on his head, was especially noticeable. General Moriones was there, but I did not see him. Martinez Campos was detained in Barcelona. The feeling of the Spanish populace was simply one of apathetic admiration. Worn out by long disappointment, it cannot raise itself to any pitch of enthusiasm, nor are cheering and hurrahing customary in any form amongst the Spaniards; but all rejoiced to see the English Prince riding beside the King of Spain in friendly converse; and when two bands, each from a different corner, took up simultaneously the strains of the "*Marcha Real*" (the "God Save the King" of Spain) and the English national anthem "God Save the Queen," and the two strains blended in the hot spring air, a little enthusiasm was at length kindled.

A little child ran out from one of the water-sellers' stores, and taking my hand, said to me, "*Cual es el Principe?*" ("Which is the Prince?") I pointed him out, and she said, "*Es un mozo muy bueno,*"—i.e., "He is a fine lad;" adding, "*Es un hombre de bien?*"—i.e., "Is he a good man?"

“*Yo lo creo*” (“I believe so”), said I. The Spaniards liked the Prince’s manly, gentlemanly, and condescending demeanour, and there is a warm and hearty feeling towards him on all sides, both among the upper and middle classes. As I mingled with the throng that passed up to see the defile of the troops before the King and Prince, in front of San José Church, Calle Alcalá, a great theme of gossip among the tradesmen who were my companions was this: They said, “We prepared all manner of bull-fights, with every sort of *lujo* (adornment), for the Prince, but he refuses it on the ground that, as patron of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, he could not be a witness of such a sport.” From every voice of these simple middle-class people came the answer, “*Y muy bien dicho*”—i.e., “And a very good sentiment.” Already in hundreds of provincial towns the highest-born ladies refuse to go to the bull-fight, and feeling is but lukewarm in its favour. Even at that hour they were about to lay the foundation-stone of the Juvenile Reformatory in Spain, and a branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was being formed in Madrid. So that the Prince’s refusal to join in the bull-fight hitherto has worked a good effect.

As regards the march-past of the troops, I need say but little. The spectacle was magnificent, but I have so lately spoken of the rough-and-ready march-past at the conclusion of the Carlist war, that it were needless to describe

another. The Prince of Wales was astonished at the aspect of the Spanish troops, and warmly commended them. I subjoin an account of the Review translated from the Spanish official paper, the *Correspondencia*:—

“Night of April 26.—With a splendid day, a burning sun, and a Spanish sky, our military review, to do honour to the *Principe de Gales*, was held. Alcala Street, being shady, was thronged. Only the carriages of great and influential people passed down it. The tramways were not allowed to run. The Court pageants of Spain and of England are the most brilliant of the whole European world, and Alfonso was on the parade-ground to-day not only as our monarch, but as a general who has gained great successes. At 1 p.m. exactly the whole of the troops in garrison were drawn up on the Prado. At 2 p.m., the King, on his Majesty’s right riding the Prince of Wales, started from the palace; Prince Arthur, brother of the heir to the English throne, riding just behind him, with the Minister of War. The King’s suite and the Prince’s suite followed. The Marquis of Novaliches, Marquis of Habana, Marshal Quesada, and all the staff and suite followed, the whole being preceded by four *batidores* of the royal escort. They arrived at the Prado quickly, and immediately reviewed the first division, commanded by General Vargas, which paraded at the obelisk of the Fountain of Castile, and had its flank on the Cibeles. His Majesty

then reviewed the Mountain Artillery, at the Puerta de Alcalá, and then passed down in front of the second division, under command of General Torrera; he then reviewed the cavalry, under command of Marquis of Cumbres Altas, on the promenade called "The Cana." The troops then formed in columns by sections (*columnas por secciones*), and passed before his Majesty and his Royal Highness in front of the church of Carmen. The march-past took one hour, or more, and the Prince of Wales was pleased to notice the smartness, cleanliness, and soldierly appearance of our troops; and his Royal Highness conveyed his admiration in commendatory words to his Majesty King Alfonso. Prince Arthur was so struck by the appearance, and uniform, and bearing of the Civil Guards that he constantly noticed it to the King. There were sixteen thousand men, besides officers, etc., under arms."

Nor, after the review, were the Prince's labours or festivities at an end, for it was followed (on the evening of the same day, Wednesday, April 26th,) by the State banquet, given by King Alfonso, in his honour. This was served in the magnificent Salon de Columnas, which was decorated with delicate taste and much splendour. The king sat in the centre of the table, with Mrs. Layard on his right and the wife of the Minister of State on his left, and opposite his Majesty was the Princess of Asturias, with the Prince of Wales on her right and the Duke of Connaught on her left.

The company included the ministers and their wives, the foreign representatives, the high officers of state, the Prince's suite, the Duqués de la Torre Fernan-Núñez and Bailen, and others of the high Spanish nobility.

At the conclusion of the banquet his Majesty held a reception in his own apartments, which were very brilliantly illuminated. The attendance included ex-ministers, generals, members of the Cortes, etc., with their families. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught conversed with all who were presented to them, and his Majesty and the Princess of Asturias did the honours with exceeding grace. The Prince and his suite retired at half-past twelve, the reception lasting till one o'clock.

Early next morning, on Thursday, April 27th, at 10 a.m., his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, under the guidance of His Majesty the King of Spain, accompanied by his Royal Highness's and his Majesty's suites, set forth in the royal train for Toledo, the first saloon carriage being occupied by the King, the Prince of Wales, and Prince Arthur, the suites of the King and Prince occupying the second and third carriages. The morning was simply heavenly in every sense of the word—not one cloud flecked the blue sky,—and the small crowd that accompanied them to the train was most loyal, and, as usual in Spain, most courtly and kind to “the foreigners.” Indeed, wherever the royal guests and their royal and most courtly

entertainer have been in Madrid they have been well and graciously received; and the personal friendly relations manifest between the Prince of Wales and the King of Spain point to a growing cordiality and friendliness between the two nations which so often have fought side by side.

Past Getafé, Santa Páula, Valdemoro, with its college of cadets, a nursery of the Civil Guards, the staunchest troops of Spain, past Ciempozuelos, famous for its saline waters or mineral springs; past Aranjuez, with its hundred and one classic associations, its stately palace, its gardens now budding into tenderest green, and its ever-singing nightingales, by the green valley of the Tagus, the royal train sped on its way to Toledo, through a country singularly grey, wide spreading, and *despoblado*, the very type and likeness of true Castilian or Manchegan scenery, in all its wild beauty and tawny treeless colouring. The old Castilian peasant hoeing his field of stunted corn, in his russet suit of *pañó pardo*, just looked up, leaning on his hoe, as the train rattled by him. The women, in their rough flannel dress of short brown skirt and serge petticoat of brightest red or yellow serge, crowded to the door of cottage or *venta*, or shanty of reeds, to ask who it was that passed. "*El Rey con el Principe de Gales*" ("the King and the Prince of Wales"), was the answer, and the peasant and his wife went on to their labour or household cares. But the tawny, barren, locust-bitten Castilian *campo*, with its waterless plains, its few, far-



distant, and ragged, stunted trees of brownest foliage, contrasting vividly with the luxuriant vegetation through which his Royal Highness had just passed in Andalusia, was not able to damp the Prince's constant flow of good spirits and unaltering willingness to please and be pleased. It was remarked on all sides how cheery, how full of spirits, how exuberant in health he seemed to be.

At Toledo Station, the civil governor, the deputation, and town council, the company of royal cadets in uniform, met the royal visitors, with a band of music, and a considerable crowd of Toledans. The King, Prince, and their suites at once took the royal carriages provided for them, and passed through the now crowded, but usually silent, echoing and deserted streets, to visit all the wealth of antiquity of which Toledo so proudly boasts. The royal guests visited first the Moorish mosque in the street called Cristo de la Luz (Christ of the Light), now turned into a chapel. It was given, in their palmiest days, to the Knights Templars, and is, like the Mosque of Cordova, built on a grand scale. When Alfonso VI. entered Toledo as its Christian conqueror, he heard his first *misa* there, and left his shield to be suspended from the roof in memory of it. As the Prince and King entered, King Alfonso remarked to the Prince of Wales, "that his namesake Alfonso VI. was the first Christian who prayed within these walls." Every associa-



tion connected with Toledo is ancient, romantic, and marvellous, and close by this chapel stands the gloomy pile where were once confined the *penitentes* of the Inquisition. From here the royal party went straight to the celebrated hospital called "El Hospital de Afuera," but the right name of which is El Hospital de San Juan Bautisma (St. John Baptist's Hospital). This hospital appeared to inspire the Prince with especial interest, for he examined all its details most minutely. It was built by Bartolomé Bustamante, in 1540 or 1542, for the celebrated Cardinal Tavera, whose stately tomb within its walls was carefully looked at by the royal party. The building of the hospital is on a magnificent scale, but the plan has not been fully carried out in the noble spirit of Tavera, its founder. Thence to the Fabrica de Armas, where are manufactured the far-famed Toledan blades, celebrated as those of Damascus. This manufactory is on the banks of the Tagus, and was built and fitted up with forges in 1788 to 1798. Here all the bayonets and swords for the Spanish army are made of steel so finely tempered that the sword can be bent almost into a curve without snapping. The Prince of Wales seemed especially pleased with this *fabrica*, where his Royal Highness proved some of the blades and warmly praised their workmanship. The prince took away a sabre and some other specimens; and one piece of steel, to show its metal, was absolutely bent into the form of a figure 8. The sword, or rather

rapier, now being made at Toledo for General Sanchez Bregua, as a present from the citizens of Madrid, was then shown to the Prince. It is a most elaborate work of art, perfect in finish and metal, and was greatly admired. A visit was then made to the church, once a prætorian temple, now called Cristo de la Vega (Christ of the Valley), the King remarking to the Prince of Wales that close to this spot the Cortes first met, and the representative system commenced in Spain. Then the royal visitors passed on to see the chapel of San Juan de los Reyes Nuevos (St. John of the New Kings), before dining in the saloon of the Museo. Here, in this mortuary chapel, where the Prince desired to stay, and stayed some long time, repose King Henry II., who died 1379; his wife, who died 1381; Henry III., who died 1407; and his wife, Catalina, daughter of the English John of Gaunt, who died 1419. The niches are of white and gold embroidery. Heralds are ever waiting, in full uniform, to show to strangers this last resting-place of departed glory. The Moorish mosque called Santa Maria la Blanca—the cathedral in all its stately glory—the various monuments of art and relics of days bygone,—were all visited by the royal guests. The Prince is an enthusiastic sight-seer, and what he sees in one day would take an ordinary mortal at least a month to visit and explore. At 6 p.m. the royal party returned to Madrid.

My description of the royal visit to Toledo

will seem weak, but who shall describe Toledo, in a few short lines, or see its marvels in a few short hours? Toledo, with its Moorish mosques, cool, beautiful, lordly, with their trickling fountains, their cool *patios*, now turned into Christian chapels or churches or convents,—who shall describe Toledo, where the historian, the antiquary, the geologist, might study, and not know all its wonders, for years? Toledo stands out, on a rugged ridge of hills, scarce fifty miles from Madrid. For three hundred and fifty years the Moors held it; they improved, beautified, and fertilized it. It was taken, and its crown has gone down, its glory has departed. The old cathedral, grand as ever, but in the unassailable grandeur of death and decay, towers up in pristine glory over its seven hills, its tortuous, winding streets. It once was the crown of Spain. Two hundred thousand dwelt there; now it numbers scarcely eighteen thousand or twenty thousand souls. The Tagus river encircles it, boiling through its rift of granite rocks. One hundred convents, churches, monasteries, stand there, within its Moorish walls, silent with the very silence of the grave. The lordly Toledan, whose boast it is that he never has been false to old traditions, wraps his *capa* around him and walks his silent streets at dawn of day, and boasts, and rightly too, that his city is the “ancient city” compared with Madrid, and, though silent and deserted, its superior. No French fashions have invaded its winding lanes, no people

live on "flats." It is like Murcia, a city of the past, rejoicing in its pristine glory, in its present proud indifference to the march and whirl of things around it. But, proud, old-fashioned, lordly as is Toledo, it was not slow to accord a kindly welcome to King Alfonso and the heir to the throne of England.

The royal party returned to Madrid at seven o'clock, and were present in the evening at the Theatre Royal, when Verdi's new opera "Aida" was performed. The house was densely crowded, and upon the King entering with his guests, the orchestra played "God save the Queen," the whole audience rising to their feet. Of the opera itself it need merely be said that it was sung in the masterly manner for which the Sra. Pozzoni, Srta. Fossa, and Sr. Tamberlik are so distinguished. At the end of the third act, the royal party and the *élite* of the audience left to attend the grand ball given by the Duqués de Fernan-Nuñez. This entertainment was on a magnificent scale, the ducal palace being sumptuously decorated, and the gardens illuminated with an electric light and thousands of lamps. The company numbered eight hundred and fifty, comprising all that is fairest and most distinguished in Madrid society. The King and the Princess of Asturias were not present. The ball was opened by the Prince of Wales dancing with the Duquesa de Fernan-Nuñez. Supper was served at half-past one, the Prince leading in the Duquesa, and the Duke of

Connaught the eldest daughter of the house. The royal table was laid for twenty, and ten other tables accommodated the remainder of the more distinguished guests. The Prince and his suite retired soon after three o'clock.

Thus ended Thursday, April 27th.

On Friday, April 28th, the Prince and his suite visited the Escorial, and on their return to Madrid, the Duke of Connaught left for Paris.

A King of Spain has never yet, in the annals of mediæval history, been known to break through precedent and dine in Madrid with a subject, or at a foreign embassy or legation. To his honour be it said, King Alfonso XII., with the consent of his ministers, broke through this custom of many hundred years, and dined on Friday night, at 8.30 p.m., in company with the Prince of Wales, at the British Legation, by the invitation of his excellency her Britannic Majesty's minister, Mr. Layard. When first her Britannic Majesty's minister asked the King to be his guest, in company with the Prince of Wales and his Royal Highness's suite, the matter was referred by the King to his ministers, and, before giving their consent, the ministers searched the archives and consulted every precedent, taking no less than two days in their deliberations. At last the deliberation was over, and consent was given by the ministers to his Majesty's dining at the British Legation for the first time in the annals of Spanish history. Not only did his Majesty dine,

but he dined there in plain clothes, and not in uniform. The good that this has done can hardly be overstated. The Republicans in the south, the Constitutionals in the centre of Spain, will all, to a man, rejoice when they see the sovereign of their country seeking to throw aside the false and formal pomp of bygone days, bringing himself at least upon speaking terms with his subjects, and thus breaking down, little by little, that high, proud, and reserved barrier which has so long separated the King from his subjects, and fostered revolutions and Republicanism.

The banquet commenced at eight, and concluded about 4 a.m.; and the following was the order observed at table:—On the right of his Majesty—Mrs. Layard, the Papal Pro-Nuncio, Señora Frindias, Duqué de Fernan-Nuñez, Marqués de Novaliches, the Portuguese Minister, his Majesty's Equerry in Waiting, and Sir John Walsham. On the right of the Prince of Wales—the Princess of Asturias, Mr. Layard, Marquésa de Novaliches, Duqué de la Torre, Marqués de Salamanca, Count Hatzfield, and Lord Suffield. On the left of his Majesty—the Marquésa de Alcañices, Sr. Canovas del Castillo, Señora Dirlas, the Minister of State, the Civil Governor, Marqués de Selva-Alegre, and the Introducer of the Ambassadors. On the left of the Prince of Wales—the Duquésa de Fernan-Nuñez, Prince Louis of Battenburg, Marquésa de Santa Cruz, Marqués de Alcañices, Captain General D. José Concha, Marqués de Casa Irujo, and Lord Carington.



The banquet concluded, the Prince of Wales rose and proposed the health of his Majesty King Alfonso, expressing his hope that Spain might prosper, and the cordial relations between her and Great Britain be ever maintained. The King then proposed the health and prosperity of Queen Victoria, the Prince, and the English nation, where he had first donned military uniform. His majesty concluded, with the expression of a hope that the good relations between the two countries might be drawn still closer.

The guests then partook of coffee in the saloon ; and at ten o'clock the guests invited to the ball began to arrive.

In the "quadrille of honour" his Majesty danced with Mrs. Layard, and the Prince of Wales with the Princess of Asturias. About half-past eleven, the King and Princess retired, but the Prince of Wales remained some time longer, conversing with the ladies and men of political eminence. Both his Majesty and the Prince wore plain evening dress, the former with the Orders of the Golden Fleece and Charles III., the latter with Orders of the Garter and Bath. A magnificent supper was served at twelve o'clock, and dancing was afterwards resumed and continued until two.

His Excellency the Minister and Mrs. Layard did the honours with much good taste, and the entertainment was on a sumptuous and brilliant scale.



On Saturday, April 29th, the Prince attended a ball given in his honour by the Duqués de Bailén, and on Sunday took his departure by train for Lisbon. The official account telegraphed to England by H.E. Mr. Layard of the reception of the Prince of Wales in Madrid is couched in terms highly satisfactory to the King and his Government, and is a striking proof of the cordiality of the relations existing between Spain and Great Britain.

SPORT IN ANDALUSIA : BUSTARD-  
POACHING AND BUSTARD-STALKING.

ONE of the brightest signs of real, honest, manly social advancement in Southern Spain is the desertion of the bull-ring; and the pouring in, like a slow flood, of all sorts of manly exercises.

In Barcelona, during the last few years, gymnasiums, on the plan of Archibald Maclaren, of Oxford, have cropped up in every notable haunt of the *beau monde*, and have even invaded the Post Office itself at the end of the shady and ever-beautiful *Rambla*. You may register your article for the *Times* newspaper there, in one room; and, in the next, pull off shirt, coat, and waistcoat, go underground, buckle an elastic belt round your loins, and go through every exercise, from dumb-bells to single-stick and rapier-practice.

In Cadiz and Seville, in Port St. Mary and Jerez, and in other cities, horse-racing, boat-racing, and, above all, cricket matches are now very common. And, let me say, the finest fielders

out are the Spaniards; their sleight of hand and quickness of eye are the theme of universal admiration. A Spaniard very rarely misses a "catch."

Among other field-sports that are becoming general in Spain, must be ranked, first and foremost, field-shooting. I mean, the putting on of an old suit, and a pair of gaiters, and tramping it alone, through stubbles and thistles, through slimy brook and saline marsh, in winter, in summer, to get at and kill down your birds.

At six o'clock of evening, when the fierce and terrible heats of the long summer day are just drawing to a close, the "mail train," "express train" (Heaven save the mark; it stops for five minutes at every station!), leaves stately Seville, for the seaport city of Cadiz. The heat and dust of the day are gone; and a refreshing coolness has succeeded them. The traveller looks out on far-famed Andalusia, the land of the most Holy Virgin, and instead of orange-grove and tropic garden, he sees dusty wastes of stubbles and thistles, immense cornfields or waste plains, stretching, in rolling undulations, for miles and tens of miles around him, from the sombre grey of eastern evening landscape to the rich yellow hues of the western landscape lit up by the parting rays of the setting sun.

Picturesque, indeed, is the sight; the charcoal fires flicker blue outside the tiny *campo*-houses, where gipsy or day-labourer's woman cooks her

scanty meal of herbs ; the donkey, pannier-laden, raises his haltered head through and above the hedge of aloe or prickly pear or agave ; while, through dusky groves of stunted glaucous olives, a whirl and cloud of dust raised round them by their bare or sandalled feet, you see, gliding home to cot, or lee-side of barn or stack, the yellow serge, and red and black skirts of the day-labouring women, or the crimson sashes and white shirts of their rustic mates. And all is cool, damp, refreshing, and the eye wanders, in the glowering dusk, over those miles of barren plains.

Can corn grow there ? Can game be found ?

Anyhow, there is little cover for the game, little shelter for the sportsman ; for the eye wanders over vast, immense, rolling plains of cornfield or waste land, with hardly a single tree or a hut to break the monotonous dreariness of these dusky, desert plains.

Yet here the bustard (*Abutarda mayor*) makes his haunts ; and here the sportsman has to stalk, or run him down.

Abounding chiefly in the southern parts of Andalusia, this bird is found, in flocks, or occasionally alone, in all the immense corn-growing or waste districts of Andalusia ; and, indeed, in most parts of Spain.

Like all the rest of the creation, water is their great desideratum ; and wherever there is a pool of water, there the rough field-labourers repair at early morn, at set of sun, and, hidden behind

a stockade of thistles, pot half a dozen of these birds when they come to drink.

Summer and autumn are the only seasons in which to stalk them; and thus, owing to the terrible heats, bustard-stalking is no chicken's sport.

The sportsman must wear a white shirt and a red sash—the customary dress of the Andalusian field-labourer; and must seek his game in the hottest parts of the day, or else, at ten minutes before sundown.

In the spring the male birds are generally together in small bands, or *partidas*, of from three to eight. In summer and early autumn they are found in larger flocks; and, in late autumn, you may perchance light on a flock of forty to fifty bustards together.

Mr. Walter J. Buck, of Jerez de La Fontera—who is as well known in Southern Andalusia for being a keen sportsman as a kind-hearted Christian gentleman, and is one of the most successful bustard-stalkers—has, stuffed in his drawing-room, a bustard which fell to his own gun. It stands thirty-nine inches in height, and measures forty-two inches from beak to tail. It weighed at death thirty-five pounds.

When I asked Mr. Buck if the bustard was good eating—"main good eating," as the Cornish folk say at the mines of Linares, he said, "*Ya lo creo*"—"I believe you,"—the force of which expression can only be thoroughly understood by a Spaniard.

There are two distinct kinds of bustard flesh—the one white and similar to turkey, but far more finely grained, delicate, and aromatic in taste; the other, reddish-brown meat, much like a cross between pheasant and red-deer venison.

The flesh of the old or the over-sized birds, however, is, it must be added, very poor and tough, and well-nigh valueless for the table.

The most remarkable feature in these birds is, their enormously powerful legs, covered with horny, dark-coloured skin, or scales, ending in three toes with short black claws.

They seem, at first sight, to walk slowly, nay, even clumsily; but, when following a winged bird, you are soon undeceived, for they get over the ground at a prodigious pace. They use their legs, however, very little, save at the time of hatching or rearing their young in the standing corn, which protects them when running from the stranger's sight.

For flight these birds use their powerful wings, which measure, at the least, seven feet across, and are superbly proportioned, and fitted for their flights over the desolate steppes, wastes, and *despoblados* of Andalusia.

The prevailing colours in the bustard's plumage make it the very *beau idéal* of a game bird. The back and tail feathers are of a light chestnut mixed with glossy black of jettest hue; while the upper part of the neck and whole of the head are of the most exquisitely tinted bluish, glaucous

grey. The throat and upper part of the breast are of a snowy white, but flecked with bronze and darkish speckles. The under part of the throat is, however, quite white. The powerful and beautiful wings are of beautifully blended white, black, and chestnut. The long feathers of the body are, nearly entirely, black.

The diet of these birds consists of seeds of grain; but, like all Spaniards, they like a bit of meat with their frugal fare; and, as nothing else offers itself, they eat quantities of the *langosta*, or locust, wherever and whenever that pest appears; and, at all times, and in all places, they eke out their bread with the slain bodies of grasshoppers innumerable.

The nest is laid in the standing corn; the eggs are hatched on the ground.

It would be invidious, in an English clergyman, himself a very feeble sportsman, to attempt to describe sport in Spain—he must leave it to abler pens than his own; so I subjoin some few notes on “Bustard-Shooting and Bustard-Poaching,” from the note-book of W. J. Buck, Esq., of Jerez, one of the most successful hunters of this bird.

His account runs as follows:—

For the first few years of my life in Spain, I was obliged to content myself with a very poor result for some of the hardest days' work. I had a great wish to number a bustard amongst my list of slain, my desire to do so even overcoming my



dislike to take advantage of them in the breeding season. Their eggs are almost all hatched in the standing corn, and I used to go out beating through boundless acres of it in the summer time, with the aid of pointers, to find the parent bird in the nest or, later on, protecting her young. And many was the weary mile I tramped before I was lucky enough to kill one. I was, indeed, most unlucky at it; but at last my desires were satisfied. After I brought down the unfortunate mother of two "*pollos*," which were immediately made short work of by my companion's pointer (taught, as is the custom here, to bring to hand), I gave up this "sport," although frequently invited to join in it. This, however, is the common way of shooting these birds.

There are other perfectly legitimate ways of getting this game.

There is driving or shooting them in "*ojeo*," as it is called. This requires a good deal of arrangement and planning, and even then it often happens that the knowing birds are too much for the shooting party. The whereabouts of a flock of bustards having been settled, a mounted party put themselves under the management of a director, generally the "*operador*," or steward of the *cortijo*, who knows, more or less, the feeding ground of the birds. The party rides slowly to within four or five hundred yards of them. They will probably be feeding or basking in the sun. (The early spring is the usual time for this sport.)

Soon the bustards begin to take a lively interest in the strange group, and generally do not fly until they are approached to within about one hundred yards or so. Without stopping the party, one of the sportsmen slips quietly from his nag and, falling flat on the ground, conceals himself if possible. If it should be where there is corn about a foot high, or if there is any long grass, so much the better. A little further on another gun is dropped, the horses or mules still going on till all the guns have been distributed, either in a circle or in a line between the bustards and the place they are most likely to steer for when flushed. Having their attention always attracted by the moving mass of horses and men, the bustards allow themselves to be circumvented in this way. When put up by the beaters, if luck favours, two or three shots may be fired, and as the bustards do not rise high they are not difficult to bring down. Allowance must always be made for a very rapid flight, although it is apparently the reverse.

There is another very effective dodge for getting them. It is in this wise. When the country is pretty well cleared of the crops, at all events when all are cut, the birds having become accustomed to see the bullock "*carros*" passing on all sides of them, to and from the "*era*," or place where the mares tread out the grain, a *carro*, bullocks, and a man to steer them, having been lent by the owner of the farm, the *carro* is rigged up with *esteras*—that is,

matting is stretched round the poles which are stuck into the *carro* and used to hold the sheaves of corn. Sacks of straw are placed at the bottom of it to save one from the frightful jolting of this primitive conveyance. One, two, or even three gunners take their places in it, the carman taking his seat at the upper end, near enough to keep the bullocks going, and to direct their course with a short stick, having a sharpish point to it, which he works through a hole in the *esteras*. At a distance, this moving battery looks a good deal like a load of straw. The search for bustards begins, and well do I remember the frightful heat one has to suffer shut up in this thing. When the birds are luckily found, the bullocks are very cleverly directed to within a short distance of them by aid of the stick applied to the rumps of the bullocks. When sufficiently near, the bullocks are allowed to stop. Each person has made for himself a hole in the *estera*, and from the practice which each one has been making for himself before the birds were found, seems quite large enough; but somehow, when the *carro* stops and the birds rise they always seem to fly exactly in the direction where your slit will not allow you to cover them. I generally adopted the plan of sliding off behind the *carro*, just as it was stopping, and thus emptied my barrels in more freedom. I have had some good fun and have bagged several bustards by this means. After a longish day shut up in one of these

contrivances, on returning to the *cortijo*, a draught of *gaspacho* is not by any means to be despised.

Perhaps the greatest number of bustards are killed, or rather murdered, in the following way. At the latter part of the summer, or beginning of autumn, before the rains come, when there is no water in the country except in the wells (many of these are dry), the stock have their water drawn up in buckets and turned into troughs, from which they drink. Generally there is a good deal of water wasted, little streams run away from these troughs, and puddles stand about. Hither the bustards come to drink. At about ten or fifteen yards from the troughs a large hole is frequently seen, where a man can easily conceal himself. Here, ensconced, he waits for the birds to come and drink. As they come slowly walking up to the place he fires his shot, often a family one, and not unfrequently kills three or four.

The last two summers have been so dreadfully dry that the bustards had hardly any other places than these to drink at, and their destruction has consequently been great.

I have often been asked by the country people to try my hand at these "*puestos*," as they are called, and have caused a good bit of surprise by refusing to kill bustards in this way. In fact, as I did not enjoy any of the means used to bag them, I resolved to see what I could do single handed, and, I must say, that by sticking to it, and hardish work, I have accounted for many

a fine bird, and had many an hour's enjoyment after those I did not account for, and which are probably living to give fine sport another day. I found that on foot nothing could be done; but with the assistance and co-operation of a steady old pony sport was possible.

As soon as the country is cleared of all the corn (about August or September), bustards pass the middle hours of the day sheltering themselves from the sun in the thick patches of high, dry thistles and other weeds; or if there are any palmetto bushes within easy distance of their feeding grounds, they are a pretty sure find for them. I have also found them beneath olive-trees, but never in any cover or place where they could not command all the space around them for several gun-shot distances. The birds, having been disturbed in their siesta—generally about a couple of hundred yards or so before the horseman reaches them—they stand up, shake themselves, and are all attention to see that the disturber has no wicked intentions upon them. If you ride straight up to them they are up and off long before you can get a chance shot at them. Although on seeing a horseman they are uneasy and walk about, they don't care about flying in this hot time, unless they see there is actual necessity. By keeping the horse's head turned slightly away, and showing them as much of my back as is possible, and gradually circling round them, I find I can get within shooting distance,

seldom near, but still near enough to use A.A. shot in a concentration with deadly effect.

I carry my gun full-cocked in the right hand, concealed from the birds by the body of the horse. When the distance is compassed—from the movements of the birds (one judges from experience when they will stand no nearer approach)—I seize the opportune moment; drop the reins; the horse stops; I put my first barrel in very quickly, if possible on the ground, and take a little better aim with my second as the birds rise. The hotter the day the better the distance one can manage. Much depends on the horse. If he does not stop dead the chance is lost, as the bustards rise immediately the movements of the horse and man are altered. My pony became with practice very clever, and knew, I think, as well what was going on as I did; so that, after a time, I found I could rely upon getting three or four shots a day, and seldom returned without one bustard, and frequently with two or three.

I make it a rule, on finding the first time, not to shoot at any risky distance, as the birds will not fly far if they do rise, and if they haven't been scared with a shot, are much more approachable a second time.

Sometimes there are lucky places where as one is drawing round on them, the birds walk over the side of a hill, the horse being thus concealed from them. This is a chance not to be lost, but to be off the horse, run straight to the spot where they



have disappeared, and surprise them with a couple of barrels before they have time to know where they are.

Dips and hills do not occur much in the Andalusian corn-plains, but I have chanced upon such localities more than once. Upon one occasion I killed a pair of the largest birds I have ever seen by such a piece of luck.

A blazing hot sun is a great assistance to the sportsman, it makes the birds lazy and disinclined to exert themselves. As an instance of this, I was out one day in September—an uncommonly hot day, with a red-hot sun beating down upon me, as it can beat down on these shelterless plains. Although I was well protected by a large felt helmet, and wore the lightest of linen garments, it was about as much as one could bear. I had unsuccessfully ridden over some thousands of acres of stubble and waste lands (it was on the plains of the “Hina,” where Roderick and the Arabs fought), and not a feather had I come across, when I was gratified at last by the sight of three bustards walking out of a patch of thistles. I gradually drew up to the side of them, keeping the pony’s head always to the right, quickly drawing round for a shot.

I had been quite round them twice, when I saw that at about eighty or ninety yards they would stand it no more. I turned in the saddle, and raised my gun just as they rose. I fired, but with no effect, as they sailed away for about a mile and settled.



I had no difficulty in coming up with them again; but when I got within two hundred yards or so, they got up. I began to think these would be awkward customers to manage, but as I believed there were no other bustards about this part, I kept on and followed them on the second flight, which was this time shorter.

A third time they objected to my proximity, and this time they rose when I got within three or four hundred yards of them, and flew for about half a mile, coming down on a barley stubble. I was able to mark the spot almost to a nicety, as they pitched close to a "*sombrajo*," or shade for cattle, made of palmetto bushes, supported on aloe poles. As I cautiously approached the place, not seeing them afoot, I concluded they were resting their legs; but when I went further and reached the exact spot, I could still see nothing of them, and yet I knew they could not have risen, as my eyes had not left the direction where they had settled. What could have become of them? All at once, to my great delight, I spied them within thirty yards of me, squatting as close to the ground as possible, with their heads down. I felt that all trouble had been rewarded; it was not a chance to be spoiled or risked by shooting from pony-back; and as I slid, facing towards them, from my saddle, gun cocked, I felt I had before me the finest double rise at thirty yards I had ever seen. As my feet touched the ground the bustards rose: one fell dead within forty

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yards, as he flew to the right; a second wheeled and showed too much white breast to be let off, as he came almost over my head, fifty yards high; the third flew to "fresh fields and pastures new;" and my only regret for the moment was, that there were no three-barrelled breech-loaders!

Half an hour later, I came across a lot of young ones. They let me approach near enough to drop one of them. So that day the old pony had a pretty good load to carry home.

## SOCIAL IMPROVEMENTS IN SPAIN DURING THE YEARS 1875—1877.

ALTHOUGH Spain certainly is free from internal civil war, still the policy of the present Government has been, and is, on many points and in many respects, reactionary, and the story of Spain since the close of the late Carlist war might fairly be summed up in the four words, "Political Retrogression—Social Advance."

The following are the social improvements to which I desire to call attention :—

1. The commencement of reformatories for boys convicted of their first crime.

2. The commencement of a reform in the present prison system, and the commencement of model prisons.

3. The opening of several new lines of railway.

4. The starting of the first sporting paper in Spain, and the impetus lately given to healthy field-sports.

5. The opening of the first hospital for children.

6. The opening of a new secular university in Madrid.

So important, in my opinion, are the two latter, regarded in the light of social improvements, that I have deemed it right to bestow upon each a separate chapter.

In the present chapter I desire to say a few words about the four reforms first enumerated in the above list.

As regards reformatories for boys, there are none at present in Spain, and the want is one greatly felt. It is, however, likely to be soon remedied. In a magnificent speech made during the month of May, 1876, Señor Silvela drew public attention to the fact of boys, and even children of tender age, being associated in prison, oftentimes for a term of many months, with old and abandoned criminals. Many able and philanthropic men, with Señor Lastres at their head (the same gentleman who lately contributed an article on the subject of Madrid prisons to the *Revista Contemporanea*), had long been at work upon the matter; and in the autumn of 1876 the foundation-stone of the first reformatory for boys was laid in Madrid, Señor Lastres having been the instigator of, and indefatigable worker for, this good cause.

This model reformatory will be shortly completed; its site will be in the *Barrio de Salamanca*.

Kindly as vice triumphant is looked upon in Spain, vice when fallen is not helped to become virtuous; and, save the terrible nunneries, there

is not, so far as I know, a single penitentiary, or home for fallen women throughout the Peninsula. It is true that there is not the same need of these institutions in Spain as in other countries, since the number of subjects for them is very small indeed, and, of these, the majority marry and settle respectably in life.

It is much to be hoped that good penitentiaries for fallen women will be added to the boys' reformatories already initiated by the efforts of Señor Lastres. And we may not only hope, but confidently predict that it will be so; for is there not already a talk of lifeboat stations for the Spanish coast? Is it not a fact that a Bill to abolish the Bull-fight was brought into Parliament by one of the King's own equerries during the session of December, 1876? And, further, have not all the Madrid papers, for the space of a whole year past, teemed with notifications that, "A branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" is shortly to be established in Madrid?

A great impetus was given to the projected reform in May or April of 1876, when, in a full Upper House, Señor Silvela, Constitutionalist, called the attention of the Government to the fearful state, the crying evils, and cruel abuses of the Spanish smaller prisons, and general rottenness of the prison system, and especially to the forty cases of jail fever, out of three hundred and fifty inmates, of the *Saladero* of Madrid. The speech brought down great applause in the House, and

this made a deep impression in Madrid—an impression the force of which has not in any way decreased.

The site for the model jail was purchased in the autumn of 1876, and on the 5th of February of the present year (1877), the King, accompanied by his sister the Princess of the Asturias, and by members of his cabinet, laid the first stone of the model prison of Madrid.

The stone was of white marble, with the following inscription in crimson and black letters :

PIEDRA FUNDAMENTAL DE ESTA CARCEL  
DE MADRID,  
DONDE COMIENZA LA REFORMA PENAL EN ESPAÑA.  
PÚSOLA AQUI LA Magestad DE D. ALFONSO XII.  
5 DE FEBRERO DE 1877.

At 2 p.m. the King and his royal sister appeared on the spot, which, despite the biting north-east wind, was thronged with spectators. Señor Aranguren, the architect, then delivered an address, in which he said that his last work had been also one of charity, viz., that of assisting at the inauguration of the first children's hospital in Spain.

The Act, relating to the new model prison, was then signed by the King, and the Home Minister. Señor Romero Robledo made a short speech, saying that one of the chief glories of a sovereign's crown was the having and using the opportunity of assisting, by being present at their

inauguration, the social improvements of a country.

The "Patriarch of India" then gave his blessing, and the crowd separated.

Enough has been said in other letters to show to all the crying need there is of better prisons in Spain. The evil, however, will not be remedied by brick and mortar, or the building of model jails, but by a complete and sweeping reform in the system.

Trial by jury is absolutely needful, to ensure anything like fairness ; the constant remand system must be swept away ; and a host of other ills, of greater or less importance, must be remedied. But I have said sufficient, surely, to show that, in respect of prisons, a great reform has been commenced ; and this, surely, is a fact that should excite the interest of all Europe, and enlist the sympathies of the philanthropic in every land.

The commencement of new lines of railway, in various parts of the country, also marks a stage in the social improvement of the country ; and, in a few years, Spain, although she clings so pertinaciously to her individuality, will become less interesting, but more prosperous and civilized : her folk-lore ; her distinctive costumes in various provinces,—these will die out slowly under the whistle of the steam-engine.

The last social improvement to which I shall draw attention in this letter, is the impetus recently given to healthy and manly field-sports.



It must be honestly confessed, that, despite the beauty and wild picturesqueness and unenclosed extent of their country, the young Spaniards are by no means a manly, although undoubtedly a very fearless set of men, and magnificent riders and swimmers. True, Spain is not a "game-country," and, in Andalusia especially, there is too little cover for shooting in many places, and the rough nature of the ground militates very much against successful hunting. Still, there is an ample field for coursing hares; and many of the trout streams of the north offer capital sport for the fly.

The usual field-sport at present is, for a party of, say, eight or nine guns, to take beaters, and have some cover or mountain-side beaten, they themselves each taking up some *puesto*, or post. Wild boar, lynxes, small deer, bustards, hares, and partridges are found in Southern Andalusia, in the woods near San Lucar; and in the Sierra Morena, where the brushwood is high and tangled, red deer and wild boar may be shot in abundance. But sporting is not the genius of the people.

Lately, however, in the Mediterranean ports, some first-rate boat-clubs have been organized, and annual regattas take place, in spring, summer, and autumn, the Spanish boat-builders having shown a marvellous proficiency in the art of building light skiffs, and turning out some first-class craft. The regattas at Port St. Mary and

Seville last year assumed such importance that the King and the Minister of Marine both, to foster the sport, presented valuable gold and silver challenge cups.

Horse-racing, too, in Andalusia has received a remarkable impetus during the last two years.

I fancy the gentlemen who, on December 1st, 1876, offered to their country the first legitimate sporting paper, called "*El Campo*," or *The Field*, took a very opportune moment for their venture.

The following remarks are from the *Gibraltar Chronicle* :—

"A new sporting paper has been started in Madrid. Its design is to imitate the English *Field* as far as it can, the title of which it reproduces in its own *El Campo*, and to give all the sporting news of Spain, together with agricultural and horticultural topics, etc., etc. The first number, which we have received through the kindness of a friend at the Spanish capital, is very well got up, on good paper, and well printed, and contains some very interesting articles, especially one on the present flourishing condition of racing in the Peninsula, and its rapid development, in the establishment of meetings in so many of the large towns. In 1875, as told us by the *Guia de Carreras*, the Spanish *Ruff's Guide to the Turf*, there were races at Jerez, Seville, Granada, San Lucar de la Barrameda, Gibraltar, Lisbon, and Oporto, and at the greater part of these they came off twice a year, giving a total of twenty-five days

racing, in which one hundred and twenty-seven valuable prizes were run for, and more than thirty thousand dollars in total value contended for by one hundred and fifty-four race horses. This year Cadiz has been added to the list of fixtures, and no expense has been spared to render this *last* addition, not the least so, to the number, as much money and pains have been spent on the course and its necessary buildings. The article we quote advocates the speedy establishment of a race-course and meetings at Madrid, and the compilation of a general code of racing rules for the whole Peninsula, of the necessity of which, now that racing has become so firmly established, we have great pleasure in agreeing with the editor, to whom we wish all success in his (in all ways) sporting venture."

The paper will be issued in weekly numbers, and the price to subscribers resident in the Peninsula will be only one guinea, while the paper can be supplied to subscribers in England at twenty-five shillings per annum.

The owner is Señor Luis Albareda, a Sevillian by birth, and a man of liberal views and of high talent. He is also an M.P., and a bit of a wag; and when censuring the conduct of the Government in relation to the Protestants of Mahon, in the Lower House, in December, caused much sensation by declaring that "the gentleman who complained of the Protestants' singing was as deaf as a mud-wall!"

The director is the Count of Cinco Torres; and

the office of the paper is at No. 12, Carretas, Madrid.

This new sporting gazette is printed on thick toned paper, and consists of twelve pages of the size of the English *Field*. The frontispiece, which bears the title, "Agriculture—Sport—Gardening," is well illustrated, and the few illustrations are well executed.

Those who love the modern *battue*, and its attendant butchery, will do well not to come to Spain for sport; but the man who loves picturesque scenery; the blue, wild, romantic sierra; the mixing with a strange, semi-savage, yet truly noble peasantry; with a spice of personal danger, and a long shot now and again, will find in Spain plenty of manly and healthy enjoyment.

## THE NEW UNIVERSITY OF MADRID.

SPAIN has had for many a long year within her fold two great enemies to education, and, therefore, to social improvement, viz., the Church and the Government.

These two great powers working absolutely, as it were, hand in hand, have done all they possibly could to prevent both the middle and lower classes from obtaining anything like a good education.

In the last Revolution, however, in 1868, it was determined to effect two great reforms in the educational system, reforms which should affect both the lowest and the upper middle class. These reforms were, (1) the erection, establishment, and endowment of *Escuelas normales*, or model schools for the poor; (2) the throwing open of the professorial chairs at the various great universities of Spain to men of any whatsoever religious and political views, so long as their moral character stood high, and their attainments were found to be great.

This was, in fact, an abolition of tests.

This latter reform was carried out entirely—the former, partially—by the poor and despised Spanish Republicans, with a zeal, a charity, and an integrity that speak well for them as a body.

Opposed as they were, and are, to Roman Catholicism as a State religion, they yet had the forbearance to say that, however Ultramontane and aggressive might be a man's principles, still, if his attainments were the highest, he should be appointed to the chair for which he might be a candidate.

Needless it is to say that, the chief talent of Spain lying among the Republicans, the majority of professorial chairs in the various universities were filled by men of that party, who were, as a rule, men of the highest talent, and occupied the same places in the estimation of their countrymen that are occupied in England by Professors Huxley and Tyndall; or by such men as the late Charles Kingsley, Montagu Burrows, Monier Williams, Goldwin Smith, or John William Burgon. All were men of real mark and talent: some, of strict Ultramontane views; the majority, Protestants; some few, free-thinkers; but all, to a man, men of pure domestic life, and of high moral principles.

With such men—the very *élite* of Spain—the professorial chairs were filled, during the dictatorships of Pi y Margall, Salmeron, and Castelar.

Nor were the Republican rulers idle as re-

garded the interests of the poor. In many and many a back-street and slum of the great cities of Spain, blessings and prayers go up, night and day, from the poor and oppressed artisans and field-labourers, for the patriots who founded the *escuelas normales*, or model schools. In the A street, it is true, the priest reigns supreme in the school, and is too careless, or too wicked, to give the children committed to his charge a good and liberal education. But in the B street, there is a model school. There, the child has a capital education given to it, for sixpence or eightpence, or nothing per week. There, the deaf and dumb child can gain instruction, the education of the deaf and dumb having been a strong point of the Republican statesmen, who desired that every Government schoolmaster should be able to instruct these unfortunates.

Time went on ; and, as is but too well-known, the Republicans—abused by the outer world, which too often identifies the name of a Spanish Republican with that of an extreme Socialist, and hampered besides by well-meaning but violent and ignorant *Intransigentes*—came to an end ; not, however, without having left their mark for good upon their country.

Among the University reforms which the Republican Government initiated was—the absolute independence of scientific research and instruction.

No such blessing, however, was to be allowed to poor Spain !



On February 26th, 1875, dawned upon the bewildered country a "Circular and a Decree" relating to the professorial chairs, emanating from the Marquis of Orovio, a man of notoriously illiberal principles, then Minister of *Fomento*, i.e., public works.

This "Circular and Decree," after a preamble, in which it was stated that, *vi et armis*, the Catholic religion must be maintained, etc., laid down the following:—

"The articles relating to the education of the country by the Ministry of 1868 are repealed.

"All the old tests, rules, etc., laid down in 1857 and 1859, are to be in force again henceforth."

At the moment of issuing this decree, men of no less reputation than Salmeron, Castelar, Azcaraté, Montero Rios, Figuerola, Linares, Giner de Los Rios, and twenty other men of real talent, of the purest morals, and of distinguished bearing, held professorial chairs; and, of course, they were men who, from conscientious motives, would not bow down, and worship the golden image which Orovio the Marquis had set up in the streets of Madrid.

Four of them protested; six or eight resigned; the rest were not only dismissed, but absolutely sent into exile!

Salmeron was packed off to Lugo, Azcaraté to Caceres, Giner de Los Rios to Cadiz, and the rest to all parts of Spain; and why? Not because they were negligent teachers, not because they were

heretics ; but simply because they refused to sign, and protested against, the narrow and arbitrary rules laid down by the Marquis of Orovio ! Some of them were, at heart, good Catholics ; but too independent to suffer themselves to be bullied by a man like the Marquis of Orovio, and his minions.

When such men as Salmeron, Castelar, Figuerola, and others of equal reputation in European scientific circles, were banished, the Government had to cast about for persons duly qualified to fill the vacant chairs ; and the professors then appointed were the slowest of the slow, and the dullest of the dull. The youths violently protested and continue to do so. There is not one spark of life left in the universities of Spain ; and that of Madrid, in the *Callé Atocha*, is now familiarly called “The school of the slow-coaches !”

What a proof is here of the gentle patience and long-suffering of the Spanish people ! Here were men, of the highest talent (witness Castelar, Salmeron, and Figuerola !), and of the noblest integrity (witness the conduct of Nicolas Salmeron, who, when President of the Republic, was asked to sign a decree of death for a fellow-citizen, and answered, “It is against my principles to do so.” “Then you must resign office,” he was told. “That I will do, to-night,” said Salmeron ; and he did it !); men of honour, talent, piety, and integrity ; above all, men pre-eminent for domestic virtues,

suddenly cast into beggary by a "Royal Decree" about which Royalty knew nothing whatsoever!

In England, such a thing would never happen without a Hyde-Park demonstration, and a thousand and one petitions to Parliament.

The sufferings of these ex-professors were extreme. If they did not absolutely "wander about in sheepskins and goatskins," like the martyrs of another and an earlier age, they certainly had to turn to becoming Press reporters, novelists, and Heaven knows what, while their wives, children, and mothers were absolutely left starving in Madrid.

However, at last they rallied around the old standard; and, urged by the prayers of thousands, and the subscriptions of hundreds, they have now at last, nobly, pluckily, and silently, started for themselves and for the country at large a new University of Madrid.

The scheme was first advertised in the spring of the year 1876; and it was proposed to collect a sufficient sum for the foundation of the new institution, by the offering of £10 shares. No sooner was this well known, than English, French, and Germans, as well as Spaniards, took shares, Brighton figuring well in the list; and the new university was in a fair way to be started.

The next requisite was, to obtain the permission of Government to found such an institution; and a petition to that effect was made in the late summer or early autumn of 1876.

The petitioners prayed for leave to found, in Madrid, a University free of Government control, of Church tests, and of Government dues.

With characteristic meanness, the Government of Señor Canovas said that, as there already existed an University (Heaven save the mark!) in Madrid, no new institution could bear that title, but that it might be founded under the title of "*Institution libre de enseñanza*," i.e., "Free Institution of Education," which title it now bears.

It will be asked, What is the good of this new university? I answer that—

1. It insures for the young the very best instructors that the country can afford, by employing all the discharged professors.

2. That it offers education at the lowest possible rate, since each student has only to pay from 10s. 6d. to 15s. for the whole course of instruction, per month. Lectures on every subject are going on all day; the students do not live in the university—two ladies were at first enrolled students.

The words "Free Institution" have given offence to some, but they merely signify "free of religious tests and Government control."

Early in the month of November, 1876, a little band of well-dressed men and women might have been seen threading many and many a narrow street, on their way to the Puerta del Sol, from which runs out the street which contains the hope of Spain the "New University." They went to

the opening of the institution, at which Señor Figuerola read an inaugural address, in which he said that surely it was better to open an institution of this kind, wherein all the discharged, banished, and suspended professors could afford instruction to the growing youth of the country, than to lose the talent and labours of such men, and condemn the youth of Spain to be instructed by men of the most mediocre talent.

The "New University" was opened. It is a modest building in a street running out of the Puerta del Sol, towards the *Rastro*; and I visited it a few days after its opening.

"Plain in its neatness," as one of the professors remarked to me, it certainly is; but it had in December, 1876, one hundred and twenty enrolled students; it has its cabinets stored with valuable geological specimens, etc.; and it is, in fact, a gallant, a noble, a praiseworthy effort to shake off the trammels of State control, and Church supervision, and to offer to the middle-class youth of Spain, a really good, sound, and useful education.

The professors—the same men so rudely turned out of house and home by Orovio, in 1875—are a noble-hearted, self-denying, intellectual set of men, and receive strangers most kindly. They are most accomplished men, speaking English and French, as a rule, fluently. I subjoin, in French, the programme and rules of the New University.

## PROJECT D'UNE INSTITUTION LIBRE D'ENSEIGNEMENT.

Il est généralement admis, malgré la diversité de vues et d'opinions, philosophiques ou politiques, qu'il est absolument nécessaire de soustraire à l'action de l'État certains ordres de l'activité humaine, qui exigent une organisation indépendante, laquelle ne doit recevoir de l'État que la garantie générale qu'il prête comme institution juridique à tous les individus et à tous les organismes. Ce principe, accepté en grande partie dans l'ordre économique, obtient tous les jours des nouvelles chances de succès dans l'ordre religieux et dans l'ordre scientifique.

Quant à celui-ci, l'histoire contemporaine nous montre la difficulté d'harmoniser la liberté qu'exigent l'investigation scientifique et les fonctions du Professeur, avec la tutelle de l'État. On voit si souvent des gouvernements profiter du pouvoir transitoire que les circonstances ont mis dans leurs mains pour servir des projets politiques, ou des intérêts de parti ! Ils méprisent ainsi la valeur absolue de la science et corrompent pitoyablement la source si pure d'où jaillissent les biens qu'elle est destinée à produire pour l'individu et pour la société.

Faire le premier pas vers l'indépendance de la science : voilà le but de l'*Institution* que nous aspirons à établir. Les bases que nous publions à la suite montrent clairement notre objet. Nous faisons appel à tous ceux qui en Espagne et hors l'Espagne accompagnent de leurs sympathies ce que les esprits libres ne peuvent manquer de reconnaître comme un des éléments les plus importants de la civilisation moderne.

Nous ne nous dissimulons pas les obstacles qu'il faudra vaincre. Mais nous avons comme gages de succès : quant à nous, notre volonté arrêtée et notre constance à l'accomplissement de ce que nous croyons être une bonne œuvre ; et quant à ceux à qui nous nous adressons, leur amour à la science leur foi dans son destin providentiel et leur sympathie pour ce chère et malheureux pays, qui n'oublie pas sa grandeur passée et attend la voir renaître pour le bien de ses enfants et de l'humanité.

## BASES GÉNÉRALES.

### I. DE L'ASSOCIATION.

1<sup>er</sup> Il est constitué une Société dont le but est de fonder à Madrid une Institution libre consacrée à la culture et à la propagation de la science dans ses différents ordres, spécialement par le moyen de l'enseignement.



2° Pour faire face aux besoins de l'Institution, une souscription est dès à présent ouverte par actions de 250 fra., payables en quatre versements égaux : les 1<sup>er</sup> Juillet et 1<sup>er</sup> Octobre 1876, et 1<sup>er</sup> Janvier et 1<sup>er</sup> Avril 1877. L'actionnaire qui n'aurait pas effectué une de ces échéances à son époque, perdrait les droits acquis en vertu des versements antérieurs.

3° En vue du résultat de la souscription, les actionnaires seront convoqués par les soussignés avant le 1<sup>er</sup> Juin prochain pour constituer la Société.

4° La Société sera dirigée par un Conseil de direction composé de neuf membres ; six seront actionnaires, élus par le Conseil général, et trois Professeurs, élus par le Conseil des Professeurs.

5° Le Conseil de direction aura à sa charge :

a. La représentation légale de la Société.

b. La nomination du Président.

c. La désignation des personnes qui doivent exercer les charges administratives.

d. La révision des comptes, qui doivent être soumis à l'approbation du Conseil général.

e. La distribution des fonds, et tout ce qui concerne les ressources de l'Association.

6° Chaque action donne droit à une voix dans le Conseil général : l'actionnaire pourra se faire représenter par un autre membre de la Société. Si quelque corporation ou particulier fesaient des dons à la Société, ou la subventionnaient en quelque sorte, il leur serait accordé à leur demande une représentation proportionnelle à l'importance de la somme. Les Professeurs auront voix et vote dans le Conseil général.

7° Le capital social formé par les souscriptions, les dons et subventions qui pourraient être accordées à l'Institution, et les produits de l'inscription annuelle des élèves, sera distribué de la façon suivante :

a. Paiement du personnel subalterne et du matériel nécessaire pour l'établissement des enseignements qui seront déterminés.

b. Paiement aux Professeurs d'une rémunération dont le *maximum* et *minimum* sera décidé par le Conseil général. Toutes les dépenses couvertes, même celles exigées par les améliorations successives qui seraient décidées, s'il résultait un remanent, il serait distribué entre les actionnaires.

8° Chaque actionnaire aura droit à une inscription annuelle à moitié prix, pour lui même ou pour la personne qu'il désignera.

9° Les soussignés, fondateurs de l'Institution, constitués en comité, exerceront les fonctions de Conseil de direction jusqu'à la organisation de celui-ci.



II. DE L'INSTITUTION.

1<sup>er</sup> Cette Institution est entièrement étrangère à tout esprit ou intérêt de communion religieuse, d'école philosophique ou de parti politique : elle proclame seulement le principe de la liberté et de l'inviolabilité de la science, et partant l'indépendance d'indagation et d'exposition, vis à vis n'importe quelle autorité, par la propre conscience du Professeur.

2<sup>o</sup> Il sera établi, selon les circonstances et les moyens de la Société.

a. Des études d'enseignement général, secondaire et professionnel, avec les avantages académiques accordés par les lois de l'État.

b. Des études scientifiques supérieures.

c. Des conférences et des cours brefs, tantôt scientifiques, tantôt populaires.

d. Des concours, des prix, des publications de livres et de revues, etc., etc.

3<sup>o</sup> Il sera de l'exclusive compétence du Conseil des Professeurs (duquel feront partie tous les Professeurs de l'Institution) :

a. Tout ce qui appartient à l'organisation scientifique de l'enseignement.

b. La nomination et séparation des Professeurs.

c. La désignation du Directeur facultatif et du Secrétaire.

4<sup>o</sup> Un règlement spécial déterminera les conditions qu'il faudra réunir pour être nommé Professeur. Mais avant tout, il sera tenu grand cas de la probité, de la sévérité, dans la conduite personnelle, de la vocation pour les études, et des facultés d'investigation et d'exposition. Tout Professeur pourra être séparé s'il ne remplissait pas une de ces conditions essentielles.

5<sup>o</sup> Le Conseil des Professeurs informera le Conseil général de l'état de l'enseignement et des moyens que l'on estime plus propres à son développement.

S'adresser pour la souscription, à M. Laureano Figuerola, calle de Alcalá, 72, à Madrid.

*Madrid, Mars 1876.*

LAUREANO FIGUEROLA,—Ex-professeur de *Droit politique comparé* à l'Université de Madrid.—Membre de l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, ancien Ministre des Finances.

SEGISMUNDO MORET Y PRENDERGAST,—Ex-professeur de la *Science des Finances* à l'Université de Madrid.—Ancien Ministre Plénipotentiaire à Londres, ancien Ministre des Finances.

FRANCISCO GINER DE LOS RIOS,—Ex-professeur de *Philosophie du Droit* à l'Université de Madrid.

GUMERSINDO DE AZCÁRATE,—Ex-professeur de *Législation comparée* à l'Université de Madrid.—Vice-président de l'Académie de Législation et Jurisprudence, ancien Directeur général des Registres et du Notariat.

JUAN ANTONIO GARCÍA LUBIANO,—Ex-professeur auxiliaire de la Faculté de Droit à l'Université de Madrid.—Chef de bureaux à la Direction générale des Registres et du Notariat.

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NICOLAS SALMERON Y ALONSO,—Ex-professeur de *Métaphysique* à l'Université de Madrid.—Ancien Ministre de Justice, ancien Président du Pouvoir Exécutif.

AUGUSTO G. DE LINARES,—Ex-professeur d'*Histoire Naturelle* à l'Université de Santiago.

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## SOCIAL ADVANCES IN SPAIN.

## THE NEW "CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL."

WHILE the eyes of the world are for ever directed towards the miserable arena of Spanish politics, and therefore discern nothing whatever of bright hope in the future of Spain, it seems to be quite forgotten that—while parties and party men, forgetting everything, and chiefly the interests of the nation of which they are the self-constituted guardians, are bickering and quarrelling over some wretched party question—there is flowing an under-tide of real social improvement throughout the length and breadth of the Peninsula, an improvement which has assumed large proportions ever since the close of the late Carlist war in the early part of the year 1876.

It must be remembered that, if social improvements be slow, it is not to be wondered at; for since the whole active good of the country is wrought entirely by the Republicans and the Sisters of Charity (a Spanish statesman, now a Republican perforce, once said to me, "I as-

sociate, and allow my wife"—she is an English lady—"to associate only with the Republicans, for I find that they compose the only pure circle in Spain"), and since these two social classes are, as regards the first, down-trodden, and their hands hampered in every way, and as regards the second, completely crippled by poverty, much cannot be expected. Still, the Republicans aid the spread of education, set an example of pure family life, and correct or expose abuses of all sorts both in and out of the Cortes, in which task they are to some extent but timidly aided by the Constitution-  
alists and the Radicals ; while the Sisters of San Vicente de P. in the south, and the Carmelites in the north of the Peninsula, devote the best part of their time and energy to nursing the sick poor in hospital or workhouse, and tending the aged poor in *asilo*, or refuge.

I propose in the present chapter to relate the founding of the hospital for sick children in Madrid, which it is hoped will prove to be the forerunner of similar institutions in the various provinces.

In the fierce autumn heats of the year 1866,\* the memorable cholera year in Madrid, there might have been seen a lady, simply but expensively dressed, going from one cholera-stricken house to another, in the lowest slums and purlieus of Madrid, the "*barrios abajos*," or low barriers, as such places are called. She stood alone of all her

\* In saying 1866, I trust to memory.

class, for noble and statesman, gentle and simple, had departed from Madrid in haste, as the terrible foe, sparing neither rich nor poor, swept on from *barrier* to *barrier*, and from shadowed street to sunlit square.

That lady never left her post ; she gave every farthing of her then scanty income to alleviate the wants and sufferings of the thousands of fellow-creatures dying around her ; she saw the “cholera carts” go by at night to pick up their ghastly load from house to house—ghastly, indeed ; for—to say nothing of livid faces and contorted limbs—others besides the Duchess of Santoña (for the lady alluded to, although then unmarried, now bears that title) saw men and women twitching with the last efforts of life—breathing, moving, moaning—thrown with the corpses into the dead-cart, and buried warm, even if not, as there is too much reason to fear in some cases, alive !

The Queen and the Ministers had fled, the former without even attempting to alleviate the sufferings of those who were falling like autumn leaves around the walls of the royal palace : the Duchess of Santoña, and a few other ladies of property, sacrificed, for the poor, their all.

Years passed ; the lady’s name was forgotten, until, a few months ago, a well-known Spanish Liberal, Señor I. Vizcarrondo, was sent for to visit two sick children in a wretched wall-hovel, in one of the lowest *barriers* of Madrid. He saw the children lying, as lie so many of the

Madrid poor, in a dark and damp and ill-odoured room, not far from the aguish banks of the Manzanares. His first object was, to get them to an hospital; but they were *in extremis*, and time and trouble must elapse before a "*certifica de pobreza*," or certificate of extreme indigence could be obtained from the *alcalde*, or mayor, of the *barrier* in which the hut was situated.

Under such circumstances, Vizcarrondo applied for pecuniary aid to the Duchess of Santoña, reminding her grace that she had aided his work so nobly in the cholera year.

The duchess said, "Why must these children die? Are there not good hospitals?" And the answer, "They must die, because they are poor," seems to have sunk into her heart.

In fact, to obtain a certificate of poverty, first from the *cura* of the parish, and then from the mayor, costs so much time and trouble that the poor oftentimes find it better to turn their face to the wall and die.

At the close of the year 1876, the duchess had, in connection with the gentleman above alluded to, conceived a scheme for founding, first in Madrid, and afterwards throughout the provinces, hospitals for sick children, on an entirely new plan. A house was at once procured, in the Barrio de Peñuelas, Madrid, and beds put up for one hundred children; first-class medical men were engaged, and an ample staff of nurses, or Sisters of Charity. In January 1877, the young King

Alfonso XII. and his sister the Princess of the Asturias, opened the hospital in person, both subscribing liberally.

Every sick child, of rich or poor, of Catholic or Protestant parents, from the age of one day up to that of twelve years, is admissible.

The hospital bears the title of "Hospital del niño Jesus," Barrio de Peñuelas, Madrid; and any one interested in such institutions who finds himself in Madrid, will do well to visit it.

Since the day of the opening—so rapid has been the growth and so deeply felt the need of such institutions—the Duchess of Santoña had before February, 1877, acquired eighty thousand feet of land near the Fuente Castellana, for the building of a larger hospital; while in other districts associations are being formed to work out a like scheme. In Madrid, also, associations have been formed to look after the health of infants and young children: to obtain for them good medical advice at their own homes when it is not practicable to send them to the hospital, and to collect subscriptions.

The hospitals are to be supported entirely by voluntary public charity.

It will here be naturally asked, What was the necessity for the present work, and what provision, until then, was made for the infants and children of poor Spanish parents in sickness?

Some who read these pages will, perhaps, recall the clean, white-washed walls, and neat little beds,



each with its tiny occupant, of the foundling hospitals, and deem that there was, before the Duchess of Santoña's work, ample provision for sick children.

But such is not the fact. For infants, it is true, the foundling hospitals provide a refuge, but in them the mortality-rate is high; and children must be sent to the common hospital, where the diseases of children are too often but little understood by the regular practitioners. Hospitals, then, specially for the treatment of infants and children's ailments, each with a staff of medical men who make that branch of the profession their "specialty," were urgently needed.

The life of a Spanish peasant child is, at best, a rough one. In the wild country villages, at the age of a few weeks, the babe is slung, gipsy-fashion, semi-naked, across its mother's shoulders, as she trudges out through glaucous olive-grove, or beneath stunted ilexes, or across sandy vineyard to her field labour. While mother hoes, or picks stones, baby is thrown down in a corner of the field on a piece of coarse sacking, and looks, like a wee bundle of gaudy moving rags; coarse yellow serge, such as is worn by the Portuguese sailors, being in Andalusia a common baby-dress. When at home, the babe rolls about the floor; and, in winter, when the family crouch over the tiny *copa*, or *braseiro* of charcoal, baby inhales a due share of the poisonous gas, the charcoal chiefly used by the Spanish poor being of the kind called "*picon*," made from the green twigs of the olive-tree.

This is the only charcoal absolutely prejudicial to health.

If illness comes on, be the doctor of the *pueblo* a man clever or not in his profession, he is unlikely to know very much of the ailments of children; and, though the passionate tender affection of the mother for the "*hijo de su sangre*," or child of her blood, is unequalled, yet a baby more or less in Spain, is not an important consideration.

Or, perhaps, the *curandero*, or quack-doctor, comes on his round, and the mother flies to seek his aid. She says, "*Mas sabe el curandero que el facultativo*—" "The quack knows more than the qualified;" and her sentiment is but the expression of the feeling throughout peasant Spain that no regular practitioner can cure a baby's ailments.

Anyhow, between rough fare, scorching sun or blinding rain, poisoned air, and quack doctor, no weakly baby is likely to live; and hence the fact of the population of Spain being, as it undoubtedly is, in physique and power of endurance one of the finest in Europe, and capable of supporting life on a mere nothing.

The exact number of children who die under twelve years of age in Spain in every ten years is no less than three millions!—an enormous proportion out of a population of only sixteen and a half millions; while the number of children dying in the capital during a like period is no less than one hundred thousand!) One half of the children born in Madrid die under the age of five years.

Medical men of experience and of science in Spain say that the causes of so large a death-rate are chiefly want of proper nourishment, abandonment by their mothers to the foundling hospitals, bad air, and want of skilful medical treatment.

The Spanish poor, as a rule, live in towns in little family parties in a large house, each family occupying one room; and, thrown so much together, generosity and kindness—that generosity and kindness which are the offspring of the sight of human suffering—flourish and abound. I lay once, in a tiny darkened room, unable to speak from fever. The only thing I needed was a lemon, and that was not forthcoming. Said my nurse, “There is a watchman and his wife in the garret, whose babe is ill; doubtless they have a lemon.” It was 2.30 a.m., and freezing sharply, but the moment the watching mother knew a sick stranger wanted a lemon, she sent down the last half of the only one remaining, and came the next morning with a present of three more.

The babe, therefore, comes in for a good share of kindness; and no one poor family would allow the child of the opposite-door tenants to starve. But the crowding of families all together in one house makes the air at times exceedingly bad, and all the drainage arrangements are very indifferent. I think I have now said enough to show that there was not only an opening but an absolute need for the establishment of hospitals for sick children.

An indirect but by no means small benefit likely to accrue, to the children of the rich as well as of the poor, from the establishment of these hospitals, will be that they will turn out a class of physicians and surgeons who have made the ailments of infants and children their special study.

The undertaking is a large one; but kind hearts and willing hands are not lacking in Spain.

The hospital of San Juan de Dios dates its foundation from the nursing in her own house of one sick person by a good Christian lady; while those noble institutions, of which there are now seven or eight in Spain, and many more in France and England, called *asilos de los ancianos*, where the aged poor find a home until the day of their death, and which are worked by French Sisters of Charity (*las hermanitas de los pobres*), took their rise in a poor village on the storm-tossed and rock-bound shores of Brittany, on the day when a fishing fleet was wrecked, and the aged widows, four or five in number, were received into the private house of a poor lady of the village. "Put your hand to the work, and God will assist it," so runs the motto of the Duchess of Santoña's project, the rules of which institution I append.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE FOUNDATION AND  
ENDOWMENT OF HOSPITALS FOR SICK CHILDREN,  
UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF H.R.H. THE PRINCESS  
OF THE ASTURIAS.

STATUTES.

CAP. I.

1. The object of this association is to protect infants and children from baneful and pernicious influences which affect their health.

2. For this purpose, to found hospitals in Madrid and the provinces, where the children will be nursed and maintained gratis.

3. To establish clinical schools of medicine in connection with the said hospitals, calculated to develop in time a body of practitioners specially qualified to cope with the ailments of children.

4. To set on foot a body of healthy, skilled, and efficient nurses and wet-nurses.

5. According to their means and abilities the promoters of this institution will make use of every latest scientific resource and knowledge likely to save infant life.

CAP. II.—ADMINISTRATION.

1. Each hospital will be managed and superintended by a committee of from seven to thirteen ladies. Members of such committee will be permanent; vacancies caused by death or retirement will be filled up by balloting.

2. From among the committee will be selected, by ballot, four ladies to act respectively as president, receiver of accounts, vice-president, and secretary.

3. Every month the committee will make out the probable receipts and expenditure for the following month, and a copy of the document will be given to the *presidenta*, for her guidance.

4. The committee meeting will be holden each week.

5. There will be a staff of lady visitors.

CAP. III.

1. The committee of ladies will be aided by one of gentlemen, who will take on themselves the settling of any difficulty, and perform any part of the work for which the ladies are unfitted, such as the balancing of accounts, etc.

2. These gentlemen will be men of known humanity and talent, and will form a committee known as "The Auxiliary Committee."

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CAP. IV.

1. A fixed staff of qualified practitioners will form the medical staff, and these gentlemen will be under certain printed rules.

CAP. V.

1. By public and private beneficence these children's hospitals will be sustained, and subscription lists, appeals, etc., will be widely circulated.

2. In their appeals, the committee will not forget to address themselves to all public bodies, such as parochial clergy, town councils, etc.

3. The rich will be invited each to undertake the expenses of supporting one cot, bed, or cradle, which will be their own special care, will bear their name, and be called a *cuna dotada* (endowed cradle).

4. Every one who subscribes twelve dollars per annum, payable in monthly instalments, will have a right to the title of "*Guardian of the Sick Children's Hospital.*"

5. And every subscriber to the amount of 10s. 6d. per annum shall have right to the title of "*Friend of Poor Children.*"

6. These titles can be engraved on note-paper, etc.

7. To lotteries, raffles,\* etc., and any other useful means of obtaining alms, recourse will be freely had. Also advertisements regarding these hospitals, printed notices, etc., will appear in the daily press.

CAP. VI.

1. The hospitals will not be opened with a greater number of beds than can be well maintained.

2. No child over the age of twelve years shall be admitted as an in-patient.

3. No certificate of poverty is needed with the child for whom admittance is asked; the parent or guardian has but to bring the sick child, and make a verbal appeal at the door of the hospital, when it will be at once admitted.

4. Immediately on admittance the clothing of the patient will be taken off, and fresh clothing supplied.

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\* Many Spanish hospitals are in great measure supported by raffles and lotteries. In the "General Hospital," of Barcelona, visited by me in 1876, the first object that met my eye on entering was a huge wheel and apparatus for mixing the lottery tickets.

5. Children not necessarily forced to keep their bed will play in a saloon, or garden, etc., where proper amusements will be provided.

6. Since, it must be borne in mind, our present hospitals will be only provisional, we must for the present decline, until hospitals be built with special wings for the purpose, to grant admittance to cases of contagious diseases.

#### CAP. VII.

1. The hospital to be built in Madrid will be the model on which all will be built and conducted. A body of young practitioners will there devote all their time to the study of children's diseases, and, when perfected, will be draughted off to the provincial institutions.

A band of nurses, or sisters of charity will be in training with a like object.

2. Every provincial association will be independent, so far as expenses are concerned, of the mother institution ; but one code of statutes will regulate all the institutions, and the chief *presidenta*, or lady superioress in Madrid, will (according to royal order, bearing date 26th March, 1876), constitute a court of appeal for the provincial institutions.

#### CAP. VIII.

1. The committee of management will not manage the accounts, that office being performed by the lady accountant, with proper assistance. She will enter all receipts and expenditure for the week in a book, and pay moneys in hand into the nearest bank. All the accounts will be open to public inspection.

2. A monthly magazine, called "*Boletín de los Hospitales de niños*," with a full account of the work going on, etc., will be published henceforth in Madrid.

3. This magazine will be supplied free of cost, to subscribers and donors.

N.B.—The Duchess of Santoña, foundress of the first hospital for sick children, will receive gratefully any donation, however small, at her Madrid residence, 30, Callé del Principe, Madrid, Spain.



*In Memoriam.*

MARIA VICTORIA, DUCHESS OF AOSTA,  
WIFE OF PRINCE AMADEO, EX-KING OF SPAIN.

DIED AT SAN REMO,

NOV. 8, 1876.

AGED 29.

IN a previous chapter an account has been given of those rough but interesting Christians, the washerwomen of the Manzanares, or, as I there called them, “the toilers of the river.”

No account of these poor women would be complete without a tribute, however feeble, of loving respect to the memory of that sainted lady, now passed to her eternal rest and great reward, whom these poor women still call “our Queen,” and who was indeed their benefactress : I mean, Maria Victoria, Ex-Queen of Spain.

The traveller who, from the beautiful bridge of Segovia, scans with dilating eye, rapt in admiration, the magnificent view around him—the brown river low-lying at his feet, with its thousands of little huts, where mess together the “*lavanderas*” of Madrid ; the gaudy, picturesque

colours of their clothes and head-dresses lining the banks of the stream, and clustering upon every little eyot, or corner of sandy vantage ground—and looks beyond to the wild, grey, barren country, and the steely ridge of the blue Guadarrama range, will see a modest red building, with its turrets and its buttresses, peeping through the tall ragged trees. This is the “*asilo*,” or refuge, for the babes of the poor washerwomen. In the bleak cold of winter, or beneath the fierce August sun, these infants were tied up in sacking, or rolling about like little bundles of rag, tumbled about the bank in rear of their toiling mothers, until the day’s work was over, and the mother, weary herself, could lift her little living bundle on her shoulder, and trudge off to her home in the “*barrios abajos*,” or low barriers of the great city.

Now—thanks to the Italian Queen—the babes have a refuge, the children a school, during working hours. Maria Victoria, “*La Reina Santa*,” as she is now called in Madrid, has gone to her rest; but her name, even in heartless Madrid, lives for evermore, and her works of mercy follow her.

It was but two years ago, that, wandering down the banks of the rushy, marshy Manzanares, with its great name and scanty stream, I came upon an old fisherman, throwing for “*trucho*,” or coarse trout, which abounds in its sluggish stream; and his first question to me was, “How are our King (Amadeo) and his generous Queen?”

In many by-streets and low barriers of Madrid the name of Maria Victoria is still loved and honoured; and the poorer and the middle classes who never mention, save with a curse, the name of any royal member of the Bourbon family, have ever ready the tear of sympathy and the word of grateful remembrance for Amadeo and his Queen. For, turn his step wheresoe'er he will in Madrid, the traveller sees written, in plain brick, stone and mortar, the memorials of those ill-used and ill-appreciated sovereigns.

Being dead, Maria Victoria still speaketh. She speaks in the modest churches built or endowed by her private munificence, in churchless Madrid—the capital of the most Catholic country in Europe, yet without a cathedral! She speaks in the small but well-conducted hospital for her countrymen, called, “El Hospital de los Italianos,” where any poor Italian sculptor (and there are said to be two thousand in Madrid) may obtain care and nursing gratis in old age or sickness. She speaks in the many charities, such as the *asilo*, or refuge, for the children of the *cigarreras*, or cigar-factory girls, which are found here and there,—charities which she, in all the whirl of fashionable Madrid court-life, in all her domestic cares, in all her exceeding delicacy of health, found time and money and opportunity to aid, to endow, to build, and even to superintend.

But, most of all, the queenly, beautiful, and tender-hearted consort of Amadeo speaks to the

heart of the poor, or the eye of the stranger in Madrid when, passing through the lordly palace-gates, he sees, as I have said, the three miles of river-scape lying spread before him; the ragged woods of the *casa de campo* frowning in the background; the river, like a distant winding army of floating pennons and many-coloured flags which betoken the "drying linen" of the great city; and in front, at his feet, the chapel, school, and refuge for the offspring of the *lavanderas*.

And if you shall enter that modest home, and seeing so many children well-fed, or well-nursed, or well-schooled, ask, "Whose work was this?" the answer will not be simply, "The Queen's," but "The Queen's—oh, she was *demasiado buena*!"

The story of her founding this *asilo* is as follows. Delicate as she was, her habits were very simple, and she loved walking exercise. Day by day she saw, and her warm woman's heart welled up in response to their sufferings, that the thousand and one babes that rolled about the banks at the foot of her husband's palace had no shelter whatsoever, while their mothers—fair-haired Aragonese, or sturdy Castilian women—were plying their rough and, in winter, too often perilous calling.

The Queen, in her plain black silk walking dress, went home, musing within herself, to her palace; and that same night (it was mid-winter, and she knew how often a flood came down and swept away, in one afternoon, three or four of

these poor women—the roar and swirl of the swollen stream can be heard from the palace windows), she said, “I shall build a chapel and orphanage and nursery for these rudely nurtured children: an orphanage for them, if their mothers die while plying their trade; a refuge wherein they may be safe while their mothers go down to the Manzanares to wash.”

King Amadeo, living with such a consort, was, and could not well be other than, a lover of the poor. He at once joined with her in her pet scheme, and the chapel, school, and nursery still stand, and are endowed, and at work and blessing hundreds every day.

There are but passing few among the Spanish aristocracy of to-day who look after or care for their poor; in Madrid, that vortex of dissipation, there is hardly one. The Italian King and his saintly consort set in this, as in many other respects, a noble example, and one not easily to be forgotten.

How dear to the heart of the Queen was this charitable work, the following authentic letter will well testify. Writing from Lisbon to Don José Olozaga, of Madrid, the late Duchess of Aosta said:—

“February 24, 1873.

“I gratefully thank the several members of the provincial deputation for all that they did for me, but truly I deserved nothing at their hands. I never did more than my simple duty, nor did I at all times succeed in doing that. My

aims were high ; my purpose upright ; further than that I could not always reach. I am so thankful that the provincial deputation will keep up my refuges (*asilos*) for the children of the poor cigar-factory women and the washerwomen of Manzanares. Far away I will still pray God that He may give to Spain, under other rule, that happiness which I and King Amadeo could not succeed in giving.

“MARIA VICTORIA.”

It will be seen that this letter alludes to the courtesy shown to her and King Amadeo by the Madrid provincial deputation when the royal couple, who had deserved so well of the country, set out on their ill-starred journey to Lisbon after their abdication, the Queen having just risen from her *accouchement*. What words can give an idea of the sweetness and loftiness of disposition that could inspire such a letter at such a moment of bodily anguish and mental mortification ?

There is a saying common among the Spaniards to the effect that they “never prize a treasure until it is lost to them for ever.” And so it would seem to have been with the subject of this short memoir. Many were the regrets expressed on all sides when Amadeo and his Queen had been driven away ; but when, on the 9th of November, 1876, the Madrid papers (such as were not in Government pay) came out in mourning, it seemed as though a nation was shedding tears.

In well-nigh every church in the capital, as well as in the principal churches of all the provincial towns, funeral requiems were solemnly sung, the buildings being crowded. In Madrid, at the requiem sung in the church of San José, thousands attended; the streets were choked with carriages; many notables, Sagasta, Topete, Prim's widow and youthful son, were present, and all in the deepest mourning. Nor only so—the poor, the blind, the maimed, the deaf-and-dumb, were there, mindful of “*La Santa Reina* ;” and many, too weak to ascend, were lifted up the church steps. The toilers of the river sent feeble but real tribute of respect to their beloved Queen's memory, in a deputation of washerwomen clad in deepest mourning.

With a copy of touchingly beautiful verses, the *Imparcial*, the ablest paper in Madrid, gave the following touching tribute to the late Queen's worth :—

“Vain, all in vain, were it for us to gather together the many memories our expatriated Queen has left behind her. Good deeds live on undimmed for ever, and she lives because she was so good to all. For that queenly Queen, for that ideal lady who has just now returned to the bosom of her God, as to her own dear and well-loved country, nothing but the fervency of Bossuet's eloquence, or the impassionate fervour of Nicasio Gallego, could hope to make a meet funeral oration, worthy of her many merits,



yet simple enough not to hurt her modesty were she living. Still keeping her heart in Madrid, she who was thus suddenly torn from us, with a discreet hand and in silence, not letting her right hand know what her left did, kept succouring the poor of our capital until the day of her death. Yet, mindful how short and fitful burns the flame of human life, she took care to found those lasting institutions of charity which should still alleviate the woes of the distressed when she could no longer do so. In the pure fame of her family life, in the churches she endowed, in the poor she succoured—in these lives on for ever Maria Victoria, our chaste, our cherished Sovereign.”

Among the many characteristic anecdotes told of the late Duchess of Aosta, I will chronicle but one. She was one of those who would deny themselves any luxury to bestow the money on those who needed it more than they did, yet extravagance she abhorred. One day, one of her attendants purchased, in the *Callé Alcalá*, a costly carpet for her royal mistress's boudoir. The carpet was brought and put down, when, on inquiry, the Queen was informed that the price would be so much. On the bill being sent in, however, the price charged was double that originally specified. The Queen drove in person to the shop. The tradesman at first did not recognize her in her simple dress. He looked at his books, and confessed to the mistake he had

made, on which the Queen simply recommended a little more care in the management of his affairs, opened her purse, and paid the account in person.

It is hardly too much to say that posterity, ever late to do justice to the virtuous, will hereafter reckon the name of Maria Victoria, Duchess of Aosta, with the names of Marguerite, or Isabel of Hungary. As was the case with the latter, early in youth her mother prophesied that she would rival Marguerite, and that her life would be as short and stormy as it eventually proved.

The malady from which the Queen died was contracted in Spain from the many anxieties of royalty, nowhere more precarious than in Spain; and dying in her husband's arms, she expressed a last desire to be laid to rest, without royal honours, at the Basilica of the Superga, where are interred the members of the House of Savoy.

I may be pardoned for adding the two following stanzas, suggested by the striking sight of a whole country, as in November last, joining to do honour to the memory of a Queen whom it first insulted, and finally forced to abdicate.

I.

Queen—saint—and martyr—all too soon laying down,  
Those graces which, like thee, few ever wore—  
Maria Victoria, though of Spanish crown  
Unworthy deemed, thou'rt crowned on sunnier shore !

II.

While grace and culture rare thy youth adorned,  
Too trustful Heaven to Spain its treasure lent—  
To Spain, which saint or hero aye hath scorned  
Living, then o'er their graves remorseful bent !

## THE CIVIL GUARDS OF SPAIN.

SPAIN has long had an ill name for brigands and bandits; and many Englishmen, to judge by the way in which they speak and write, seem to think that the leagues upon leagues of lonely hills, of wild gray undulating *campo*, with the rocky glens and tangled passes, are absolutely peopled with robbers.

I have wandered over the greater part of Spain, with a friend, or alone with no companion but a common sword-stick, and, lying down at night to rest in shepherd's hut, or melon-grower's cabin, or hill-side "*venta*," have met with nothing but homely courtesy, and felt myself ever safe in trusting implicitly to the honour of some lonely goat-herd as he has guided me across the aromatic mountains, over which his tinkling goat flock straggled homewards in the gray light of evening.

It will naturally be asked, To what is due this increased safety of travelling in Spain? And the answer is, simply and solely, to that very noble body of men known as the Civil Guards of Spain—

a body of men which has not its equal in England or in any European country ; the nearest approach to it, in organization, perfection, and military discipline being found in the famous Irish Constabulary.

The well-known Spanish poet, Martinez de la Rosa, when returning from Granada to Madrid, in May, 1833, was unfortunately an inmate of a mail which was stopped by brigands, and himself robbed. Rising to be a minister of Queen Christina, he seems to have remembered the events of the wet night at Almuradiel, and to have bethought himself of other wayfarers who might find themselves in a like position with himself on that memorable night. He accordingly organized and equipped a body of five thousand guards, dressed something after the fashion of the French gendarmerie, who should patrol highway and mountain-pass, and constitute an efficient body of town and rural police.

The development of this remarkable body of men has been gradual, but sure. The Civil Guards of Spain number, at the present moment, twenty thousand.

They are trained as soldiers to act in bodies ; as policemen, in pairs ; and as detectives, but never stooping to any act of *espionage*. Each foot guard is armed with Remington rifle, and sometimes revolver ; the mounted guards carrying a short carbine, sword, and revolver, and being in every case splendidly mounted.

The dress of these guards consists of dark blue tunic, and trousers to match, with red facings; broad cross-belt of buff leather; and three-cornered cocked hat, of peculiar shape and make, of black glazed leather, covered in summer with white linen. The fault of this head-gear is, that there is no peak over the eye, and the sun blinds the sight, and often affects the brow. This is the only portion of their uniform unpopular with the members of the force.

In cold or rainy weather the members of this corps wear a blue *capa*, or cape, reaching to the ankles, of the graceful cut, and disposed in the graceful folds, of the well-known Andalusian cloak.

The swords of the mounted guards are of Toledo make, extraordinarily massive and handsome. Indeed, in visiting one of their barracks with an English officer of heavy dragoons I learnt from him that he had never seen specimens of this arm of such fine execution.

The Civil Guards have, as their head, a military man who has seen service. They live in barracks, their wives with them, mess together, and are under military law. Every barrack is beautifully ordered, the stables clean, the horses fine. The arms and accoutrements are hung in tasteful groups on the clean walls, over the head of each little fold-up bedstead. The single men sleep in batches of ten to twenty; the married, in the "married quarters," within the barrack wall.

The “mess” is far better than that of the Spanish soldier—he eats his platter of coarse *ranchos*, on his bed, on the stairs, in the barrack square, and hides what remains of his 1½ lb. of bread under his pillow; but the Civil Guards have, if not a luxurious, at least a tidily served repast, consisting of soup, *puchero*, vegetables, and, lastly, a tumbler of the red wine of the country, and “*postres*,” i.e., cheese, and fruits of the season.

The ranks of Civil Guards are recruited in the following way :—

*First*, the sons of those who have served with credit, or have died in the force by a violent death or by illness, have an education free, and are trained to become cadets, in the College of the Civil Guards, lately inspected by King Alfonso.

*Secondly*, any soldier who has served with a high character for so many years in the regular army, if he can read and write, and is tall and well-made, can volunteer into the force.

The following is a translation of some of the most important rules and regulations of this very remarkable corps, from their manual, called “*Cartilla del Guardia Civil*.” It bears date 29th October, 1852, is printed in the office, San Bernardo, 18, Madrid, but not published. A major of the Civil Guards kindly put the work into my hands for reference. The first part refers to the duties of the privates of the force; the second, to that of the officers; while the third is occupied with a

treatise on the diseases of horses, and the proper remedies.

PART I.—*General Duties of the Corps of Civil Guards.*

1. Honour must be the chief object of the Civil Guard, and it must be preserved spotless and intact. Once lost, honour can never be regained.

2. The first conditions of existence of such a corps as that of the Civil Guards, is that its *prestige* and *morale* should be of the highest order. Without these, such a force cannot exist.

3. For its neatness, order, deportment, good morals, and spotless honour, the force must be a pattern to the country.

4. Bad language, bad manners, bad habits and rude words, must never be indulged in by the Civil Guards, who must, before speaking, ever consider the honoured uniform which they wear.

5. Ever faithful to duty, ever calm and composed in danger, ever performing its duties with firmness, dignity, gentleness, and prudence, the Civil Guard will constitute a force more respected than any force that should have recourse to threats or violence.

6. Each member of the force, be he private or officer, must strive to be prudent and longsuffering without weakness, firm without severity, courteous without being abject, and a man to be dreaded only by evil-doers and haters of order.

7. The first and principal weapons of the Civil Guards must be persuasion and moral force. Only when words and persuasion have failed must its members resort to force ; in which case, its arms shall well maintain and make felt its powers.

8. The Civil Guard ought to be looked upon as the protector of the afflicted, inspiring confidence in frightened breasts when seen. The man beset by assassins must hail his advent as his best protector. The man whose house is in flames, must see escape possible, and the flames (*in futuro*) put out with the advent of the Civil Guard. The man swept away by the swirl of winter torrent must feel himself close to the shore, when he sees the glazed helmet and blue tunic of the Civil Guard coming ; for the Civil Guard must freely render up his life for the good of any sufferer.

9. Whenever a member of the Civil Guard has the great good fortune to render a service to any one, he must never accept a reward for his action if offered, remembering that in what he has done, he has but fulfilled his simple duty.

But, apart from money, should it be his lot to receive a *kecpsake*, let him remember that such *recuerdo* is *in no sense* a reward, his



own conscience being his only reward, but a mere token of gratitude.

By acting thus, the Civil Guard will ever have his breast filled with the pride of honour, for his sole desire will be to satisfy his own conscience, and win the well-merited esteem and confidence of all.

10. But, also, the Civil Guard must be exceedingly *wary* (*engreído*), and never forgetful of his position, even when not on active duty. He must take care never to join himself, under any pretence, to bad company, nor take part in those amusements which, however harmless in themselves, are far below and do not suit with the gravity and seriousness which should characterize the individual members of the force.

11. Whether stationed in the capital of his sovereign's country, or in the loneliest *despoblado* (desert tract) the Civil Guard must never go out without his hair closely cropped, his beard being shaved at least once every other day, his face and hands washed scrupulously clean, his nails trimmed and cleaned, the leather of his boots and accoutrements, and his arms lustrous and brilliant, and his coat brushed, and, if it has been torn, neatly mended.

12. The perfect fit of the Civil Guard's clothes, and the scrupulous neatness of his person, will tend, let him be assured, in no small degree to win the admiration at once and the confidence of the public.

13. The Civil Guard must wear no private clothes, but ever be in his uniform, and never be seen with a strap undone, or a button wanting. He must be a pattern of neatness. No one trusts a slovenly dressed man.

14. Whenever by chance the Civil Guard meets a friend, or a comrade, he must greet such an one without hallooing out (*gritos*), and without shaking hands, and his greeting must be curt and distant.

Nor may he ever call such friend by any nickname (*apodo ni moto*), since nicknames are of little credit to those who make use of them.

15. The Civil Guard will not sing, nor otherwise amuse himself in the highroad with any amusement unworthy of his high character and position. His silence and serious demeanour will make his presence felt far more than the arms that he carries.

16. He will be *attentive* (*atento*) to all, always yielding the right side of the street, not only to his *own* officers, but to the justices of the town, and the authorities, whether civil or military; but *especially* he will be courteous to all ladies: thus shall his demeanour be for some a pattern of subordination and deference

to duly constituted authorities ; for others, of studied politeness ; and, for one and all, an example of good breeding.

17. He will take care scrupulously to fulfil his duty as regards saluting the officers of the army, according to the rules in vogue ; and when called upon to salute generals, governors of provinces, and the chiefs of his own *tercio*, he will take off his hat in the following dignified fashion : “ *Cogiendole por el pico del enmedio, y bajandole con aire al costado derecho, de modo que la escarapeta quede tocando el vivo del pantalón,*” i e., lowering it with an air of pride to the right side, and just allowing the cockade to touch the edge of the trousers.

18. In his selection of companions, the Civil Guard will affect chiefly his brothers in the same corps ; but, while ever esteeming *their* company first, to cement the friendship and freemasonry which should exist between members of the corps, he will also mix with all and any in the town who are deservedly esteemed for their honour and high character.

19. The Civil Guard will never enter any house or habitation of any sort or kind without saying “ By your leave,” or “ Give me leave :” and he will never call any one “ *patron* ” or “ *patrona*,” as do common soldiers. He will enter a house, hat in hand, and will keep it in his hand until his departure.

20. When fulfilling special duties, such as examining passports, separating groups of people, and the like, the Civil Guard will always say, “ Do me the favour ” ( “ *Haga usted el favor* ” ) or “ *Tenga usted la bondad* ” ( “ Have the kindness ” ) ; and will treat all with courtesy.

21. When engaged on making a report to his superior officer, the Civil Guard will salute him, with or without arms ; he will tell his story without any comment in a modulated and respectful voice, speaking slowly, standing square, and, if without rifle, with his arms falling to the side.

22. In giving information of any occurrence, the Civil Guard will be careful to give the names, age, residence, and occupation of the person he may have apprehended ; and if there be any witnesses of the crime, be it robbery, murder, arson or what not, he will enter into like details regarding them also.

23. If the Civil Guard would become a master hand in his craft, he must make himself master of all particulars regarding such persons as are loiterers and seem without occupation (*holgazan*) and yet always are well-dressed, and with finery ; and he must also keep an eye on men who, by notoriously filthy and immoral lives, come within the class of “ suspicious characters.”

24. Should the Civil Guard find a man in the road so badly

wounded that he may die before the next village can be reached, he must take there and then his declaration, etc. (See Form II).

25. The Civil Guard must mark such persons as, without any ostensible reason, are constantly leaving their own houses ; he will examine their *cedulas de vecindad*, or passports, and see if they are genuine ; and if a crime be committed in the neighbourhood, the Civil Guard will inquire where such persons were at the hour of its committal.

This carefully observed, hardly a crime will remain of which the authors are not discovered.

26. In no case whatsoever will a Civil Guard enter any dwelling house without asking permission. If permission be refused, he will send to the *alcalde* of the town or district for a "*benaplacito*," while he himself remains watching the doors and windows of the house in question.

27. The Civil Guard will abstain with the greatest scrupulousness from drawing near to listen to the conversation of any knot of men in shop, casino, street, or private house ; for this would be an act of *espionage*, and, as such, wholly foreign to the office, and beneath the dignity of a member of the force.

28. It accrues to the duty of the Civil Guard to pursue and capture every breaker of the law, especially assassins, robbers, wounders ; and to stop any brawl.

29. If the force of Civil Guards ever finds itself overwhelmed by numbers, reinforcements must be sent for from the barrack, or, failing that, the town police must be summoned.

30. The Civil Guard is not a dependent of the justice of the place where he is billeted ; but he must give his services, if required so to do by the civil authority, and that according to his *own* rules, etc.

31. The Civil Guard, in certain cases, if he should find the civil authorities of any town allowing evils to continue which they might check, must carry a complaint to the highest authority, the governor of the province.

32. Each Civil Guard will always carry with him pen, ink, and paper ; the warrant of his office and identity ; the description of any person of whom he is in search ; and a copy of this book, of which he must know the chief rules by rote.

33. Never must the Civil Guard betray a confidence, or betray the name of an informant. Any such breach of confidence shall be chastised with the utmost rigour and precision.

PART II.—*Service on the Highways and By-ways.*

1. When on duty on the royal roads (*caminos reales*) or the coach-roads, the Civil Guards will search constantly copses and thickets to right and left, lest they should harbour some bad character.

2. This work will always be performed by pairs, walking ten or twelve paces from each other, to prevent surprises, and be able the one to cover and protect the other in case of attack.

3. Such couples of Civil Guards will interrogate shepherds and wayfarers, to know if they have seen any suspicious characters, etc.

4. If they hear of such character being in the neighbourhood, they will make constant sallies at night in pairs, and search all hill-side taverns, sheepfolds, corrals, etc.

5. Let each Civil Guard bear in mind that from 3 a.m. to sunrise, and from 6 p.m. to two hours after night-fall, are the times when most crimes are committed.

6. Experience teaches that, since the establishment of the Civil Guards, robbers generally live singly, having certain rendezvous.

7. In case of crime, not only the house of the suspected criminal, but that of his victim must be searched.

8. The pairs of Civil Guards must never have fixed hours for going their beat.

9. One part of their duty is to be at every point where coaches or diligences cross each other's path.

10. They must keep a vigilant eye upon *gitanos* (gipsies) and such people, and find out how they live, etc.

11. Since the gipsy is ever a wanderer, and moving from place to place, the Civil Guard must watch to see that he does not lift horses or cattle.

12. By royal decree of August 22, 1847, every *gitano* is obliged to have a warrant from the mayor of the last town through which he has passed, saying how many, and what kind of horses are his own. If he cannot produce this document, he must forfeit his stud.

13. The Civil Guards will always or generally return home by a different road from that by which they went out.

14. The Civil Guard must stay (save when on pressing business), to help the owners of broken-down mule-cart or coach, and help any distressed traveller.

15. To any one who has lost his way, the Civil Guard will carefully point it out, especially in the time of snows, torrents, or inundations, which are so frequently fatal to the wayfarer.

16. Should the Civil Guard find any ownerless horse, broken-

down car, or lost property, he will have it deposited with the nearest civil authority.

17. The Civil Guard, when he meets with blind, lame, dumb, beggars, etc., will look at their papers, and get them to some shelter ; and if any man begging seem to have been a soldier, he will try and obtain for him shelter in the nearest *cuartel de invalidos*, or the poor-house.

18. The Civil Guard will aid road-makers, if in any danger ; and act, if needed, as escort to any conveyance carrying money, etc.

19. The Civil Guard will see that no one injures bridges, landmarks, nor excavate a hut from the cliff where a road runs just close below it.

20. By royal order of 20th June, 1845, every one may be impressed to lend his boat, night or day, to the Civil Guards, but let no Civil Guard abuse his power as regards this privilege.

### PART III.—*Protection of Persons and Property.*

1. After his various duties in country, on highway, and in desert places, the Civil Guard will consider it his duty to protect all persons and properties, and to aid in putting out fires on mountain tract, or house, or farm, etc.

2. Should a fire break out in a town, the Civil Guard must be on the spot, and aid in extinguishing it ; but far more must he do this in those out-of-the-way places where the means of grappling with a fire are small and slender ; at such, he must be on the spot at a moment's notice, and wait for nothing.

3. He must see that no one, save those interested, and the authorized helpers, enter the burning house ; for at such times evilly disposed persons, under pretence of offering aid, come but to rob and add to the confusion.

4. By his serenity, calmness, and courage, the Civil Guard must give confidence and lend courage to all his fellow-workers.

5. In presence of earthquakes, hurricanes, tempests, destroying houses and properties, the Civil Guard must see that property saved is placed in the hands of the nearest authority.

6. The Civil Guard must watch trees and mountain crops, to see that they are not hurt or destroyed.

7. The Civil Guard must have an eye to vineyards, and crops by the side of the highway, which are, unhappily, too often plundered by wayfarers.

8. Any person found damaging such crops, etc., he must take into custody, and hand over to the nearest competent authority.

9. If the Civil Guard see any one gathering or pretending to

gather herbs in a vineyard, etc., he must inquire of them their right so to do.

10. He must take care that dove-keepers shut up their dove-cotes throughout the close months of October and November, that the flights of birds may not damage the springing crops. Also he must see that from the 15th of July to the 15th of August the pigeon-houses be shut ; but this last will be regulated by the season, and the *part* of the country where he is on duty.

#### PART IV.—*Passports.*

1. The Civil Guard has a right to demand to see the passport of any one, civil or military, on highways, and in lonely places.

2. But he must not enter hotels, etc., for this purpose ; as such an office belongs to the police.

3. No one need carry a passport while within twenty-four miles of his own dwelling, save strangers and travellers.

4. A foreigner, seeking to land from a vessel in a Spanish port without his passport, may be detained on board by the Civil Guard.

5. The Civil Guard, in examining a passport, must carefully observe if it has any marks of an erasure, or is written in differently coloured shades of ink ; if so, he will consider it “suspicious.”

(And so on ; in all seventeen articles on the examination of passports.)

#### PART V.—*Use of Arms.*

1. No one in Spain may carry arms without a licence.

2. But olive-guards, guards of vineyards, road-makers, etc., may carry arms.

3. Seven months’ imprisonment, and a fine of 100 ducats, is the punishment for using arms without a licence.

4. The letting off of fire-arms within a town is prohibited, as it may cause a fire, or do personal injury.

5. An ordinary single-barrelled gun is the arm permitted by licence, but clasp-knives with a spring (*navajas de muelle*), daggers, sword-sticks, pikes, and sword or sabre, are not even legal.

#### PART VI.—*Hunting and Fishing.*

1. Let the Civil Guard remember that, while land-owners may shoot and fish over their own property all the year round, those who shoot over commons and public grounds must not shoot (save vermin) in the *close season* : i.e., in the Northern provinces, April



1st to September 1st; and in the warmer provinces, March 1st to August 1st.

2. In times of snow, and in misty weather, shooting is not allowed.

3. Bird-decoys and bird-nets are to be taken by the Civil Guard when used for other purpose than the taking of flocks of quails.

4. From March 1st to July 30th, fishing, save with hook and line, is unlawful.

PART VII.—*On Deserters and Run-away Seamen; Arrest of.*

PART VIII.—*On the Laws of Contraband.*

PART IX.—*On Illicit Games.*

1. Illicit are the games of *cané, vicis, monte, golfo, el parar, la ruleta*, and others, all of which the Civil Guard is to stop at once.

PART X.—*On the Escort of Prisoners.*

1. In his fulfilment of this duty the Civil Guard must ever join humanity to strictness of duty.

2. If a Civil Guard allow any prisoner to escape, he (the Civil Guard) shall himself be considered as such prisoner's substitute, and perform his sentence.

3. Every prisoner must feel himself safe from insult in the Civil Guard's hands.

4. The Civil Guard must hold no sort of conversation with any prisoner, male or female.

5. The Civil Guard will exercise his discretion—he will allow to the sick a mule-cart, or to the foot-sore a donkey; he will tie prisoners two and two in passing through a wood or defile.

6. The Civil Guard will never eat, drink, or smoke with, or purchase anything for, the prisoners under his charge.

7. On arrival at each prison where halt is to be made, the Civil Guard will hand over to the proper authorities his prisoners, and obtain, ere he departs, a receipt for them.

After the rules for the escort of convoys of prisoners, follow, in folded pockets, a number of "Formulas," consisting of the list of questions to be put to, and notices to be taken of, the wounded,



when found—formulas which give a vivid idea of the amount of homicide in the country, especially in Andalusia.

The second division of this small but elaborately written volume relates almost exclusively to the organization of the force of Civil Guards.

It declares that the force is dependent upon the Ministry of War as regards *personnel*, dress, organization, and internal discipline; and enacts that a general of the regular army shall always be its elected head, and bear the title “Director Coronel General de la Guardia Civil.”

The force is subject to military law; the drill is military (the force has twice during the last few years acted in masses with the regular army); a section of fifteen mounted, at least, and a company of foot guards, form a *commandancia* under a major, or commandant, and two to five *commandancias* form a *tercio* under an officer of higher rank.

By the statutes of the force its ranks are to be composed of (a) soldiers of two years’ good-conduct service, and (b) discharged soldiers, and (c) cadets.

But, in the Basque Provinces, where a word is spelt “Solomon” and pronounced “Nebuchadnezzar,” and where, until the present epoch, there has been no conscription, the Civil Guards are necessarily natives of the same provinces, and have, therefore, rarely served as soldiers.

Every recruit must be above twenty-two and under forty-five years of age on joining; must

stand five feet eight inches ;\* must read and write, and never have been defendant in any civil or criminal action.

The guards pay for their uniform, Government supplying horses, forage, saddles, rifles, and side arms, belts, etc. Promotion is awarded according to merit and seniority, and as a reward for any signal act of service ; and officers are constantly, if not always, chosen from the ranks. The pensions for aged members, and gratuities to widows and orphans are on the same scale with those in the Spanish army.

A few words on the discipline of the force will not be out of place.

Offences are divided into grave and light, the grave being as follows—the breach of any written rule ; inexactitude in performing duty ; gambling ; contracting debts ; frequenting taverns or houses of doubtful repute ; being an associate of bad characters ; betraying a secret ; and accepting a bribe or reward of any sort.

To the commission of these crimes the following punishments are assigned—arrest and confinement ; fines ; removal to another company, under strict surveillance ; loss of seniority ; dark cells (*calabozos*) ; dismissal from the service ; and the being sent to serve as a common soldier in the “condemned regiment,” called “*Fijo de Ceuta*.”

\* Owing to a dearth of men, this rule has lately been much relaxed.

As regards pay, the following is the scale :—

<i>For the Staff.</i>				<i>Per annum.</i>
Colonel Director	...	...	...	9,000 pesetas.
Colonel	...	...	...	7,500 „
Commandant	...	...	...	4,800 „
Captain	...	...	...	3,300 „

<i>For Officers and Men.</i>				
Captain	...	...	...	3,300 „
Lieutenant	...	...	...	2,425 „
Ensign	...	...	...	2,100 „
Sergeant	...	...	...	978 „
Corporal	...	...	...	891 „
Private (1st class)	...	...	...	807 „
Private (2nd class)	...	...	...	702 „

The pay of the cavalry is on a slightly higher (five per cent.) scale.

After this, follow certain articles regulating the dress and accoutrements of both officers and soldiers, and an exceedingly clever but short and simple “Veterinary Manual,” for the guidance of the cavalry.

The remedies prescribed are exceedingly simple, and easy to hand, and much weight is attached to rubbing any part affected with the hand.

In proof of this, I may say that once, when staying in a lodging-house in Madrid, a lady from the country was seized with cramp in the stomach, and the first question she asked, was, “Is there any one among the servants who has *gracia* in her hand?”

## SOME REMARKS ON THE REGULATIONS OF THE CIVIL GUARDS OF SPAIN.

I PROPOSE to offer a few remarks on the rules of the Civil Guard of Spain as illustrative of (1) the scenery, and (2) the habits and character of the population.

In the first place, it will be observed that a great part of the duties of the force is, to protect wayside or mountain crops from harm. The greater part of the country is, virtually, unenclosed, huge blocks of stone, in many districts, being placed as landmarks.

In Andalusia, the hedges are of aloes, or *agave*, and are full of gaps; the vine droops gracefully in autumn, with its now yellowing leaves, over the wayfarer's path, and coyly discloses its wealth of purple bunches of grapes—a sore temptation to a thirsty traveller; or the path runs through glades of olives, and, at night, it were easy to pluck a couple of handkerchiefs-full, or to load a donkey's panniers with—

“The gray-leaved, the nutritious olive;”

and, with a bit of bread, and a dozen or two of olives pickled in brine, the Andaluz can live. He is very poor, and the temptation is sore indeed; too often the poor fellow succumbs to it.

On the sides of the wild, far-spreading blue hills—the famous, the romantic sierras of classic Spain—you see here and there, in shelves of the crags, little, white, shining houses: these are the shooting-boxes of the rich, each one in charge of some aged dependent of the family, who, content, for lack of better fate, to end his days in these wild solitudes, lives there, tends his decoy birds, and smokes his cigarette, and only visits the outer world at the rarest intervals. Wandering along the blue ledges of the sierra, you enter his little home; the “*ornilla*,” with its stew-pan placed upon it, is sending forth a flickering blue flame. The gude-wife and the old man, his gun (flint and steel) standing at his side, are watching, and dozing over the preparation of the evening meal, the savoury *puchero*. Two or three muleteers stop to rest for a few minutes, and then pass on their journey. The mules are hungry, and the crib at home is empty; the old man’s plot of mountain *cebada* (barley) is hard at hand, and they cut a few sheafs of it, pack it on their mules’ backs, and amble along, singing some melancholy ditty, and hardly conscious of having done any wrong!

How often is the stranger in Spain surprised, during the summer heats, as he beats homeward on his nightly way, by a sudden glare, and blaze

of light, spreading perhaps for half a mile along the hills above him! This is a "*mountain-fire*:" a cigar ash has dropped; the heather, just now like tinder, has taken light, and the lurid glow soon attracts the *Civiles* to the spot.

Nor let any one think lightly of the storms, tempests, hurricanes, and inundations in Spain, which oftentimes offer a field for the services of the *Civiles*. When the rains of autumn fairly commence they pour down in tropical abundance; the roads, from one lonely village to another are destroyed, the bridges swept away; and many a lonely traveller has to look to the good offices of the Civil Guard to give her a shelter for the night, a guide and boat for the coming day.

The money with which the carbineers and other Government officials are paid is all sent in cart-loads of *coppers*, from one town to another; the cart breaks down, or the road is impassible, and the *Civiles* must furnish an escort.

Much, too, is said, about service in the *despoblados*, i.e., desert places; and no one, who has not seen it, can conceive an idea of the desert nature of many districts in Spain. In Estremadura the traveller may wander on for ten miles without seeing other sign of life than the locust, or, perchance, some semi-human swine-herd, piggish as the beasts which he tends; while in Lerida (a province of Catalonia), he may stand on some sandy knoll and survey, for a radius of ten miles around him, nothing but sandy, deserted, wind-

swept wastes, with only, here and there, a deserted hut to show that man, now and then, has dwelt here.

If the rules of the force, relating to mountain crops, desert districts, and the like, furnish a striking commentary on the scenery and character of the district, no less do those relating to conduct and courtesy give a very fair side illustration of the nature of the population with whom the *civiles* have to do.

With a semi-oriental, passionate race, like the Southern Spaniards, fiery as the sun which bakes their *campo*, and fires their hills and olive groves, strangely sensitive to every little courtesy, and maddened at any rudeness,—(“You may try to jockey me, if you like,” say the *gitanos*, or gipsy horsedealers and butchers of Cadiz, for *two* can play at that game; but, don’t insult me; for I cannot insult you in return!”)—with such a race, self-respecting courtesy and manner are everything. And so the Civil Guard, on first joining, learns, as one of the earliest rules of his order, that he is to be “very courteous (*atento*), especially to ladies, and yield always the wall-side of the street to others; but never to be abject.”

How beautifully this rule is carried out, would hardly be conceived by those who have not seen the *civiles* performing the most arduous and painful duties, such as searching a house, with the utmost attention to courtesy.

Dress, again, we all own to be something; but



to Southern Spaniards it is everything. A man may be starving, but he will have on a clean shirt, and a decent "*capa*" in winter. A girl may come to spit blood for want of proper food, for she only gets a *franc* a day as a tailoress, and works from sunrise to sundown, finding her own thread ; still, she will have her decent black dress for Sundays, and her neat *panuela* for her head. So the Civil Guard is scrupulously exact and neat in his dress ; no clothes fit so well as his ; none are so scrupulously brushed ; no *capa* has folds so gracefully arranged across his broad shoulders.

And "his nails are to be pared." With many Spaniards, especially of the lower-middle class, the fashion is to never cut the nails ; they often protrude to a point one-half or three-quarters of an inch beyond the finger, and are looked upon rather as a sign of manly vigour. This custom, however, is dying out ; and the *Civiles*, taking the initiative, trim their nails like good Christians.

It will also be observed that the Civil Guard is not to use nicknames in addressing those of his acquaintance ; and this rule illustrates one of the most remarkable features of social life among the lower classes—every one has a nickname. Even state things and statesmen do not escape, and the famous Castelar is called "The Virgin ;" the Lower House, "*El Congreso de Gitanos*," i.e., "The Assembly of Gipsies" (N.B. *Gitano* often stands for rogue and thief!), and, still more derisively, "*El Lavadero de los Mulattos*," i.e., "The Wash-

ing-place, or Laundry of the Blacks!" And so, every notorious thief, whose own name is barely known, is notorious as "The Curate," "The Saint," "The Swift-foot," "The Broad-mouth," and so on; bull-fighters, peasants, are in most cases nicknamed after some physical peculiarity. The respectable portion of the community, however, disregard these nicknames, as they are constantly offensive, and in many instances are the cause of quarrel. Hence the Civil Guard is ordered to reject them.

Nor is he to call any one "*patron*," or "*patrona*." It would seem rather a descending to extreme minutiae to place on a policeman's list of regulations, in England, "You are to call no one 'the Master,' or 'the Missus';" but, in Spain, the case is far different. There, titles are everything, and to stand well with your fellows you must be scrupulously punctilious in addressing them by their title of courtesy.

These little amenities of life are as oil to grease the social wheel in moneyless Spain; they are harmless, pleasant, easy, and create a good and kindly feeling; and, above all, they are much remarked. I have heard an aged maiden lady of sixty quarrelling with her servant for ten minutes, because she called her "*Señora*," *i.e.*, "My lady," instead of "*Señorita*," *i.e.*, "My little lady;" the latter being the proper term to apply to a lady until she is married. The servant, in this case a Valencian girl, with a keen sense of the ridiculous,

remarked to her mistress that, "as she had lived so long unmarried, she thought brevet-rank was only her due." On this, the lady discharged her ; but, in the evening, going into the pantry, I found the two dining together off the same board, in the most friendly fashion ; and, on inquiring the end of the quarrel, the lady assured me that, "Poor creature ! she is witty, and quick-tongued, but has a good heart ; she says she simply won't leave me ; and, in fact, she has bad teeth, and can't eat peasant's fare ; so we have mutually forgotten our little difference." Would that all English mistresses were as simple and as forgiving !

But to return to the use of the words "*patrona*" and "*patron*." The word "*patron*," in Southern Spain, is properly applied to the master of a fishing smack, trading vessel, or small harbour steamer. Its next application is to the landlord of a cheap lodging-house ; and "*patrona*" is applied to a woman who lets cheap lodgings. These words have now, however, become terms used by common soldiers to the landlord and landlady of the house where they have their billet, and hence have become somewhat terms of reproach. Anyhow, I have often been sleeping in a respectable Spanish house, when some soldier, or friend's servant, or peasant has come to seek me, and asked for the "*patrona* ;" and the lady has invariably said, "Your friends seem of rather a rough order !"

Several of the regulations of the Civil Guards, it

will be seen, relate to the strict surveillance to be exercised by them over the wandering part of the population, especially the *gitanos*, or gipsies. A great part of the population of Spain is, as regards the young men, migratory; they get other men's papers, change their names, take a turn in the hills, get journeyman's work, to evade the conscription or avoid arrest, and, getting short of work, form a dangerous and semi-criminal part of the population, and are, consequently, strictly watched by the *Civiles*.

The *gitanos* are chiefly horse-dealers and butchers, and are expert thieves. As a rule, they will not pick your pocket, but will "lift" a horse or a few mules in the night, and be off with them to the nearest horse-fair.

The climate of Southern Spain is semi-tropical; work is scarce; the men are idle and semi-oriental in habit; they can live on a few farthings per diem; to pay the rent of a house is the rub with all: so the rougher ones take to the wild *campo*; excavate a cave out of some overhanging piece of cliff or rock; buy a small three-legged table for a franc, and two stools for the same sum, and a small barrel of *aguardiente*, which little stock-in-trade, displayed in front of their den on some out-of-the-way day-labourers' path, gets them a reputation as "*Ventorillos*," or "Way-side stall-keepers," and the *Civiles* have to look after them and their trade, and see that the "*casa*" is not scooped out to the imminent danger of themselves and the passers-by.

Thousands, in spring, summer, and autumn, save rent by living in this *al fresco* fashion!

The robbers and outlaws, again, lurk in these places, and in *hatos*, *ganaderias*, and *ventorillas*; and hence the order of the Civil Guards is to search all these places. During 1875 and 1876 some twenty determined robbers, murderers, or escaped convicts were, after a desperate resistance, shot down by the Guards in such wild places.

In Spain, every one sings—a wild, plaintive, mournful ditty, of cadences that rise in a moment and drop as suddenly. Your servant sings as she sweeps the room, your guide as he walks beside you. This is a mark of being “off-duty,” as a Spaniard with money in his pocket or on pressing duty would not do so; hence the *Civil*, who is ever supposed to be on duty, is forbidden to “sing on the highway.”

Neither must he be a gambler; that is, he must not gamble directly for money, yet he may and does take his ticket in the various Government lotteries. Difficult it is for a stranger to Spain to conceive the excessive love of these people for gambling of every sort and kind; it amounts with them to an absolute passion; it clings to them in prison, where they gamble away their last shirt; and the love of it is seen even at the bedside of death, when some grizzled, hoary-headed old peasant, who can neither read nor write, will look up and ask, “Has the son of my blood won the provincial lottery prize?”

In fact, the excitement of gambling takes, to a very great extent, the place of the relaxation and interest offered by books and bright conversation.

Many, indeed, are the rules of the force decreeing who are and who are not privileged to carry arms.

In Spain, not because the country is so insecure, but from a natural love of display, and from the constant imminence of a quarrel, every one carries, or seeks to carry, arms. There are very few who, in the moment of a fray, are found unarmed.

Olive-guards, vineyard-guards, *peones*, i.e., road-makers, are allowed to carry arms in virtue of their respective offices. Peasants all carry the *navaja*, or pointed clasp-knife: *this* is lawful; but to carry the *navaja de muelle*, i.e., clasp-knife with a spring, so that once opened it cannot be shut, and acts as a dagger, is unlawful. The *Civiles* are allowed by law to deprive any one of a *navaja de muelle*.

The *Civiles* are also to look after all those who “*holgazan*,” i. e., loiter about, dress well, yet have no ostensible means of livelihood. This article is a most instructive one. This is a country in which two-thirds of the population wish to live, and *do* live, at the expense of the other third; and there is a class of men who are called “*chulo*” or “*chulillos*,” who make, or pretend to make, love to a woman, and call her their “*novia*,” or sweetheart, living all the while, like dastardly cowards, on her slender earnings. In Madrid, this is one of the commonest



forms of crime (for I can call it by no softer name), and hundreds of really sweet-natured, generous, hard-working girls, go to sup with their "*chulillo*," and find, at the end of the meal, that they, and not he, must pay the reckoning. The degrading nature of their life naturally betrays these men into offences against the law of their country, and they form a most abandoned, if not absolutely dangerous, class of the community.

In every sort of plague, pestilence, or sudden death the Civil Guards' services are called into request: in the storms of winter they assist the drenched, penniless, and benighted traveller; in the summer heats, when the wine-cup passes freely, and blood is hot, they pick up the stabbed man on the road, take his dying declaration, and carry him to the nearest hospital; in the spring, too, they have to superintend the service of the many battalions of regular troops who are told off to aid in the extirpation of the locust, that plague of Southern Spain. In winter, these insects are often said to be flying over from Africa to the Peninsula; others say that they are hatched in the waste-lands of Estremadura. The provinces chiefly infested each year are those of Cartagena, La Mancha, Ciudad Real, Estremadura, Toledo, and Salamanca, by which it will be seen that the plague extends from Cartagena to the north-west, passing south of Madrid, and thence, jutting on the confines of Portugal, northward to Salamanca.

The locusts have amounted to a plague in



Spain for not more than eight or nine years. They perpetuate their race by eggs, for the reception of which they make, with their mandibles, little *canutos*, or hollow tubes, like kernels of pine nuts ; in these they deposit the eggs, carefully close them up, and cement them all over so perfectly that they can resist damp. These little tubes they press and fasten into the earth, until hidden. They always choose the hardest earth, and that which, in their belief, will be untouched by the plough. They lay eggs in August and September, and these lie in the earth until April, when they begin to develop. The popular fallacy in Spain is that every egg takes five years to hatch. The eggs are so small that they cannot be counted, but each *canuto*, or case, contains upwards of a hundred. When the egg first develops itself, it is called *en estado de mosquito*, which shows that its size is insignificant and like a young mosquito. When fully developed, the *langosta* has four wings, the two inside not serving for flight ; it has six feet, two of which are longer than the rest, and furnished, for springing, with a saw of sharp points. The length of the locust in Spain varies from one to three *pulgadas* (a *pulgada* is equal to one inch, or rather less). The plans in vogue for destroying these animals are (1) to sweep them, with brooms and branches of trees, into large bags called "*butrones*," and then bury them in deep pits ; (2) to open trenches transversely in their line of march, and to fill them in with earth

when the insects are within them. But all operations against the locust must be performed in the first and earliest stage of its development; and the hurry and scurry of the troops sent down to wayside stations to extirpate the locusts is a most picturesque and striking sight, the four or eight stern, stalwart, self-respecting *Civiles* meeting the raw lads at the station, and telling them off to their duties. For, in the early spring, or not at all, the plague must be checked; the only time to extirpate these pests being when they are as yet unhatched fully by the sun. Once let the full force of the spring sun smile on them, and these myriad hosts will start into life, and "make the Garden of Eden a desolate wilderness." So quickly does heat hatch them, that, if you place a *canuto* of eggs in your pocket, the heat from the body will bring them all into life in twelve hours. When once fully developed and on the wing, the flying hordes eat every green thing, except the leaf and fruit of the red tomato; and so great are their numbers that, only two years ago, a train was stopped in the province of La Mancha or Ciudad Real by masses of these insects piled up, like driven snow, along and upon the line.

But whether guarding the King's person in the capital, or tracking a gipsy horse-stealer in the gray *campo*, or superintending the extirpation of locusts, or quelling a popular insurrection, the Civil Guard does his duty, promptly, fully, bravely,

and skilfully—above all, tenderly. He unites tenderness to sternness, and performs the most painful duties in the most delicate manner. See him, rifle on shoulder, marching beside those unhappy convoys of men and women prisoners, who, *en route* for Ceuta, defile, on donkey-back and in mule-cart, down the dusty road that leads from the country into Cadiz; how kind he is to the foot-sore! (though the foot-sore, helped on to donkey-back, invariably sits with his two feet between the donkey's ears!)—how readily he attends to the complaint of some unhappy woman-prisoner, whom the present generous Government of Madrid now forces to walk on foot, be she *enceinte* or no, from prison to prison, on her route to her destination!

Nor, tender as he is, is the Civil Guard at all afraid of shedding blood. In a country where a murderer of the blackest dye, may, if he has money or influential friends, escape punishment through a bribe to the judge, the Civil Guard is only too ready to act on a wink from the powers that be at Madrid. He is, say, escorting a *Terron* or a *Lozano* (both noted freebooters, the former shot on the march by the Civil Guards) from one prison to another—men, he knows, whose hands are red with gore, yet who, if brought to trial, will never be brought to justice.

It is well. He must rid the country of such a pest, for he carries the heart of a patriot beneath his coarse blue frock-coat—no man more so.

The pale, large, yellow moon scarce sheds its

light in this rocky ravine ; there is not a house or human being within a radius of five miles. The prisoner is told to prepare for death—that death which he has dealt to so many of his fellow-creatures. He walks on a few paces, like one in a trance, yet scorning the while all fear of death. Two rifle shots ring out, and their echoes peal across the dusky *despoblado*, just startling the ear of some vagrant goat-herd, who fancies it is but a *cuzador* (sportsman) discharging his piece at hazard on his homeward way. In the morning, the jailor of the nearest prison, in lieu of giving a receipt for “ the prisoner so-and-so, brought here by such-and-such a pair of *Civiles*, safe and sound,” has to give a receipt for a dead body ; and the Government papers the next morning sum up the matter in three lines, “ *Fulano*, being escorted from —— to ——, tried to escape ; so the pair of Civil Guards escorting him shot him dead in the pass of the rock.”

I do not defend this summary system of justice on its own merits ; but I say that it has been productive of the greatest blessing to the country, and will still be useful, so long as the poor and friendless man is garroted without mercy for one crime, whilst his richer brother is allowed altogether to escape condemnation for ten murders.

## SPANISH POLITICS IN 1876.

THE year that began with political and social clouds and darkness, and has run its slow course of retrogression tamely and sluggishly, seems about to end with the unusual physical phenomena of a month's uninterrupted rain-pour, a bitter cold, and floods and inundations that spread, beneath a heaven of appalling darkness, death, destruction, and suffering through the length and breadth of this most unhappy land.

Our review of Spain's history during the past year must needs be a sad but not necessarily an uninformative one.

By a tyrannical and corrupt Government, pursuing a policy of enforced centralization for which the country is wholly unfitted; by the wickedness of its rulers; by the evil machinations of a corrupt and bigoted priesthood, which has steadfastly set its face against education of every sort;—by all these, and other equally baneful influences, the country that, from the capture of Granada, broke forth from its mountain fortresses,

and under Charles V. aimed at an almost world-wide empire, stretching from Europe to Africa and America, has now sunk into a third-rate Power, occupied chiefly with political intrigue, with civil discord, petty religious persecutions, and with difficulty keeping for its own the few colonial possessions that still are left for its consolation.

It was but in the 16th century that Hernando de Acuña, poet and soldier, beloved of Charles V., sung—

“Nuestro consuelo de cielo  
Un monarca, un imperio, y una espada”—

(“Our heaven-sent consolation is, that there will be in Europe but one monarchy, but one empire, but one sword”) and now the Spanish bard, devoid of hope or, at least, of high aspiration, tunes his lyre to themes of his country’s pristine glory, or boastfully vaunts the few merits that she still possesses.

But facts speak more loudly than mere words or theories; and the history of the past year, briefly but succinctly told, will best show “the glory has departed!”

The chief events of the year have been the passing of the new Constitution; the close of the Carlist civil war; the curtailment of religious liberty; the visit of the heir to the English throne to King Alfonso; and the return of the Ex-Queen Isabella to Spain.

The new-year’s waking and wondering gaze saw the Cortes Constituyentes summoned, and the deputies to the Lower House everywhere being

elected by force. The balloting-box was tampered with, and its silent records falsified. In the lonely *pueblos*, near Gibraltar and San Fernando, the wondering peasants were warned by ministerial agents that, unless they recorded their vote for the ministerial party, their strips of cornland and corners of olive groves should be wrested from them. Canvassers for Sagastine, or Republican or Radical parties were imprisoned. A loaded blunderbuss tied to the ballot-box, and a file of police spies did the rest of the work, and a *Minoria* of some thirty or forty Liberal members found themselves in this "Representative House," face to face with three hundred supporters of the Government. Seville, Cadiz, Barcelona, great cities Republican to a man, sent up (as their representatives) supporters of Señor Canovas and his reactionary policy. Some great men crept into Parliament, allowed for very shame so to do, such as Castelar, Sagasta, the Marquis of Sardoal, Leon y Castillo, Albareda, and a few others.

Force of numbers stood opposed to force of talent, and the sittings commenced, the King Alfonso XII. and his sister, the Princess of the Asturias, opening the spring session personally and in state.

All this time the Government, with D. Antonio Canovas del Castillo as its prime minister, had its hands full with the civil war in the north, then raging, or rather smouldering. Spain had an army of three hundred and twenty thousand



soldiers under arms, all requiring prompt payment, and such generals as Moriones, Quesada, and Primo de Rivera were at work in the mountain districts of the Carlist territory.

Levy after levy of raw troops was sent to the north. The sufferings and hardships were awful, but well, if fruitlessly, borne.

The weeks went by. At last it was determined that the King himself should take the field at the head of his army; this he did, being nearly made prisoner by a night surprise of the Navarrese battalions. At length, overpowered by numbers, and badly officered—their chiefs in some cases, doubtless, bribed, in others coerced into surrender by the evident hopelessness of their position,—the Carlist army laid down its arms, the Pretender fled across the frontier to England, and his chief officers made, where possible, their escape to French territory. The flight of Don Carlos was anything but dignified; the long and loyal resistance made in his favour by hardy and ignorant peasant hordes, Basques, Guipuzcoans, Arragonese, Navarrese, and Catalans, merited a better recognition on his part of their services. They, in his cause, had lost as well their individual fortunes as their much-prized provincial *Fueros*.

The wished-for peace had come at last. The ragged Alfonsist soldiery were returning from the north, to fair Andalusia, or the corn-bearing Castiles, or fertile Valencia; and the wine-cup

went round gaily ; and son and mother, long to one another lost, crouched in *cariño*, long pent up over the flickering ashes of their *brasero*.

Meanwhile, Spain was still under martial law, under a *dictatura* not yet abolished ; and the Lower House had commenced to pass the primary articles of that new Constitution which cuts at the root of the liberty of the subject, of the liberty of the press, of religious toleration, and of the liberty of education.

But the war of many years was over ; and its conclusion it was determined to mark by a great national festival.

The battalions of war-worn and ragged soldiery (in March) were massed together to the number of, say, forty thousand at the capital. And the famous "*Campamento de Amanuel*," or encampment on the outskirts of Madrid, in preparation for the grand "march-past of the Alfonsist army" was formed.

Scarcely had the last provincial battalion marched out of the capital, when a fresh host—this time a host of invaders, soon to prove destructive as a Carlist army in their march—made its appearance in the neighbourhood of Seville, Madrid, Cordoba, Jaën, and amounted to a perfect plague in the neighbourhood of Ciudad Real. Born first in the waste lands of lonely Estremadura, so it is said, the locust has for some time been a plague in Spain. But now, from at least a dozen provinces, came telegrams to the ministry of Fomento, announcing that, in all their *despoblados* (for this

insect instinctively only places its ova in untilled lands) the locust hordes were springing into life, and company after company of the worn-out soldiery was told off and despatched from the capital to burn, sweep into sacks, bury, and beat to death the new invader.

In Ciudad Real, however, the cereal crops were nearly lost.

The month of April, 1876, was marked by a more pleasing and hopeful invasion of Spanish territory than that of the Carlist or the locust hordes. Fresh and sunburnt from his Indian adventures, the Prince of Wales and his suite landed at Cadiz about the middle of the month, and, on his way to visit King Alfonso at Madrid, passed on to Seville to spend, in that stately city of the past, a few days of well-earned rest.

The garden party in the grounds of San Telmo palace; the sunny racecourse, with the sails gliding down the classic Guadalquivir at its far boundary; the morning passed by the Prince and his suite in the unique cathedral, where, if memory serves me right, the stolen San Antonio had just been restored to its peculiar chapelry; then the visit to the Mosque of Cordova, and the journey to Madrid through a country whose fields, as yet unburnt by the summer sun, lay smiling in all their wealth of wild flowers and their promise of abundant cereals;—all these events, chronicled at the time, are fresh in the memory of Englishmen.

Nor will the Prince himself ever forget his warm reception by the King and his ministers, as well as by the populace; his visit to lordly Toledo, and its wealth of armories; his morning at the Escorial; his entertainments by the Dukes of Fernan-Nuñez and Baylen, and the banquet at the British Embassy; or the splendid appearance of the veteran troops reviewed by King Alfonso, his Royal Highness, and the Duke of Connaught, when the latter, a soldier to the core, turned round in his saddle, and said, in a voice that all could hear, pointing to the mounted Guards "What a magnificent body of men!"

Truly, as the well-dressed ranks stood along the Prado on that 25th of April, no one would have recognized in them the dusty, ragged veterans of the *Campamento de Amanuel*!

When, at the close of April, on its last Sunday afternoon, the Prince and his suite left for Lisbon, there was only one feeling pervading all ranks, namely, that of consciousness of hearty good feeling between the two nations, so long allied in other days.

May was ushered in by the observance of the "*Dos de Mayo*," in memory of Murat's cold-blooded act of butchery, with unusual military display and solemnity; the solemn mass was said in front of the obelisk on the Prado, and Madrid kept decent and respectful holiday. But May was destined to be one of the most important months of the year, in the annals of Spanish history. The Lower House

commenced its discussion on Article XI., now so famous, by which religious toleration is or is not to be secured to the nation—it remains uncertain : *adhuc sub judice lis est.*

That stormy debate occupied eighteen days ; the House was thronged ; the debate culminating in the thrilling speech of Castelar—a speech deemed by Government so telling that their advocate, Moreno Nieto, was put up on the tribune to answer it. Then came the voting ; and the Article was passed, amid the tears of ladies in the gallery, and the denunciations of the bishops. One violent *Moderado* speech, that of Píal y Mon, marked the course of the protracted debate, in which he compared a Protestant chapel to a brothel !

And now, after all the sound and fury signifying nothing, it remains uncertain whether or no the two words “*manifestaciones públicas*,” do or do not allow a notice on a board on a Protestant chapel !

On the 14th, came Silvela's slashing attack, in the Senate, on the prisons of his country ; at the same time, the south coast was notable for a large emigration to Africa ; and a Bill to make the Alhambra of Granada Government property was nipped in the bud by the force of public opinion.

The only cases affecting British interests, were the murder of a seaman in Malaga harbour on board the *Clementina* ; and the refusal of the

Government to liberate the British subject Pratt, who still lies in the dens of Ceuta or Melilla, and whom all the representations of Mr. Layard have hitherto failed to release.

Meanwhile, at railroad pace, the majority in the packed Congress passed article after article (including one to prevent foreigners from founding schools or colleges) of the new Constitution.

The disbandment of the soldiery (eighty thousand receiving their discharge in May) was a striking feature of this month. At every station mother met son, and sister brother, the soldiers returning, orderly and quietly, to till the smiling cornfields of Andalusia, each in his undress uniform, and with the tin canister containing his discharge slung round his neck. Each breast was ablaze with coarse but gaudy medals, and every village held fair and festival in olive glade or under trellised vine.

There was joy in the provinces.

June, ere the Cortes suspended its sessions, was marked by a notable speech on army reform, by General Lopez Dominguez, of Crimean and Cartagena fame—a speech uncrowned by any marked or immediate success.

Agriculturists may care to know that thirty reaping machines were introduced into Spain, by an English firm, and worked well during July and June. Literary men may be interested in the fact that when the first volume of the work on Banditti in Andalusia, called “El Bandle-



rismo" appeared, the author's life was repeatedly threatened; but the book is still appearing, and is of transcendent interest.

A terrible railway accident, and the death of Fermin Caballero, the litterateur and statesman, closed the month; and with July the capital emptied, and the summer heats commenced.

July and August are only to be remembered by the cruel tropical heats. In shady houses the thermometer reached one hundred and thirteen degrees in the shade; day labourers refused to work, and in Seville a law was passed forbidding people to sleep in the open streets. But reactionary works still proceeded *sub rosa*; the Liberal periodicals received their baptism of fire; and their persecution, suspension, and pecuniary mulcts commenced, and continue as violent as ever to the close of this unhappy year.

September is chiefly to be remembered by the issue, in Paris, and circulation in Spain, of Ruiz Zorilla's famous "Constitution," or *Manifiesto*; a document which has been condemned, simply because it has not been studied. Its provisions—save that sweeping one which refers to the redistribution of property—are humane, logical, and excellent, and were they carried out, would be a real gain to the country.

But Zorilla and Salmeron selected a most inopportune moment in which to give to the world their political views.

The three closing months of the passing year,



in which Señor Canovas in things political, and in things civil General Martinez Campos have played the prominent parts, have not been devoid of interest—an interest which reaches beyond the confines of the Peninsula.

Early in the present quarter, the Ex-Queen Isabella took her departure from Madrid for the Moorish Alcazar of Seville, and already in that most Liberal capital her baneful influence is beginning to be felt. Received without a cheer, and with a few hisses, her Majesty has lost no time in transforming Seville into a mediæval court.

One of the higher official authorities in that royal city writes as follows :—

“Seville has returned to the Middle Ages. Priests, bandits, bull-fighters, and Bourbons are once more flourishing. Daily *rosarios* thread the winding streets of the city, long unaccustomed to such sights, and many of the higher classes, with lighted tapers in their hands accompany the white-robed *padres*, singing litanies in no musical voice.

“The Duke of Montpensier does his best to eclipse his sister-in-law in these externals; and, as his purse is the longest, is undoubtedly succeeding in his enterprise. Bourbon-like, the two wish each other anywhere than at hand, but are ostensibly on the most affectionate terms.”

While the Ex-Queen was restoring the follies of a mediæval age in Seville, the Carlist priest-

hood in the wilds of Catalonia attempted to restore the age of pilgrimages to Rome. About one thousand five hundred peasant girls and men from the wastes of Lerida, or the hill villages of Arragon, or the vineyards of Tarragona, were entrapped into embarking for Civita Vecchia, and spent the hard-won earnings of months in a miserable sea voyage, and a three-days' friendless sojourn in Rome.

Nor was the retrograde movement in religion confined to Seville or Catalonia. The Protestants were fiercely assailed, and their services of song forcibly stopped at Mahon, in the Balearic Isles. At Madrid their sign-boards were painted out by the police at night; while just at this time, strangely enough, the Bishop of Gibraltar founded two new chaplaincies in Spain (of the Established Church of England), viz., those of Madrid and of Barcelona.

Spain had long turned a wistful eye to Cuba; and Canovas, already fearfully crippled by the *Moderado* party, looked with mistrust on its military leader. So the desperate and last effort has been made to retain Cuba, "the Pearl of the Antilles," and General M. Campos finds himself at the head of the old Cuban army, and twenty-three thousand new and fine troops from the Peninsula. He promises, with General Jovellar, to do for the island what he did for Catalonia. But he has a more deadly foe than Carlist bullet to contend with, in the shape of the fatal diseases of that

unhappy but fruitful island. An alleged Republican conspiracy, in which neither Zorilla's letter, nor the woman who carried it, have ever appeared, but for which several of the Radical ex-generals were arrested, gave an opportunity to Señor Canovas's Ministry in October to proclaim the country unripe for constitutional government. So the country continues, as heretofore, under martial law, and lord or hind may be arrested and locked up without a hearing, or sent off to the fortresses of Cadiz, or across the Swiss frontier in chains. The opening of the Free University in Madrid, with an inaugural address by Figuerola, closed the month of October; and scarcely had the November rains commenced to fall when a telegram announcing the death, on the 8th, of the Duchess of Aosta, the saintly Ex-Queen of Spain, brought a tear into every eye, and Madrid was for a while in mourning, and the poor and suffering whom the Queen's liberality had aided, thronged the requiem *misas* at church and chapel.

The Robert Huelva murder case, after years of delay, was decided at Seville, and the murderer received the just sentence of the law. A speech by Castelar against the centralization system, and by Albareda against the Mahon persecutions, closed the month of November, during which month the "Circo" theatre was burnt to the ground.

The closing days of the year will be best, but bitterly, remembered by the poor for the rain-fall

and inundations, which near Huelva and Badajoz swept whole villages away, flooded Seville, and spread misery and death broad-cast through the land.

Man's wickedness has added to Nature's harshness, and the flight of a sham banker, who gave three hundred and sixty per cent. and fled, after £800,000 had passed through her hands, leaving a train of ruin and suicides in her wake, has added an additional pang to the sufferings of the overtaxed and groaning population.

The Cuban loan was found to have been raised at fifty per cent. The town councils and mayors were ordered to be henceforth elected by local suffrage. The suspension of Liberal papers continued. The closing debates in the Lower House were stormy but fruitless.

For coming years it is hard to utter any predictions; but such men as Sagasta, Ulloa, Castelar, and Alonso Martinez may be looked upon as certain to play an important *rôle* in their events.

The records of the year 1876 are not happy, nor are prospects bright for the future: there is little confidence in the present Ministry and of that bright hope for a coming year which ought to animate a nation just emerged from the miseries of a protracted civil war.

## BRIGHTON FISHERMEN.

“Three fishers went sailing.”

## PART I.

SOME years ago, when living on the beautiful South coast of England at one of its largest fishing stations, I became anxious to know how our fishermen fared at sea, and what manner of men they were.

“*Experientia docet*,” I remembered, and so I resolved on going with them to sea on the first opportunity.

I soon heard, through an old boating ally, of “three steady young chaps, as would like a gentleman out with them. Besides,” added my friend, “if you go next week, there’s whiting in the Channel.”

One bright morning two of the crew of the fishing smack *Betsy*, “20 S.M.” (S.M. means Shoreham, where the boat is registered), appeared to claim me. In five minutes I was ready, and you would have smiled at our appearance and

commissariat. I wore an old suit of sailor's clothes, borrowed for the occasion, for these boats are tarry and dirty; took with me a railway-rug for a blanket, and—four new large loaves, a “hunk” of bacon, 1lb. black tobacco, tea *ad libitum*, cheese, and a stone keg of rum.

Off we three tramped to find “the master.” Nor had we long to seek, for in the tap-room of the Star and Garter he was found leisurely smoking his short black clay, and enjoying his farewell glass of beer, for the boats take neither beer nor spirits to sea.

The master had a splendid muscular form; a weather-beaten, handsome face, though a shade too reckless. He was equipped in seaman's boots and blue jacket, and was quite a picture, with his cask of water lying at his feet. He was one whose office of master evidently depended on his superior ability and pluck. He looked me over somewhat contemptuously (I was but a landsman), gave a nod, and off we tramped to the beach. You know the Brighton lugger—a capital half-decked sea-boat, measuring from ten to twenty tons? The *Betsy* measured ten, and was manned by two men and the master.

A boat like this costs, when new, about £80, and the nets for “trawling,” some £30 more. Ours was a “trawl-boat.” Trawling means dragging the nets along the fishery beds at the bottom of the sea, for whiting, sole, turbot, mullet, gurnet, etc., etc. We tumbled into the

boat, and in a moment she had slid into the sea, a huge white-crested wave baptizing us with a drenching shower.

It was a lovely hot autumn day, with a fresh breeze off shore, and as the men spread the brown sails and shifted the ballast, and we sped along, now on the crest of, now dipping beneath, some sunlit wave, I could not but think, as the long line of white houses faded from view, and with them the cares of life seemed left behind—this life of theirs at least has freedom to recommend it.

The master presided at the rudder; the older hand sat to the fore; the lad went down to “arrange”—as he called it—the stores in the dark little chamber, which was at once bed, kitchen, sitting, and store room.

I lit my short clay, and sat down beside the master. And never have I met a nicer fellow. Very shrewd and observant, though wholly uneducated; gentle as a woman, yet brave and manly, as a true man should be; with a firm and simple faith in God’s providence and the power of prayer, though he never entered a church; fond, as all sailors are, of women, and true to one woman only, he certainly put to the blush many a “gentleman’s” morality. Perhaps this constant holding of one’s life in one’s hand; or those quiet night hours of watching, and oftentimes fasting, when the soul must commune with its God, are to these poor rude men the instruments which brace and yet make tender and devout their heart and



soul. Sail after sail that dotted the blue sea around us faded from our sight one by one, and we had nothing to look at, so we chatted on, and some of our conversation may interest your readers.

“What’s in that keg, master?” I inquired. “Beer?”

“Bless you, sir, we never take beer to sea. And if you’ll believe me, sir, in my own heart I feel that I am better without it, healthier and happier too. You see, there’s no temptation aboard, and we enjoy our victuals. Ashore we have a drop here, and a drop there, and mischief’s done.”

A haze was gradually creeping over us, and my thoughts wandered to the possibility of so small a craft as ours being run down in the obscurity of a sea-fog. I communicated my thoughts to the master, and he told me he had no fear at all of homeward-bound vessels; “they always keep a sharp look-out, and sound the fog-horn every few minutes; they have scarce ever been known to run a vessel down.” The “outward-bound,” in his opinion, were to be feared. “Why so?” I asked.

“Well, sir, the sailors coming out of the Thames are often sleepy with drink, and lie about the deck; but those on the return are not likely to have had much drink.”

I asked whether our craft wore, as by law required, a light at her mast-head by night, and the master said, “Never,” in a voice that left no room for hope. I inquired why not, and the

reason he assigned was that the first Brighton lugger that obeyed the order was run down.

“You see, sir, the ship as ran her down was in trouble, and thought by the light she were a pilot, so they ran her close, and down she went. As long as I live, I’ll never carry a light.”

How narrow is the mind and how obstinate are the prejudices of the uneducated! I tried, but all in vain: no argument of mine could convince the master that the exception did but prove the rule!

The diet on board is very simple. Tea, bread, and tobacco are the staple. The quantity of washy tea these poor fellows drink in the course of the day is enormous. Every two or three hours the mug of weak tea, cold or hot, is served round, and followed by the inevitable clay. At last it was dinner time, and we tumbled down into the steaming cabin, to find two or three half-cooked lumps of bacon soaked in vinegar, and a lump of bread apiece. It was rough, but rendered enjoyable by its novelty and simplicity, and I really enjoyed it,—the dirty cabin, the simple fare, the hearty welcome, the noise of the sea, which had now risen considerably higher, gurgling and sawing at our backs.

The *Betsy* was a good seaboat, and the master loved her well. Next to his *Betsy* at home came in his heart the *Betsy* at sea. “Mother’s money helped to buy her,” he said. “She *were* a good ‘un;” and her £40, for which she had toiled very

hard, had been found under her pillow at her death, the sum just completed ere she died, to buy for her son the whole of (until then he had owned but half) the *Betsy*.

These poor fellows get a boat by degrees. By hard work, and going out in all weathers, they save, say £20, and buy a quarter-share in the boat they fancy; and if they have luck, at last they own a whole boat, and are dignified with the title of “master.”

Of Peter, the second of my crew, I have not spoken. Peter was old and poor now, though he had once been a “man-of-war’s man.” He had been offered a snug berth in the Preventive Service, but “father and father’s father were smugglers, and it didn’t seem right to go dead against them, did it, sir?”

The bond of union between Peter and the master was touching enough: the two men had married sisters, and Peter’s choice was gone. “He,” said Peter, pointing to the master, “has got a woman to love, and God Almighty’s taken mine. It seems queer, but so it is.”

“Poor fellow!” I thought, “thy rude philosophy is not without its depth. How many of us, looking on the problem of life, can but echo your remark! ‘It seems queer’—aye, and hard too,—‘but so it is!’”

Peter’s great treat in life was, he told me, to sit at the master’s fireside of an evening, and, pipe in mouth, to gaze into the face of her who was so

like his own partner. As he said himself, the tears running down his furrowed cheek, "She 'minds me so of my Mary."

I was struck and delighted with the purity of tone in which these rough men spoke of women. In all their love songs, with which we cheered the gray morning, and in all their strange stories, not one word was spoken of women which our own mothers and sisters could not listen to. Yet these men make no profession of religion, are not particular about using an oath or giving a blow, and seem to have no religious exercise whatever beyond taking to sea a tract to read in a calm!

Evening was wearing on, the breeze had completely sunk, and a thick haze was gradually creeping over us, that made all things look exaggerated and spectre-like. We could not take any bearings, but supposing ourselves to be on "the beds," about eighteen miles off Shoreham, we let down the trawl. The trawl is a large net, stretched upon a long heavy beechen pole that lies on the side of the boat, and heavily leaded. It is let down some forty-eight yards by a small windlass, and as the boat drifts through the long night with the tide, it covers some seven or eight miles of the fishing beds dragging along the bottom. Sole, turbot, mullet, gurnet, whiting, and skate are caught in this way. The trawl was let down, the sails furled, and we began to drift eastward with the flowing tide, though to a landsman's eye we seemed quite stationary. A regular sea-fog

now set in, and we could not see one another's faces. "We'll have a risky night of it," said the master. We tried our fog-horn, a mere shell. Alas! it refused to give any sound. Lights the master objected to on principle. Yet he was anxious, and strained his eyes and ears the livelong night, for indeed, as he observed quietly to me, "If we fall in track of a vessel she'll be aboard of us afore she sees us."

Thus hour after hour we drifted with the tide, and could not see one another's faces, save when, every three hours, the mug of tea and the short pipe were handed round, and the dripping deck illumined for a moment by the blaze of a fusee. It certainly, to one unaccustomed to it, was an anxious, solemn time, calculated to make one thoughtful. Nothing to be seen but the weird phosphoric flash at the side of the boat as the ropes dragged through the water; nothing to be heard but the wailing fog-horn of some belated fishing smack, or vessel passing up the Channel. Our thoughts were not of the cheeriest, and the only subject on which the master spoke was suicide! A young woman of his acquaintance had killed herself—"a nice, clean woman," he said; and he thought it a double mistake in her case, because she was "so young like, and so clean."

The tension of listening for a vessel in our track was extremely trying to me, and at last I took a mass of dry net, wound my rug round me, and fell asleep on the dripping deck, to dream of

wrecks, and suicides, and fog-horns, and Mr. Tainsh's charming volume, "One Maiden Only," which I had read on board. But sleep soon forsook my eyes, though given—

"To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,"

who freely slept below, and left the two older hands to watch. And truly, we all three thought the night very long, and "wished for the day." We did not speak much, for we were intent upon catching any sound that might betoken an approaching vessel.

As, from time to time, to make sure he was awake, I called "Master, master!" my thoughts naturally turned to One who in olden days deigned to be called "Good Master," and with whose presence had our boat been blest, the hunk of bread had not failed, nor the net come empty to the surface, nor the fog-horn wailed so incessantly across the dark and misty sea.

For all these mishaps were ours! As gray morn broke, and we wound up the nets, we found that the take was very small, and of that quantity many of the fish were "rubbish." The fog had misled us, and we had not been on "the beds." The sea-fog again wrestled with the sun, and defeated him; and in the thick mist and calm we waited, wet, and hungry, and disappointed, for our bread and bacon were gone, and our tea was all our store.

For lack of employment, we got out hook and



line, and fished for whiting, baiting with little squares of other fish. Fortunately, we lighted on "the beds," and caught, in an hour, forty whiting, off which we made a sumptuous breakfast. Then we got out our long heavy oars, worked in front, from the stomach, and slowly pulled toward shore. Of course, we were too late for the "market," which any of your readers who will rise at 6. a.m. may see on the beach at Brighton each morning. A pretty sight it is,—the little boats coming in from their night's work, and bringing their take to shore, where it is sold, amid a rough but civil crowd of fish-dealers and fishers, by that peculiar process called "Dutch auction."

Well, my friends, you certainly win your bread hardly enough! You have to contend against the terrible sea-fog, you often are kept out at sea, day after day, by the south-west gales, while sea after sea breaking over you forbids you even your lighted fire or cup of warm tea. Your nets may foul a piece of wreck, or some huge dog-fish may find himself caught, and he will surely eat his way out, and all his companions will escape with him. And, after all, at the end of the year, when you reckon up your wages, you have not earned more than, if so much as, the labourer whose life certainly has safety and home to recommend it. Good-bye, dear master and Peter! and wherever I am, I shall think of your hearty welcome, and your tarry boats, your warm hearts, and your many risks.



## PORT ST. MARY FISHERMEN.

“Three fishers went sailing.”

## PART II.

I HAVE spoken, in my last chapter, about three fishers of Brighton, with whom I spent a night at sea. I gave you my experience of the character and conversation of these three Brighton fishermen; in the present, I give my readers a story of three Port St. Mary fishermen; and, in the third, and concluding chapter, which is in verse, I take them to the shores of the Sacred Sea. And if any say, inquiringly, why do you call it “*three* fishers?” I answer, that the Spanish fishermen think the fishermen of the Sacred Sea who loved Jesus Christ were only three (!) in number.

They say, “Three Marys, three fishers;” or, in their own tongue, “*Tres Marias, tres pescadores.*”

The three Marys are a by-word and a joke amongst them; for they call them “*Maria Satanas,*” “*Mary Barabbas,*” and “*Maria de todas los demonios,*” i.e., “Mary the Devil,” “Mary Barabbas,” and “Mary of all the Devils!” Nor wonder, my reader, at the indecent scurrility of the joke. The Church has preached, but not practised, in the sight of the poor fishers of the sea; and, so low is their respect for her, that they say, in common

converse, "D—— the priests! they talk about *Catolico Apostolico Romano* religion; but we say, instead of that, *Catolico Apostolico Marano*," i.e., "Catholic Apostolic Pork," the word *Marano* signifying pork, or pig's flesh. The Spanish south-coast fishermen reverence the three fishers of the Sacred Sea, and love them well, and pray to them and the Blessed Virgin; and wear, as we all do whenever we go to sea here, the little bleeding heart of Christ—of red flannel sewn on white.

But now we have to tell a tale of "three fishers" of *Puerto Santa Maria*. The English drinker of sherry knows this little riverside and seaport town as one of the chief seats of the *Bodegas*, or cellars of Jerez wine. Others, who have visited it and lived there, will remember it as a peaceful, stagnating town of six or seven thousand inhabitants, lying along the banks of the peaceful Guadalete, with its sluggish, yellow stream. Rich sherry merchants and time-honoured families live in simple luxury in its one grand street, the *Callé Larga*, or Long Street—a street so deserted in its external aspect that the saying goes, "You never see but one person in the *Callé Larga*, and he is always going round the corner!" There is another, and an older quarter of the town—the *barrier* of the fishermen, and the gipsies, and the very poor. Their brown, naked children are for ever swimming in the stream as it nears the sea. Their nets are ever hanging out to dry, in graceful folds, down

to the stretch of white and glistening sands that extend along the shore towards Rota, and run out into the dangerous bar, fringed with a background of stunted pinewoods springing out of the wind-swept, shifting sand-hills.

The climate is one of perpetual spring. The venerable English consul, Charles Campbell, Esq., thinks, and with some reason, that there is no climate on earth like that of Puerto! The doctor—perhaps the cleverest physician in the whole of Spain, Don Lorenzo Barrios—says that Puerto has but one fault—it is too healthy!”

The painted wine-shops fringe the banks of the quiet river, and, within hearing of the rattle of their castanets and the stamp of the fandango, you may see, along the silver sands, the flocks of rose-coloured flamingoes sunning themselves on many a summer's morn, as the *faluchos* spread their brown sails, and beat out idly across the treacherous bar, bound for Cadiz.

In such a climate, beneath such a sun, in such a stagnant state of trade and population, a race of fisher lads grow up to be men whose only passions are love and wine. No one can tell, who has not witnessed it, the depth of sexual passion in this reckless, hot-blooded, semi-Moorish race.

Southern Spaniards are naturally a gregarious race. They live, many families in one house, each separate family occupying one room. And the fishing-trade forms no exception to the general rule: no boat sets out alone; they start, and fish

in pairs, and bear the name of “*las parejas*,” i.e., the pairs, or couples.

They are fishing-smacks, of from ten to twenty tons, much like the Brighton lugger; but they are a more rakish-looking craft, and, for rig, they all carry the simple lateen sail—clumsy enough to manage in a gale of wind and a rolling sea, when the shortening of sail can only be accomplished by the taking in of a reef at the top. But they are splendid sea-boats—better than those of the Brighton and Devonshire coasts—and, always in couples, they keep close together, and a crew is rarely lost.

Each boat carries a crew of three to ten fishermen. Now and then a black-eyed *gitana* girl, wife of the *patron*, or captain, is seen in the cabin, cleaning a lettuce, cigarette in mouth, as the boat stands out to sea.

These men are a reckless lot. They have little faith, if any, in prayer, but great faith in charms and relics. If you go to sea with them, and they see your charm, they say, “It is well; you could not do more.”

They do not drink to excess. In this climate the wine does not fly to the head: it is “*vino tinto*” of the country—rich red wine, with but little alcoholic strength. They too, like the Brighton fishermen, take only water to sea; and lettuces and cabbages, which they eat raw, with raw fish. But, day and night, the coffee-pot is on the tiny charcoal fire. Tea, save in a case of illness, is an unknown luxury.

The religious element enters into even the nomenclature of the boats: each one is "*Santo Maria*," or "*San Pedro*," or "*La Virgen del Carmen*;" or "*La Inmaculada Concepcion*." A secular name for a boat is considered unlucky, and sure to bring a shipwreck.

The *Betsy* of Brighton would be "*La Santa Trinidad*" here, where the lowest gipsy bears the name of *Dolores*, or *Concepcion*, in this land of religion and romance.

These Spanish fishermen are exceedingly good navigators, most fearless seamen, and careful; their boats always wear a light at the mast-head. In these southern latitudes there is but little fog; when it comes (the *neblina*) not a boat puts out to sea.

Like the English fishermen, these men are honest and open-hearted. The one point of contrast which is marked and painful is, in respect of the language. The language is, to any one who understands it, something appalling—a mixture of the most horrible blasphemy and the most loathsome indecency imaginable.

Their character must not be judged by their language.

Intermittent fever (*calentura intermitente*) is one of the few diseases of Port St. Mary. The poor girl has it, from having been half-starved and cramped at her trade of a tailoress; for starved she must be, since every Spanish girl denies herself food and drink for months in order to appear

well-dressed at feast or fair, showing thus the noble self-denial for any object of which these girls are capable. The fisherman catches it, in his long nights of cold, and battling with west wind and rolling sea, as he beats into Cadiz or Port St. Mary harbour.

Spanish girls of the lower class are, in this climate, very precocious, and are marriageable at fifteen. They are, therefore, strictly guarded by their parents, for they have but little self-control ; and good impulse takes the place of high principle with these children of Nature.

No girl on all the sandy shore was so pretty as Pepita. Short of stature, as are all the Andaluzes, yet beautifully proportioned ; with her small speaking mouth ; her rich brown hair, with its white knitted handkerchief bound over it when the wind blew strong and the “ Bar was sounding ” (*i.e.*, the surf beating on the Bar) ; her dark, black, lustrous, tearful eyes, now ablaze with wit and laughter, now melting into tears, or flashing blue with anger ; her pensive cast of countenance.

Every one loved Pepita. She was very poor.

A sailor lad, Antonio, lived near her. He was ill of fever. He had dearly loved Pepita ! With her mother she entered his dark *cuarto*. He lay on a rude mattress on the damp bricked floor of the garret. She gave him the *jazmines* and the *rosas* (jasmine and roses) which she tore out of her tresses of thick hair. Then, as he lay dying, she and her mother prayed by his couch ; and they



said, as do all these Spanish poor, in the intense depth of their human passionate tenderness and fervour of affection, as they kissed the rough lad's chest and body, "He smells like Jesus Christ; like the Holy Spirit; like a dove of the purest feathers of gold."

And Antonio recovered.

He rose up, one day, weak but well. He went out a beggar.

But he must win Pepita; not only win, but have wherewithal to keep her.

So Antonio went to sea; and Pepita's father went, and her little brother, in the *Pareja* with him, to the whiting-fishery off Cadiz rocks.

Their fishing-boat came and went; and sometimes, when the stiff *levanté* or east-wind blew, it lay for days in the mid-current of the sluggish Guadalete.

Each day, when the "three fishers went sailing," Pepita went, at early morn, to the *misa* in her dark incense-scented church, and prayed that her father and her Pepé and her Antonio might come home safe to shore. The tears streamed down her olive face, and on to her plain black serge dress; and Pepita ate but little: she was too anxious and too sad.

The three fishers set out once more. It was winter-time; and Pepita had strained and drained her scanty purse to give to the lad she loved a pair of drawers of yellow serge (*bayeta amarilla*), that seaman's safeguard and luxury on the Anda-



lusian and Portuguese sea-coast. All who know Cadiz and Port St. Mary streets know how its festoons hang outside every linendraper's shop.

"Give me only one blessing, my Lord"—so ran Pepita's simple prayer—"that my father and my lover and my little brother come back safely to their home."

So she prayed each day; and each day, as she fried her egg and oil, she prayed three prayers to *La Virgen de los Dolores*.

And still Antonio and her father came not.

For one night, when Pepita was frying her egg and oil, and offering her "*tres rezas*," while her bosom heaved with anxiety, it was said at the *posada* on the low coast-line, "*La Barra es tocando*," and "*Sonando la Barra*."

Spain has no life-boats, and little regard of life; and men only listen, when the winds howl, and the fierce Atlantic rollers are driven by the west wind on to the Bar of shifting sand, which guards Port St. Mary harbour; and the *Parejas* are broken to pieces within sight of land.

Very finely strung are the lasses of Andalusia. One harsh word drives them crazy—one prayer disregarded, and faith in a God has gone—for they have only been taught to expect an answer to prayer in its material and literal, not in its spiritual sense. Pepita pined and faded away; her earthly love, pure and simple as it was, had perished and been destroyed.

Beneath the sandy earth of Port St. Mary

cemetery, without a shrub or stone to mark their last resting-place, Pepita lies in humble hope beside her Antonio, the fisher lad.

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## THE SACRED SEA.

“Three fishers went sailing.”

### PART III.

WINDS that sigh sadly,—waves that softly break  
 Where pearl-shells \* strew the margent of a lake,—  
 And purple hills, their every sheltering cleft  
 Long since of life's delightful sound bereft ;—  
 What charm have these yon traveller to arrest ?  
 What memories wake they in his heaving breast ?  
 Pensive he stands, as though he mourned for One  
 Who smiled here once,—a smile for ever gone :  
 Yes, and his eye-lids glisten,—can it be  
 This desert land† is thine, great Galilee ?  
 Heard ye, O hills, the voice ; didst thou, O wave,  
 Kiss the pale feet of Him who came to save ?

Ah ! who may tell what marvels Time hath wrought,  
 What change in form and feature, voice and thought :  
 Time that hath blanched the raven tress, and moved  
 The light of life from many a face we loved !  
 So while along this voiceless shore I trace  
 The shadow only of a vanished grace,  
 Though on these slopes his seed no sower sows,  
 In yonder depths his toils no fisher throws,—  
 Nor voice proclaims, nor aught there be to tell  
 That on these scenes the eye of Glory fell,—

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\* “A fringe of white shells, many of them of microscopic size and delicacy, girdles the western shore.”—Macduff's “Memories of Gennesareth,” p. ix.

† For a description of the extreme desolation of the Lake and the surrounding country, see Stanley, ch. x.

Yet Truth and Love stoop down from heaven, and fil  
As if with voices every neighbouring hill,  
Till from far Hermon's\* crest of sparkling snow  
To lowly Jordan, solemn measures flow :—  
“Empires have been, and hastened to decay :  
Kaisers and Kings,—these, too, have passed away :  
Yet young are we for ever. Love is ours,  
And Hope dwells here in Faith's immortal bowers.  
Yes, and when weary most, and most oppressed,  
Hither shall turn each broken heart for rest :  
Instinctive turn ; for who can e'er forget  
'Twas by these waters Truth † and Mercy met,  
On that blest morn when to our shores came down ‡  
The Lord of Life from Nazareth's hill-girt town ? §  
And are we not (behold and see !) the same  
As when of old we trembled at His Name ?  
Not tempest's rage, not tract of time, may dim  
Our living lustre, for it flows from Him :  
Yea, and we nurse the heaven-taught hope that He  
Will yet return to bless His Galilee !”

Ere hushed the strain, along Gennesareth's side  
Her many cities, || mirrored in her tide,  
Start into life ; while, far as eye may reach,  
Fisher and merchant throng the busy beach !  
On one calm morn a stranger shadow fell  
Along these shores ; men ceased to buy and sell,  
And paused to hear Him : of a Father's Love  
To souls athirst came tidings from above !  
(Ah ! will care's furrows ever mar that face,  
Or coming anguish spoil such kingly grace ?)  
Can this be Israel's Hope, the Morning Star  
To whose bright rising kings should come from far,—  
Who lowly bends ¶ to catch the sad complaint  
Of two poor fishers, worn with toil and faint ?  
Nor vainly hears, but grants th' unuttered prayer  
And makes their humblest needs His chiefest care.

\* Stanley, p. 366.

† Psalm lxxxv. 10.

‡ κατηλθεν. St. Luke iv. 31.

§ Nazareth, where our Redeemer's youth was passed, is surrounded by fifteen gently rounded hills.—Stanley, p. 365.

|| Nine cities stood formerly on the shores of the Lake.—Stanley, ch. x.

¶ St. Luke v. 1—7.

What though the morn had found them wet and chill,  
Nor watch nor toil had served their net to fill ?  
The Master's voice hath spoken, they depart  
To spread their toils once more with lightened heart,  
And lo, how soon is Faith's blest venture o'er !  
Scarce can their nets contain th' o'erflowing store.  
Faith melts in sight. And O (ye Saints !), with you  
To heed that voice and win that blessing too.  
Yea, with what joy would I launch out once more,  
O'er life's dull sea, were He upon its shore :  
Might but this ear, this eye with watching dim,  
Know that the summons came indeed from Him !  
For we too toil ; and oft hath morning found  
Foiled our best effort, and our hope uncrowned.  
Faint,—sick,—we come to shore : and, Lord, we know  
Had Thy voice led us, it had ne'er been so.

See, there \* the sin-stained sorrowing crowd draw near,  
Strangers to hope, and all the heart holds dear :  
Gaze well, thou dreamer—thou who would'st not know  
Wrapped in deceits how full is life of woe,  
As, shrunk with sickness, or with anguish dumb,  
*Thy* sisters sad—*thy* brothers these who come !  
Here a wan mother bears the babe she loves,—  
There with halt steps, behold, a cripple moves,—  
And one lost soul, whom hellish spite holds bound  
With chains that tighten as the years roll round :  
Sons of dire need, and crime, and gaunt disease,—  
Hath Heaven a smile, hath Earth a friend for these ?  
Shall one be found to give them peace for care,  
Or health and hope for sickness and despair ?

Who, then, is this, around Whose lowly seat  
The heirs of death, and sin, and sorrow meet :  
This Son of Man before Whose feet they kneel  
In passionate pleading ? Hath He power to heal ?  
Careworn He seems, and sad,—and He hath been  
In prayer all night upon the dewy green.

Oft have I heard to the calm pitying skies  
From hard-won field the shout of victory rise :

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\* S. Matt. xv. 29-31.

Oft have I marked how Woman's tearful eye  
Grows strangely lustrous as her lost draws nigh :  
Yet never heard I shout of joy like this,—  
And never saw I looks so full of bliss !  
Ah ! not in vain He hears those sufferers' needs,  
Ah ! not in vain with Him the sin-stained pleads,  
Touched by His hand bright grow the vacant eyes :  
Swift at His word the palsied limbs arise :  
Yea, at that bidding, strong become the weak,  
And tears of joy course down the mourner's cheek !

And haply then\* ere yet the music died  
Of those glad voices o'er the wondering tide,  
Some daughter lost of Israel's household came  
To find in Him the healing for her shame.  
Trembling she comes : of weakness and of woe  
The oft-told tale she tells Him, kneeling low :  
Yet, as she weeps, sees pardon in His eye—  
And white as snow her stain of crimson dye.  
Great peace is hers ! How yearns this heart to be  
Like hers, O gracious Lord, at rest in Thee !

Did not he dream, who sang † that from above  
Should visit earth a mightier, tenderer love  
Than warms e'en woman's breast ? Not oft, we know,  
That love hath failed us in the hour of woe ;  
Nor know we, Heaven, what depth of love is thine,  
If woman's love scarce shadows love divine.  
And she is here : her eye may know no sleep  
While her heart's treasures ‡ weary vigil keep  
On yon dark wave ; all-heedless of the storm  
That blinds her eye, and bows her slender form,  
She watches § here : and where, dear Lord, art Thou ?  
Hath sleep stol'n o'er that weary wakeful brow ?  
Is Thine hand shortened, that it cannot save  
The men whose barque rides wild upon the wave ?  
Oh ! heed a mother's tears, a mother's prayer,  
For all she lives for, all she loves, is there !

---

\* "The women who were sinners would there have come, corrupted by the licence of Gentile manners."—Stanley, p. 377.

† Isaiah xlix. 15.

‡ St. Mark vi. 46-51.

§ Although not recorded, it *may well have been* that women kept watch for their loved ones on that tempestuous night.

Yet weep not, mother fond, though tempest-tossed,  
And spent with toil, thy loved ones are not lost :  
From yon lone summit other eye than thine  
Their gloom hath pierced—the eye of Love divine.  
Ever at hand to succour those He loves,  
O'er the tall surf His mystic presence moves :  
And lo, the waters from their raging cease,  
And the wild winds are hushed in perfect peace.

Lord, whensoever before mine aching eyes  
Fierce howls the blast, and life's dark billows rise ;  
When, like those fishers lone, I too am tossed,  
All but a wreck—Oh, let me not be lost !  
When Hope and Love have fled, and earthly skill  
No help affords, be Thou my helper still !  
Let me at last, life's blinding tempest o'er,  
Find rest with Thee on Heaven's eternal shore !

Say, hast thou e'er in anguish wept beside  
The couch where goodness' self hath drooped and died ;  
Or watched, with quivering lip, the friend in whom  
Thy best hopes centred carried to the tomb ?  
Then canst thou tell how dark the soul's eclipse  
At the hushed music of the Saviour's lips :  
What time the little flock left all forlorn  
Mourned the Good Shepherd from their presence torn.  
In vain they watched with fond inquiring eye :  
In vain they waited : still He came not nigh.  
And then at last in broken tones and low,  
Some loved disciple thus poured out his woe :—  
“ Gone, then, the hope that in that reverend face,  
Those words of sweetness, and those works of grace,  
We saw the world's Redeemer, \* yea, with awe,  
Messiah's very self,—the Christ we saw.  
Gone like some dream, too beautiful to stay,  
That smiles and vanishes ere dawns the day.  
Henceforth let Hope grow cold and Faith wax dim,  
Stars that arose,—yea, stars that set with Him ! ”

But who shall paint the wonder of that day  
When from the lake the night-mists rolled away,

---

\* St. Luke xxiv. 21.

When to those shores, first reached the jubilant strain,\*  
 "The Lord is risen, and walks this world again?"  
 True to His own, He seeks th' accustomed shore,  
 Hushed is the wave that heard His voice once more :  
 What newborn raptures each sad heart possess :  
 Its Lord hath come, and still He comes to bless.  
 No word of chiding, no reproach they hear,—  
 The men who lately shrank in craven fear ;  
 Nor dared to follow Him who long had been  
 Their Lord, their Love, in every changeful scene.  
 Not Simon, thou,—who would'st not own that He  
 Had been thy friend—Who since hath died for thee !  
 Himself how changed since then ! See, on that brow  
 Late torn and bleeding, Heaven's own lustre now  
 Proclaims Him Lord of Lords, and Kings of Kings,  
 Who life immortal to His faithful brings.

O Sea of Seas ! on whose once teeming shore  
 He deigned to serve Who reigns for evermore ;  
 Why did He love thy quiet wave so well,  
 What charm was thine that God with thee should dwell ?  
 Why did He seek thee first ? why breathe by thee  
 That earliest,† latest utterance, "Follow Me !"   
 Once all unknown, ‡ until He came who gave  
 Light to thy shores, and lustre to thy wave :  
 Once all unloved, once all unlovely, now  
 To each true soul how passing dear art thou !  
 Our Spanish seas smile fair—the honour thine  
 That He Who calmed *thy* billows was Divine !  
 Yes, and where'er I stray, over vale and hill,  
*His* voice I hear, *His* presence haunts me still ;  
 Not one gray ruin, not one winding dell  
 But has some tale of Love divine to tell.  
 If careworn muse I, lo, thy lilies § fair  
 Bring the sweet message,—“Do not thou despair.  
 Oh, why cast down ? dost think the Hands that make  
 Our hues so bright will ever thee forsake ?

---

\* St. John xxi.      † St. Matt. iv. 19 ; St. John xxi. 22.

‡ "The Lake is connected with no cycle of sacred associations but one, and that the holiest of all."—Stanley, p. 373.

§ The Sermon on the Mount was delivered probably on one of the grassy slopes that run down to the Lake.



E'en in thy anguish still art thou His child  
Who in choice raiment clothes the flow'ret wild ! ”  
On yon green slopes for all my race He told  
Of Hope that fades not, Love that grows not cold !  
Aye, and to Faith's keen eye He stands there now,  
Love on His lip, but sorrow on His brow :  
And Faith's ear hears Him : “ Blessed is the eye  
Now dim with tears, for God those tears shall dry.  
Thrice blest the pure in heart : and blessed they  
Who suffer need, their need shall pass away : ”—  
Earth's helpless ones He loves,—oh, gracious thought !  
Then am I dear to Him—oh, truth first taught  
By Thee Who wert the Truth—oft those whom we  
Deem most unhappy are most blest with Thee !

Farewell, loved waters ! Favoured land, farewell !  
Deep fall night's shadows over hill and dell,  
Yet still I linger. Sudden, as it seems,  
Such accents reach me as one hears in dreams :  
“ What time the Prince of Peace walked daily here  
No shore more happy, and no wave more clear.  
He turned away, He left it, and with Him  
Fell Judah's sceptre, and her lamp burnt dim.  
*Look to thyself !* should e'er thy God refuse  
His guiding presence, thou thy crown shalt lose.  
Earth's peace, Heaven's glory, none but He can give  
In whom to die is evermore to live ! ”

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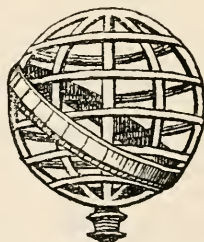
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